

COMFORT

ANNIVERSARY NUMBER
The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes

VOL. XXX

NOVEMBER - 1917

NO. 1



Widowed



The Mother's Sacrifice



For the Soldier's Thanksgiving



Domestic Bliss



Marriage



Youth



Childhood

Thanksgiving Memories
Within our hearts what happy memories well
Today, and a new thankfulness compel!
The bygone years return with only their
Remembered tenderness, and, unaware
Of age and change, the old-time love retell.
But, while we feast, we cannot quite dispel
Regret for lost ones whom we love so well.
Yet why thus grieve? There is no vacant chair
Within our hearts.
Ah! friends, does not this constant love foretell
A future greeting for each last farewell?
Even today we tread the Heavenly stair,
And now their immortality we share,
If our beloved ones thus ever dwell
Within our hearts.

James Terry White



Thanksgiving in Camp



His Life for his Country



Last Honors to a Hero



The Vacant Chair



The Heavenly Stair

Published at
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Congress Strangling the People's Magazines with Zone Postage Rates

IN its inscrutable unwisdom Congress has struck a staggering, if not a knock-out, blow at one of the greatest, most unifying and beneficent educational forces in the country by decreeing a large increase in the magazine and newspaper postage rate and, worse yet, grading it by zones like the parcel post rates. This law becomes operative by installments on several future dates; beginning on the first day of next July with a substantial rise and the application of the zone rates on that date, it establishes a further annual rise on each succeeding July to and including July, 1921, when the rates will reach a maximum that, coupled with the delay, trouble and expenses of sorting by zones and mailing by mail routes, will be well-nigh prohibitive to popular priced magazines which, like *Comfort*, have a nation-wide circulation largely in the distant zones. The newspapers will not be much affected because few of them send more than ten per cent of their circulation beyond the first two zones wherein the rate will be comparatively low.

While prices of everything else have been soaring we have struggled to get by without shifting any part of our increased expense over to our subscribers but the continually rising cost of production has reached a point which obliges us to raise our subscription price, as announced on page 16. We do this most reluctantly. But we shall have to raise it again to meet even the first increase in second-class postage, which takes effect next July, and keep on raising it year by year unless, meanwhile, the people get after their congressmen and induce them to repeal this stupid and destructive piece of legislation, or at least modify it so to make it livable by eliminating the grossly unfair and oppressive zone rate feature which originated in the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives and was railroaded through the lower branch of Congress without giving the publishers a respectful hearing.

The Senate rejected it after long and careful consideration, but the House was so obstinately insistent that the Senate finally yielded and gave it a passage in order to effect a compromise agreement on other contested features of the War Revenue Bill.

Apparently the members of the House, with few exceptions, knew but little and cared less about the character of this measure, their chief concern being to vote as directed by their bosses. It was reported, however, that certain senators secured a postponement of its going into effect until July in order to gain time for reconsideration of the matter at the session which will begin in December. This also gives the people an opportunity to impress their views on their congressmen with a possible prospect that their will, if vigorously expressed, may be heeded. Therefore we take pains to explain to our readers some of the injurious effects, ignored or over-looked by their congressmen, which the interests of the people and the welfare of the nation will suffer from this zone innovation.

Did you ever wonder how such a magazine as *Comfort* could be furnished to you for only 25 cents per year? Do you know why it can be delivered at the same low subscription price to its subscribers in all parts of the United States and anywhere in Uncle Sam's territorial possessions? There are just two reasons why this was possible: first, because the second-class postage rate is low, only one cent per pound, and, second, because it is the same, regardless of distance, everywhere in Uncle Sam's dominions even to his remotest island dependencies. In other words the publisher now pays a cent a pound bulk weight on his entire edition mailed to any and all places where "old glory" is the emblem of authority. This gives the magazine a vast field of equal opportunity in which to build up an enormous circulation—more than a million and a quarter copies per month in *Comfort's* case.

This enables the publisher to do business on a large scale and thereby cut expense of production to the lowest possible figure and operate successfully on a small margin of profit. Even then the subscription price falls short of meeting the cost, for advertising patronage is an important item of revenue without which scarcely any periodical could live. Advertising rates depend on volume of circulation. The benefit of the low second-class postage rate, which has been in effect for forty years or more, has been passed on to the subscriber in the form of a low subscription price. This is as it now is and long has been, but will cease soon after the new zone rates go into operation.

It is evident that, if the postage rate on the magazine is raised enough to wipe out or largely impair the publisher's margin of profit, this increased cost must be passed on either to the advertisers in the form of higher advertising rates or to the subscribers in the form of a higher subscription price. Business conditions caused by the war are such that advertisers would not stand for higher rates. The large rise in the price of print paper and the increased cost of all else that enters into magazine production have cut deep into the profits of most publishers and have put a large number of publications out of business during the last two years. The periodical publishing business, as a whole, is not prospering at present and is not in condition to stand up under the added burden of higher second-class postage rates, and therefore must pass it on to the subscribers by raising subscription rates enough to cover the increased expense.

The new second-class postage rates, at their maximum, will add about one hundred thousand dollars a year to the cost of postage for mailing *Comfort*, and this, with other items of increased expense directly due to the zone rate system which imposes the tremendous task of twice sorting each issue, will have to be borne by our subscribers in the form of higher subscription rates. Please understand that this is entirely distinct from the new letter postage rate which, on and after November first, will be three cents for each letter weighing one ounce or less, and three cents more for each additional ounce or fraction of an ounce in excess, and requires an additional one cent stamp on postal cards. We have not taken this item into account although this fifty per cent increase in the letter rate will cost us three thousand dollars a year for additional postage on our correspondence.

The readers may want to know how it will be a severe blow to the magazines if the burden of the increase in second-class postage rates is to be shifted to their subscribers, and wherein the national welfare will be especially affected by higher subscription rates even though the latter be a hardship to many of the people. If, instead of rising by zones, the increase were level and uniform throughout the country regardless of distance, it would be immeasurably less injurious to all concerned. But the gradation of the rate by zones is an abomination in that it is a barrier to progress toward national unity of thought and aspiration, an impediment to the forces that are striving to overcome local prejudices and substitute nationalism for sectionalism; it is an intolerable nuisance because it discriminates locally with flagrant injustice and ruthless destructiveness.

The magazines that have subscribers in every town and village and on every rural route in the country have to be and are broadly national in their treatment of the issues of the day and are rendering inestimable educational service, not only in the dissemination of knowledge, but in breaking down local prejudices, bringing the people of all sections to a better understanding of each other and into a closer sympathy, teaching them to be more tolerant in their judgments and leading them in thought and sentiment toward a

unity of aspiration and purpose. As a natural consequence of the excessive postage rates in the distant zones these magazines will have difficulty in competing in subscription price with local publications in the remote sections and will gradually lose circulation in such localities. The result will be that the ably edited popular magazines, which now are read from coast to coast and from Canada to the Mexican border, will have their respective circulations reduced in volume and localized within areas restricted by zone rates. Reduced circulation means smaller income which, in turn, will compel the publishers to pay less for editorial and literary matter. The crippling effect of zone rates must necessarily tend to lower the quality of the magazines.

The present war has brought into prominence the necessity for the unification of public opinion, and while President Wilson is encouraging the organization of the League for National Unity Congress strikes a blow at the greatest unifying force in the country by hampering the magazines with zone rates of postage.

We trust that *Comfort* subscribers in every State will write their congressmen, at once, a strong expression of their views on this subject.

The Second Liberty Loan

WE regret that the Government's announcement of the second Liberty Loan came out too late to appear in October *Comfort*. The campaign for floating these bonds is in progress as we go to press and subscriptions will close before this edition reaches our readers. Nevertheless, we cannot pass without mention a matter of such vital importance, and we hope that our comments may help in promoting the sale of the third issue of these bonds, which will be offered to the public a little later.

We hope our readers have invested to the extent of their financial ability in both bond issues, not only as a patriotic duty but for their own benefit. We trust there are no slackers among our readers; that they need not be urged to do their dollar duty to our country and the cause of human liberty while our young men are going to France to risk their lives and suffer the hardships of trench warfare. Buy the bonds yourselves and do your utmost to induce others to do so, and if those there be among your acquaintances who are unmoved by patriotic appeals appeal to their selfishness and show them that it is for their own interest to put their money into Liberty Bonds.

Tell the dollar slackers that we are in the war and, whether they like it or not, they are in it with us to stay with it and help carry it to a successful and glorious finish. Our country has taken that stand and our Government will not waver in its fixed determination. The Government must have vast sums of money to accomplish this purpose and it has all got to come from the people either by taxation or by loans. War taxes are high and nobody escapes them, for everything we buy or use is taxed. But the revenue from war taxes will fall far short of paying the expenses of the war. War loans are relied on to furnish the remainder, but if the Liberty Bonds do not sell in sufficient amounts to provide the requisite funds the difference will have to be made good by still higher war taxes. There is no alternative, no other way out. The Government must have the money. Therefore, if the dollar slackers do not wish to pay higher war taxes on everything they eat, wear, use, have, earn or spend they must buy Liberty Bonds. It is a case of necessity, but they can have their choice between lending the Government their money at four per cent interest or having it drafted by taxation—and no interest and no return. Which do they prefer?

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

COMFORT, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY W. H. GANNETT, PUB., INC., AT AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Subscription price in United States and United States Possessions 25c a year; Canadian subscriptions 50c a year; foreign countries 75c a year. No premiums or prizes will be given on Canadian or foreign subscriptions. Please send your renewal just as soon as your subscription expires. We can not continue sending COMFORT to you unless you do. If you do not get your magazine by the 25th of the month write us and we will send you another copy free. Please notify us immediately in case you move, so that we can change your address and see that you do not miss a single copy. Remember that we must have your former address, as well as your new address to make the change. Be sure to send both. We do not supply back numbers.

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THANKSGIVING PIES and OTHER PASTRY HOW to MAKE them DELICIOUS and WHOLESOME

By Violet Marsh

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ALTHOUGH Thanksgiving has been celebrated annually in the New England States ever since Governor William Bradford, who led the Pilgrims to this new land, instituted nearly three centuries ago, it was President Lincoln who, in 1864, established it as a national festival. No other holiday has a warmer place in our hearts, and on no occasion does the American housewife plan so elaborately for the enjoyment of those who gather about her table of plenty.

But when we give thanks for the garnered sheaves, the well-filled cellar and storerooms, and the farm and home made snug for winter, this fall, we know that in many homes the Thanksgiving festivities will be saddened by the unusual absence of dear ones called to serve their country, but a parcel from home filled with dainties by loving hands will cheer many a soldier boy in camp with the consoling thought that he is held in fond remembrance in the family circle where he is missed.



INDIVIDUAL CHICKEN OR VEAL PIES.

And nothing can be put into these baskets that will be more appreciated than good home pastry, for "mother's pie" has never yet been equaled. Fill the tarts generously, and use plenty of paraffin paper, wrapping everything individually. Mince pie ranks next to turkey in suggestiveness of Thanksgiving.

May success and good cheer attend your efforts.

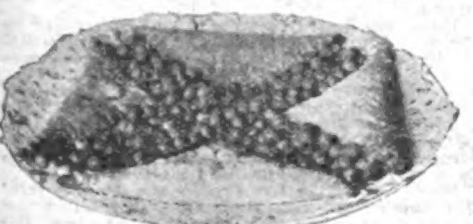
Pastry Making

General Rules That Insure Success

The deliciousness of good pastry is disputed by none, but the unwholesomeness of poor pastry is deplored by many. "Guess measuring," the use of rancid fats "good enough for pie crust" in the eyes of the short-sighted housekeeper, warm materials, and improper oven heat, are the chief reasons why pastry is often unpleasant tasting and indigestible, and unquestionably one of the causes of American dyspepsia.

Pastry is not classed as a food for delicate stomachs; yet, when properly made and baked it is far less difficult of digestion than is generally supposed, its reputation having been unjustly damaged by bad cooking.

No housewife can afford to use an inferior fat on her table, yet, in face of the fact that



ENVELOPE CHERRIES.

prices have more than doubled, it is a great temptation. The reasonable solution is to eat less pastry and have the best.

Pies are not wholesome the second day, not even when "warmed over." Pie crust dough can be kept on ice, or buried in flour for several days, and it is an easy matter to make a fresh pie with the dough all ready.

Selection and Use of Materials

Use pastry flour and sift twice. Prepared shortenings made from vegetable fats lead in wholesomeness, and have the added advantages of being nearly tasteless and making pastry a rich brown. Beef suet tried out also makes a sweet and digestible fat and combines well with butter.

Equal parts of butter and lard is better than all lard. Lard is the least wholesome, yet many prefer it as it makes pastry tender and soft, and is less expensive. Butter is necessary for puff paste and makes brown. The flour shortening, and water, should be as nearly ice-cold as possible, and the pastry chilled before baking. Distributing the shortening in layers throughout the pastry, without allowing a paste



MOLASSES PIE.

to be formed with the flour, makes "flaky" pastry.

Keep the hands cool by frequently dipping them in cold water while handling pastry.

Perforated tin pie plates secure a well-done under crust. The oven should be hot at first, about the same as for rolls, reducing the heat

after the crust is firm. Turn occasionally and bake from thirty to forty-five minutes. In making a pie crust shell many are more successful if the plate is inverted, spreading the dough



APPLE TURNOVERS.

on the underside of a plate and baking with the bottom side up.

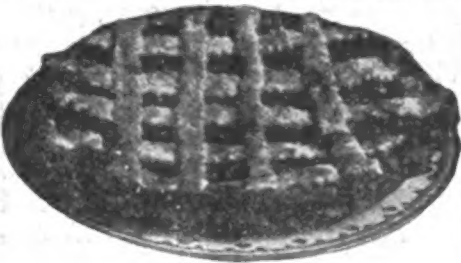
How to Line Plate and Put on Upper Crust

Paste should be rolled to about one quarter of an inch thick. Cut under crust a very little larger than the plate, and the upper crust less than a quarter of an inch larger. Cut strips a little less than one inch wide for the rim. Fold lower crust once, placing evenly on one half of plate; then unfold and cover plate. Wet edges with cold water, and cover with the rim, lapping and sealing ends and wetting edges with water. Fill the plate, a little higher in the center to allow for shrinking. Cut small slits in upper crust for escaping steam, and cover pie. Have edges even, pressing lightly together.

When using under crust only, roll paste a little thinner and cut about one inch larger than plate. Lay on plate and fold edge under, and flute by bringing thumb and first finger together and pressing paste between at regular intervals.

Three Kinds of Pastry

CHOPPED PASTE.—Four tablespoons each of butter and lard, half a teaspoon of salt, and one and one half cups of flour. Sift flour again with salt, and chop in the cold butter and lard until it resembles coarse meal. Add cold water, a little at a time, until a very stiff dough is formed. Do not knead, but turn out on a



MOCK CHERRY PIE.

floured board and roll into a long strip, then fold ends toward center, double twice and roll again.

FLAKY PASTE.—One heaping cup of sifted flour sifted again with one quarter of a teaspoon each of baking powder and salt. With a knife, chop in two tablespoons of lard or clean beef fat, and mix stiff with cold water. Do not knead. Roll out, cover with a full quarter of a cup of butter cut in small pieces, sprinkle with flour, and roll over same as a jelly roll. Roll out, fold several times, cut into two parts and roll to fit plate.

EVERYDAY PASTE.—Beat together the white of one egg and one tablespoon of lard, and with the hands work it into one quart of sifted flour till very fine. Mix with one cup of ice-water, adding a little at a time. Roll about quarter of an inch thick, and cover with one cup of butter cut in very small pieces. Sprinkle with flour, fold the edges toward center, roll up, and when ready for use, roll out for pies.

Various Pie Fillers

MINCE MEAT.—One cup of boiled chopped beef cut from the round, one third of a cup of chopped



PRESERVE PUFFS.

suet, one and one half cup of brown sugar, scant half cup of molasses, one and one half cup of seeded raisins, one and one half cup of washed currants and four cups of chopped tart apples and one cup of meat liquor. Mix thoroughly together and add two even teaspoons of salt, two even teaspoons of cinnamon, one half teaspoon of powdered cloves, one half teaspoon of mace or nutmeg, and the grated rind and juice of one lemon. Cook in a porcelain lined kettle until the raisins are soft, then add one cup of good apple cider.

MOCK CHERRY PIE.—Mix together one half cup of chopped raisins and one and one third cups of chopped cranberries. Add one cup of sugar, one rounding tablespoon of butter and a scant quarter cup of water. Make in under crust and lattice strips to cover from chopped paste.

PRESERVE PUFFS.—Roll very thin squares from flaky paste. Spread with rich jam or jelly, a speck of butter, and a few drops of lemon juice. Wet edges, draw together and bake fifteen minutes in hot oven, or until brown.

APPLE PIE.—Line pie plate as directed, except if apples are very juicy, the rim may extend

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)



The U. S. food service uniform

Helping the Government in the Home

The U. S. Food Administrator says:

"The use of baking powder breads made of corn and other coarse flours instead of patent wheat flour is recommended."

Corn meal, oatmeal and rye flour can be used instead of white flour to make wholesome and most appetizing food, when prepared with

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Try the following recipes which are practical examples:

OATMEAL BISCUITS

1 1/4 cups flour 1 1/2 cups oatmeal
1 1/2 cups Royal 6 tablespoons shortening
Baking Powder 1/2 cup water
1/2 teaspoon salt 2 tablespoons sugar

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar together. Add oatmeal, melted shortening and enough water to make a soft dough. Roll out this on floured board; cut with biscuit cutter and bake in greased pan in moderate oven about 20 minutes.

CORN MEAL GRIDDLE CAKES

1 1/2 cups corn meal 1 tablespoon molasses
1 1/2 cups boiling water 3/4 cup flour
1/2 cup milk 1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon shortening 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

Scald corn meal in bowl with boiling water; add milk, melted shortening and molasses; add flour, salt and baking powder, which have been sifted together; mix well. Bake on hot greased griddle until brown.

MOLASSES CAKES

4 tablespoons shortening 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1/2 cup sugar 1 tablespoon ginger
1/2 cup molasses 1 teaspoon allspice
3 cups rye flour 1/2 cup milk

Cream shortening. Add sugar and molasses, beating well. Add half the flour, which has been sifted with baking powder, spices and salt. Mix in half the milk, and then add remainder of flour and remainder of milk. Mix well and pour into greased individual cake tins and bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes.

NUT BREAD

3 cups graham flour 1 1/2 cups milk and water
5 teaspoons Royal 1 cup chopped nuts
Baking Powder (not too fine), or 1
1 1/2 teaspoons salt 1 cup raisins, washed
1/2 cup sugar or 1/2 cup raisins, washed and floured
corn syrup

Mix together flour, baking powder and salt; add milk and water, sugar or corn syrup, and nutmeats or raisins. Put into greased loaf pan; allow to stand 30 minutes in warm place. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes.

RYE AND CORN MEAL MUFFINS

1 1/4 cups rye flour 1 tablespoon sugar
1/2 cup corn meal 1/2 cup milk and water
1/2 teaspoon salt 1 tablespoon shortening
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

Sift together dry ingredients; add milk and water and melted shortening. Beat well. Bake in greased muffin tins in hot oven 30 to 35 minutes.

SPIDER CORN BREAD

1 cup corn meal 2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1/2 cup flour 1 egg
2 tablespoons sugar 1 egg
1 teaspoon salt 1 1/2 cups milk and water

Beat egg in bowl, and add one cup milk and water; stir in corn meal, flour, sugar, salt and baking powder, which have been sifted together; turn into frying pan, in which shortening has been melted. Pour remaining milk over it, but do not stir. Bake about 25 minutes in hot oven. There should be a fine of creamy custard through the bread. Cut into triangles and serve.

HOMINY MUFFINS

1 cup soft boiled or left 1 egg
over hominy (or 1/2 cup milk
other cooked cereal) 2 cups corn flour
1 teaspoon salt 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 1/2 tablespoons shortening

Mix together hominy, salt, melted shortening, beaten egg and milk. Add flour, which has been sifted with baking powder. Beat well and bake in greased muffin tins or shallow pan in hot oven 25 to 30 minutes.

APPLE GEMS

1 cup corn meal 5 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 1/4 cups flour 1 cup milk
1/2 teaspoon salt 4 cups apples
2 tablespoons sugar 2 tablespoons molasses

Sift dry ingredients together. Add enough milk to make thick batter. Beat well. Add apples, chopped fine, and molasses. Bake in hot greased gem pans 15 to 20 minutes.

MAPLE LAYER CAKE

2 1/2 tablespoons shortening 1 1/2 cups corn flour
1/2 cup sugar 1/2 cup flour
1 egg 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 egg yolk 1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup milk 1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream shortening, add sugar; add beaten eggs and one-half cup flour and flour, which have been sifted with the baking powder and salt; mix well. Add milk and the remainder of flour; add flavoring. Beat well and bake in greased layer tins in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Cover layers and top with the following icing:

Maple Icing

2 cups maple or corn syrup
1 egg white
2 teaspoons shortening
Boil syrup until it spins a thread; add shortening. Pour slowly over beaten white of egg. Beat until stiff enough to spread on cake.

Our new red, white and blue booklet, "Best War Time Recipes," mailed free on request. Address Royal Baking Powder Co., 130 William St., N. Y.

There is no alum nor phosphate in Royal Baking Powder. Cream of Tartar, its chief ingredient, is of pure fruit origin, and has no substitute for making a baking powder of the highest quality.

Royal Never Leaves a Bitter Taste

The Thankfulness of Wyoming Sal

by Joseph F. Novak



Sal hesitated, then said: "Well, maybe, I'll see."



"Hello, Sal, do you remember me?"



"Can love come a second time, Mis' Eddie?"



"Sal, do you love me?"

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The Sequel to "Thanklessness of Wyoming Sal"

"B RICKTOP" PETE entered Wyoming Sal's tavern, a little in advance of the other men who daily took their meals there. He shook the snow from his person, then approached the counter behind which Sal stood, putting things to rights.

"Supper ready soon, Sal?" he asked.

"Yes, soon's th' other men come," she replied.

Bricktop hesitated, evidently at a loss as to how to commence on the topic in mind. Sal observed this as she eyed him.

"What's on yer mind?" she asked.

"Ye goin' to close up tomorrow like ye did last year, Sal?"

The girl's cheeks reddened.

"Why should I close up, even if 'tis Thanksgiving? What have I got fer to be thankful fer, I wonder? And d'ye think I'm goin' to close tomorrow so that I'll have nothin' to do but to think o' what a fool I made o' myself over Eddie Smith last year? 'Course it was my fault, an' I should have had sense enough to know that a sport from th' East like him wouldn't think o' fallin' in love with a critter like me—"

"Don't call yerself a critter, Sal," interrupted Bricktop gently.

"I am a critter," she insisted, "to a man like him. I ain't blamin' him at all, though, because he was always a real gent, an' never did nothin' to make me think he loved me, 'cept jest to be kind an' nice an' teasin' an' I thought that was love. But it wasn't, an' I guess 'twas jest as well that I sent him back to th' gal he left down East who he loved."

Her words sent her thoughts leaping backward to that Thanksgiving Day, one year ago. How vivid the picture was! She saw herself putting her tavern to rights, her thoughts rose-colored, for on the morrow she was to entertain "Eddie Smith," the handsome timekeeper from down East. And she saw herself preparing the sumptuous banquet, saw herself decking herself out in her finery. And then "Eddie" came, not to tell her he loved her, as she fondly imagined he would, but that he was going back East, that he was not "Eddie Smith" the timekeeper, but was in reality Edgar Griegg, son of the president of the Lumber Syndicate whose plant and acres were located in the mountains thereabouts, and that he had simply come there to nurse a wounded heart. But now the girl of his dreams had found out that she was mistaken, had begged forgiveness for their quarrel and asked him to come back. And would he go? Indeed, he would!

How clearly her words came back to her as she bade him go! "Go on! Go on! I can't have ye here any more. Please go!" And in fancy she saw him trudge away, sorrowful hearted, through the drifts of snow. And too she remembered her final thought: "Thanksgivin'! Thanksgivin'! Oh, heavens, ain't it a joke?"

All this passed before her mind like the unfeeling of a moving picture, and as the final scene of the reel comes, and brings one back to the everyday world, so did Sal's recollection end, and she came back to the present.

Now she seemed again aware of Bricktop leaning on the counter. His eyes were fixed upon her with a light that no one could mistake, but Sal did not heed it, for with a loyalty unswerving, she only thought of Eddie Smith as the one man alone, who could claim her love.

During her reverie, Bricktop had remained silent, but now that the girl brought her eyes back to him, he said gently:

"I didn't want to make ye mad, Sal, but I thought 'long's ye closed last year, ye was goin' to do it again tomorrow. I thought if ye would, I'd take ye fer a drive through the mountains. I got that yer bob-sled in nice shape, an' I know ye'd enjoy the fresh air. Ye work too hard, anyhow."

"It's awful kind o' you, Bricktop, an' I appreciate it, but I don't know. Yer always so good an' kind to me, an' I don't deserve it."

"Oh, yes ye do, Sal, ye on'y think ye don't. But you've been a mighty good gal all th' time, an' many's th' boy that would have been up agin it, when he was sick, if it hadn't been fer you. Now, can't ye make up yer mind to come out tomorrow with me?"

Sal hesitated, then said:

"Well, maybe, I'll see," and as the rest of the men who generally came to Sal's tavern for their meals now came in, the conversation was cut short.

Bricktop went in with the others, his heart heavy. He was still a young man, only twenty-nine years, but his hard life in the mountains made him appear much older. His heart was as young as any boy's, and a passion, honest as the stars, was hidden in that big, broad bosom of his. He loved Sal with a lover's fond devotion ever since she had become a young woman. Once or twice he broached the subject, but Sal's interest in him seemed more like that which a girl displays toward her father. For Bricktop had constituted himself her guardian and body-guard when her father had died and left her, a mere child, to shift for herself. To him she had confided the story of "what a fool she had made of herself" with "Eddie Smith" and because he knew she had loved the handsome young timekeeper with her first love, he dared not try to substitute himself in the place of the more handsome timekeeper. Sal accepted his attentions because to refuse would have been equal to in-

gratitude, and Bricktop honestly did all he did for my hope of reward if Sal could not conscientiously pay him as he wished—with her heart and hand.

The loud talking and rough jesting of the men came from the dining-room from time to time. Sal sat alone behind the counter, thinking over Bricktop's proposition. Maybe after all, she ought to go with him. He liked her and liked to do these things to please her. Maybe she ought to close up the place tomorrow, and thus keep Bricktop from suspecting how deep an interest she still maintained in "Eddie Smith." Bricktop knew about the affair, but he hadn't blamed Eddie at all. She liked him for that, for she felt she couldn't bear to have a word said against the man who she had so idolized. It was Bricktop, too, who explained the affair casually to the men and they didn't realize how hard hit she had been. Bricktop had told them that she had been a little "sweet" on Eddie, but he didn't see it that way and that they were not to torment Sal or joke about it.

They didn't need this warning, for the rough men all loved the girl as they would a daughter. As Sal thought of everything, she determined to oblige Bricktop, and after the men had had their suppers and started to play cards in the tavern, she sought him out and promised to ride with him the next afternoon, if circumstances permitted. His smile of pleasure brought a warm glow to her own cheeks and she felt repaid for her promise.

The next morning she was up early. The snow was still falling, but not heavily, and the day had all the appearance of a holiday. Sal hurried about her duties, but suddenly her attention was arrested by the whistle of the train which was due to pass through that morning. It did not, as a rule, stop there, and the whistle was a herald of the event. Consequently Sal hurried to the window, from whence she could get a full view of the little flag station and small shelter that had not even enough dignity to be called a "depot."

Who was coming to the camp? Possibly some officers of the Lumber Syndicate were passing through the country and had decided to stop off. She watched. A man descended—and a woman. The man was of splendid physique, tall and straight. He wore a big coat with a high Astrakhan collar, a velvet hat and white spats upon his feet. The woman was almost as tall as the man, and was stately in carriage, a very princess, in fact. Her coat and hat were of black, her furs white. The contrast was striking.

What could a woman want in that section of the country?

Sal was all eyes, then her brain seemed to reel, for across the little distance her eyes met those of the man who just at that moment turned around. He caught her gazing at him from the window. He waved.

It was "Eddie Smith!"

Yes, beyond a doubt it was he. But the lady, who could she be? Was it—a queer sensation rose in the girl's throat, and her whole body quivered—was it the girl to whom she had sent him?

They were rapidly approaching now, and as it was early, they evidently would want breakfast. But what could she serve to so wonderful a lady? Sal glanced at herself in the mirror. She wished she had known they were coming so that she could have fixed herself up a bit. It was too late now. But that made little difference. Sal always was clean, albeit her dresses were somewhat bizarre.

Just then the tavern door opened, and a pleasant, well-remembered voice called out:

"Hello, Sal! Do you remember me?"

Sal, determined not to show how much she remembered him, came forward however, with friendly mien, and outstretched hands.

"Well, I guess you ought to know I don't never forget any o' my friends. I sure do remember Eddie Smith, an' I'm ever so glad to see you again. 'Spect this here is Mis' Eddie Smith, ain't it?" and Sal turned to the lady and gave her her hands. "Pleased to meet ye, ma'am."

There was a little smile in the eyes of the stately lady—a little smile full of tender pity. How women can read each other!

"I am Eddie's wife, Sal," she replied. "We are on our way to California, but I did so want to meet the little girl of whom he always spoke so highly, and who was so kind to him while he was here. So we just determined to stop off and see you. I thought it was so brave of you to make your way as you did here in this lumber camp. I see Eddie wasn't a bit wrong in praising you as he did."

"Oh, Eddie and I was good friends, as good as could be, though o' course, I kind o' made a fool o' myself when we parted," said Sal, with an attempt at studied indifference.

"I know about that, Sallie," said Mrs. Griegg, "and I think you did a very noble thing. But we'll talk about that some other time."

Sal's heart leaped up at this, but she only said:

"Have you folks had your breakfast?"

"No, Sal, we haven't but you can serve us, can't you? And tell me all the news at the same time?" said Edgar.

now," she continued, as through the window she noted them making their way to the tavern in ones, twos and threes from the company's bunkhouse.

In they came with hilarious greetings for "Eddie" and rather awkward ones for "Mis' Eddie," who gave her hand to each and every one as if it were her custom to greet such boisterous people every day.

All filed into the dining-room, Sal going with the rest, and constituting herself waitress for her guests. But womanlike, she observed all that went on.

She noted the grace with which "Mis' Eddie" handled the rough china, observed the little fastidious attentions the handsome woman bestowed upon her husband with apparently no effort at all. Dimly she realized that these people were not in her class, for though she was their equal truly, being as good a woman as was beautiful Lorraine Griegg and as honest as Edgar Griegg, fate had placed her in an environment that made a gap between her and these people that only years of culture could possibly bridge.

Edgar did not seem the same either. He was the same man in form and feature, his voice was as pleasant as of old, and the only change seemed in his clothes. But they made all the difference in the world, for in the tailored garments of down East, his manners fitted his apparel. She never knew he could be so "nice." Unworldly as she was, she did not know that when he first came, he had resolutely cut out those niceties of manner lest he betray himself, while now, as the husband of the regal Lorraine, his manners were the ones that his breeding demanded.

How could she ever have fancied he loved her? A man of his education and culture? She did not think in these terms, it is true, she thought "a man so swell and sparty" which to her meant the same thing. Heavens, s'pose he would have married her an' brought her to his home where all his friends was like Mis' Eddie? Wouldn't it have been awful fer her as well as fer him? Well, Bricktop sure did know what he was talkin' about that time when he said millionaires on'y liked gals like her to amuse themselves with.

As she thought these thoughts, slowly there crept into her heart a little feeling of shame. If Eddie hadn't been so kind he'd surely have thought her a big fool. But then, Eddie must of talked nice to her or Mis' Eddie wouldn't of wanted to stop off an' see her.

A strange upheaval was going on in Sal's breast, and more and more she was experiencing that sense of shame at the thought that for a year she had idolized Eddie in her heart. The books that she read always said that it wasn't right for a girl to think about another woman's husband and she had been thinking of Eddie all this time—and he a married man. That was a sin, sure.

The breakfast was finally over, and Edgar and Lorraine arose.

"While I am here, Sal, I'm going to look over the property of the company a bit, and see how things are, so that I can make a report. As Mrs. Griegg is tired, will you give her a room and take care of her until I return?"

"Why, I sure will. I promised Bricktop that maybe I'd go ridin' with him today, but I said on'y if nothin' didn't come up. But I kin ride any day an' I can't be with Mis' Eddie 'cept today, so I'll give up the ride."

Edgar's eyes roved to Bricktop.

"What do you say, Bricktop?" he enquired.

"S'all right, Eddie, whatever Sal says, goes," he returned.

"But I shall not deprive you of your ride and especially as today is Thanksgiving Day—" began Lorraine, but Bricktop interrupted:

"Sal an' me kin go any time, an' maybe Eddie'll want me to go with him."

Sal smiled on him generously, for she saw that he knew she wished to stay with the beautiful woman.

Accordingly the men went off, and Sal, after putting a room into spic-and-span order invited Lorraine to it.

Lorraine sank into one of the comfortable, but ugly rockers.

"Well, this is really 'Out West,'" she laughed. "Do you know, Sallie, I was never in a lumber camp before?"

"That so?" Sal commented. "An' I ain't never lived in no other place."

"I suppose you are just as happy here as I am at home, happier perhaps?" Lorraine went on, though how anyone could be happier than herself, she could not imagine. A bride of a few months, life had not settled down into that comfortable, contented humdrum that is the blessing of married life.

"I was always happy 'till Eddie came," Sal admitted, "an' then I began to fall in love with him. I couldn't help it because I didn't know no better an' he was so kind. Bricktop used to say that Eddie'd be kind to the devil. An' so things went on 'till last Thanksgiving Day, when I found out that he only meant to be kind to me, an' didn't mean nothin' else. He never kissed me, ner hugged me ner nothin' like that, but he didn't seem th' kind o' feller what 'ud do them things. An' then he told me about you, an' I knew that I had made a mistake, an' I sent him back to you. But it didn't make things easier, an' I used to keep a thinkin' o' him, an' you, 'till I was 'most sick. But I guess I was crazy to keep on lovin' him because jest look at you an' me. There ain't nothin' the same about us."

There is, Sallie," Lorraine said quietly. "We are both women, and have hearts that can love. Your love honestly given, is not a whit less holy than mine. There was nothing 'crazy' in your loving Edgar, Sallie. He is a man who would attract any girl. But dear, you were not fitted for a man like him. And I am sure, little girl, the time will come when you will forget him entirely and be willing to give your heart and hand to another man who will be more to you than you ever expected Edgar to be."

"Can love come a second time, Mis' Eddie?"

"Yes, Sallie, and a second love can be even stronger than the first."

"You honest think so?" asked Sal, and as she listened to beautiful Lorraine, and after seeing Edgar a year since the affair, seeing his real self, and as a married man, he did not seem like the same person she had so adored. "Do you honest think so?" she repeated thoughtfully.

"I really do," Lorraine answered. "And now, Sallie, if you will leave me for a little while, I believe I shall lie down and rest."

Sal accordingly withdrew, and went downstairs to the tavern and behind the counter. A new viewpoint of life seemed opened to her. To remain faithful to a shattered romance seemed unworthy.

"Somehow," she mused, "it seems like Eddie ain't the man I loved at all. I guess I'd kind of be afraid of him if I had married him. I guess maybe I'm beginning to be kind of glad I didn't get him."

The confession came from her with a directness that was startling; she never dreamed that she could ever think that. And it out, she thought of what Lorraine had said. She might meet someone who would be more to her than she had ever expected Eddie to be. Who would she meet? Most of the men who came to the lumber camp were married, and generally past the romantic age—and then Bricktop came to her mental vision.

The thought of the kind, unselfish man was ever before her throughout the day, and there was something comforting in the thought that she had in him so good and kind a protector. "Seems like I got a great deal to be thankful fer," she confided, "but what it is, I don't know. I know I didn't feel like this last night—I felt ornery an' unthankful. Maybe, though, it's jest because I had such a swell talk with such a grand lady like Mis' Eddie. Ain't she grand, though?"

Edgar and Lorraine were to stay over night as the next train for California would not stop until the next morning. And so the tavern was very gay that night in honor of the visitors, and the crowd stayed late. But at last they broke up, and went to the bunkhouse, all with the exception of Bricktop. And as he stayed, Lorraine and Edgar went up-stairs to their room, begging to be excused as they would have to be up rather early the next morning.

"Well, say, this has been some 'Thanksgivin' Day,' ain't it?" remarked Sal. "I ain't never felt so good before in a long time. I guess it's because Mis' Eddie came to visit me. Think o' that, Bricktop, her 'scatin' to see me, who ain't nothin'!"

"Ye ain't nothin'!" Bricktop contradicted, "ye are a great deal, Sal, or Mis' Eddie wouldn't of wanted to see you, like she did. Say, Sal," he went on, "did ye ever figger out that I'm ten years older'n ye be?"

"Well, no, I ain't never figgered it," Sal went on. "I don't know as I ever thought whether ye was much older'n me or not. What did ye ask me such a thing for?"

"Ain't ye never guessed, Sal?" he continued, his voice growing low, and his hand with awkward shyness, slowly slid toward hers resting on the counter.

"Well, know ye once said when I told ye about Eddie Smith an' that I loved him, that you'd be th' better man fer me. I thought ye meant that because ye lived here an' was a lumber-jack like my dad was. Did ye ask me that because ye like me?"

"Yes, Sal, because I like ye. But I more'n like ye, I love ye, an' want to marry ye jest like Eddie Smith married that swell lady he's got. I ain't said nothin' this whole year because I thought yer heart was sore fer Eddie, but ye see ye can't never have him an' honest it wouldn't be right fer ye to think about him now when he's married, would it? Do ye think ye could learn to love me, that way, Sal, so you could come an' live with me, all by ourselves? I'd try an' make ye happy an' then maybe we'd have a little baby who'd be a little bricktop like me or maybe a fluffy-head like you? Do ye think ye could, Sal, do ye?"

As he spoke, his honest love surging within him, Bricktop caught her hands tightly and swung her close to his beating heart. She let him hold her there, not consenting but not repulsing, and all the while the words of Lorraine Griegg were dancing in her brain. Trembling, but silent, she stood encircled by his brawny arms.

And now all the kindnesses and acts of courtesy that he had bestowed upon her, came to her mind thick and fast. She was tired and the fight with the world was hard. And there was that in Bricktop's eyes that drew her on. She felt him mutely begging, entreating. His bosom was broad and inviting, and standing there so close to him, she felt herself slipping from the

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This Department is conducted solely for the use of Comfort sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful one chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, ALGUSTA, MAINE.

THE Cheerful Cherub of "Boston Post" fame once said something to the effect that whenever she read a beautiful poem she was just as proud and happy as though she had written it herself. These are not the exact words but it serves as an illustration, for while I lay no claim to being the originator of the Christmas Trench Box (as outlined in letter below) for our boys at the front, I am just as happy over it as though it were my very own idea. There are Trench Boxes in many homes, no doubt, and it seems such a kind and appreciative thing for us to do and while we are about it let's make it worth while by selecting everything with care and discrimination and make each gift count. Don't send the usual Christmas necktie to the soldier who is actually in want of warm clothing and if you do, don't expect a letter of thanks. Start your Trench Box now by eliminating some of the luxuries from the Thanksgiving dinner table and donating the money saved to a better cause.

Just a word of warning though, if you wish the boxes to be received by Christmas they must be sent not later than the fifteenth of November (according to Postmaster Burleson) but if you can't get them ready then they will be thankfully received at a later date. And don't confine yourself to giving to the boys in the trenches for we have a great many at home, stationed in the various camps, that are just as deserving, so don't forget them.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
I know if all the other sisters are like myself they are very enthusiastic over doing all that is within their power for Uncle Sam's boys but are not financially able, so I will tell you what I am going to do. I am not going to give any of my friends or relatives Christmas presents this year, only cards, as they must consider that it is one great present from above to be living in the good old U. S. A., but I am going to have a "Trench Box" and whenever I have any change to spare I'll buy something for my box and a while before Christmas I am going to send it to the Government to be forwarded to the boys in the trenches who have no one to send presents to them, as I am sure there must be some boys there who have no one to remember them and they will feel very lonely and sad at Christmas.

Of course a great many others will do just what I have planned to do, but I wanted to write this for the benefit of some of the sisters who, like myself, are really not able to remember all our dear ones and I feel sure they had rather have us remember the boys at the front in a time like this.

With best wishes to all, MRS. ALBERT TURNER, COLORADO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
In my last number of COMFORT I read some of Cousin Marion's replies and it sounded very much as though some of our girls are not patriotic. Girls! Girls! Do be patriots. Do not think just because your sweetheart goes to war that he does not love you. Do you not realize that it is to protect you? My sweetheart is in the army and I am sure he doesn't love me any the less and I know I love him more for think how terrible it would be to have a coward for a lover. I never could endure a coward. Sisters, I would have been very much ashamed of him had he not enlisted. Of course I cried a little (who wouldn't?) but I am so proud of him. Believe me, if I were a boy I would never wait to be drafted. I would feel that it was a disgrace. I thank God daily that my boy isn't a coward. Also I pray that His blessings may rest upon him always. If he is called to give his life for the country we all love, then I pray it will be given bravely and willingly.

Girls, send your sweethearts away with cheery words and sunny smiles. Our boys have enough to bear without our being "crybabies." Be brave for "his" sake, if no other.

I did not even say good by to my boy for he was miles away at the time of his enlistment. But we shall surely meet again, if not in this world, then in the glorious Home on High where there shall be no more partings. His will be done.

May the dear Father's blessings rest upon all our brave boys, is the prayer of a well-wisher of COMFORT, A Soldier's Sweetheart.

Soldier's Sweetheart. A few short months ago I vowed and declared that were a letter would I print unless the writer gave me her name and address, though I would withhold both at her request, and now here I am smashing a perfectly good rule all to little bits just because I want other people to read your letter, especially less patriotic sweethearts—and others.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:
I do not agree with the sisters about Lonely One. If she is not willing, nay, anxious, to make the necessary sacrifice for a dear one of her own, then she could never be a mother to an orphan child. Dear mothers, what are a few months at home, a few hours' pain, compared with the joy of a dear child of your very own? We have two boys, one nine and one five and one in Heaven. We lost him when he was four years old and there is a vacant place in our home that can never be filled. I advise all women who can not have children to adopt one or more, according to their means but teach them that they are adopted. It will not lessen their love for you, rather it will strengthen it. Of all mistakes foster parents make that is the most terrible and causes more heartache among adopted children than anything else. It may be after they have gone from you, but it is sure to come.

I want to shake Mrs. J. M., and hard too. Imagine yourself dead—how would you like to know your husband would deny his love for you to another woman.

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Comfort Sisters' Recipes

UNLESS one has used a casserole they cannot appreciate how delicious meats and vegetables are when prepared in one, or how economically and daintily left-overs can be served. It not only simplifies the work but even the most inexperienced may be assured of success if they will but try. Confidence in your own ability and a careful following of directions are the most important assets a cook can acquire.

CALF'S LIVER EN CASSEROLE.—Fry three slices of fat salt pork until crisp and brown, skin out the pork and to the fat add four sliced potatoes, three sliced carrots, two stalks of celery, sliced, and four small sliced onions. Cook very slowly until browned, turn into casserole, cover with calf's liver, cut into slices, sprinkle with salt and pepper, add two cups of boiling water. Cover and cook nearly an hour in a moderate oven.

HAM EN CASSEROLE.—Trim the edges from a slice of ham, about two inches thick. Place in casserole, pour over it two cups of tomatoes, half a green pepper and a small onion, sliced very thin. Sprinkle top with sage and cloves. Cover and bake in a slow oven two hours.

FISH AND MASHED POTATO EN CASSEROLE.—Free fish from bones, break into small pieces and season with salt and pepper. Make a cream sauce of one pint of boiled milk and two small onions, strain and thicken with one tablespoon of butter. Stir until smooth. Season. Line buttered casserole with left-over mashed potato, cover with fish, add part of sauce, cover with buttered bread crumbs and bake fifteen minutes in moderate oven.—Ed.

RICE AND CARROTS EN CASSEROLE.—Boil and chop three medium-sized carrots, and cook enough rice to make a little over a cupful. Place alternate layers of carrots and rice in a buttered casserole, and sauce made of milk, thickened with flour and seasoned. Cover with buttered bread crumbs and bake twenty minutes in a hot oven.

SCALLOPED POTATOES WITH SMOKED HAM.—Pare and slice thin as many potatoes as needed. Wash ham, cut in thin slices, and place in baking dish, put potatoes over ham and cover with sweet milk, add butter, a little salt and pepper and bake till potatoes are done. MRS. M. G. KNISSEL, St. Joseph, Mo.

BAKED LIVER.—Scald liver as for frying, roll thickly with flour, salt well and put in pan, using one with cover. Cover with hot water and place in oven and bake about two hours or till tender. If plenty of water is kept on it the flour will thicken it and make a delicious brown gravy. Turn frequently to avoid burning. Ohio Girl, Ohio.

OLD-FASHIONED MACARONI.—Pour one pint of boiling water over five ounces of macaroni; let stand one half hour, drain off, put in kettle, cover with boiling milk and cook till tender. Drain, add a cup of good sour cream, a tablespoon of brown fried butter, pepper and salt and grate stale cheese over top. KATHERINE HOZA, Iles, Colo.

CINNAMON CAKE.—One cup sweet milk, one half cup butter, two eggs, one cup sugar, one and one half teaspoons baking powder, a little salt and one teaspoon of cinnamon. Flour to make like sponge cake batter. Bake in loaf tin and frost with chocolate icing.

GINGER PUDDING.—One cup sour milk, one cup molasses, one cup sugar, one half cup lard and butter, one egg, one teaspoon soda, and one teaspoon of ginger. Flour to make quite stiff. Drop by spoonfuls on a greased tin and bake in fairly hot oven.

BROWN SUGAR COOKIES.—One cup buttermilk or sour milk, one and one half cups brown sugar, one cup of melted lard, or any shortening, one heaping teaspoon soda and a little salt. Mix in all the flour they will take up and roll fairly thin. Sometimes I add a teaspoon of ginger. MRS. T. C. WARE, Whitefield, Maine.

ROAST PORK WITH BAKED APPLE SAUCE.—The loin and shoulders are the best for roasting. Wipe pork and rub with salt, pepper and flour. Put in a pan with a little water, in a moderate oven, and cook twenty-five minutes to the pound. Baste often. Use less heat than for other meats. Pare and core tart apples, place in an earthen baking dish, with cavities filled with brown sugar. Bake till very soft, and serve at one side of roast. To make attractive, garnish with parsley and rings of radishes. Roast pork is more wholesome served cold.

BRAN GEMS WITHOUT EGGS.—One cup bran flour, one cup whole wheat flour, one cup sour milk, one teaspoon soda, one teaspoon salt and one teaspoon baking powder. Beat well. If too stiff, add cold water.

RICE MUFFINS.—Two and one half cups flour, one cup boiled rice, two rounding teaspoons baking powder, one half teaspoon salt, one cup milk, one egg, well beaten, one quarter cup melted butter. Sift together thoroughly the flour, baking powder and salt. Add rice, working it in with the tips of the fingers and gradually the milk, egg and butter. Bake in gem pans. MRS. DORA WILT, Fox, Ark.

BUTTERMILK COOKIES.—Put flour in pan—about one quart—two spoons baking powder, cup of lard, one and one half cup sugar, two eggs beaten lightly, even teaspoon soda, one cup buttermilk; add to other ingredients and mix stiff. Sprinkle with sugar before cutting. Nutmeg makes an excellent flavor for these, and one may use sour milk in place of buttermilk, where the latter is not obtainable. Never use granulated sugar even in white cookies—always a soft sugar, a light brown. Subscriber, Middletown, N. Y.

CHICKEN EN CASSEROLE.—Skin and remove any excess of fat from a chicken, then cut into pieces and cook by simmering in just enough boiling water to cover. Remove chicken, and cut into dice two cupfuls. Melt three tablespoons of butter in a sauce pan, and mix in six tablespoons of dry flour till smooth; add one cup of the chicken liquor boiling hot and stir till

it thickens; add three quarters of a cup of soft bread crumbs, half a cup of rich cream, salt and pepper to taste, a little chopped parsley and finely minced onion, the diced chicken, and simmer fifteen minutes. Add the beaten yolks of four eggs, and fold in the beaten whites. Bake thirty-five minutes in individual or large baking dish.

Fruit Cake.—One pound butter, two pounds raisins, two pounds currants, one half pound orange and lemon peel, three cups sugar, one cup molasses, eight eggs, one cup sour milk, one cup strong coffee, five cups flour, one tablespoon cinnamon, spice and soda, one pound nuts, chopped fine, half a grated nutmeg. MRS. FAYETTE BRADLEY, Huntington, Ark.

APPLE SAUCE CAKE.—One cup sugar, one half cup butter, one and one half cups apple sauce, one tablespoon soda, one tablespoon hot water, two cups flour, one small cup walnut meats, one small cup raisins, pinch of salt and one teaspoon vanilla. Cream butter and sugar, add apple sauce. Dissolve soda in the hot water and add to butter, sugar and apple sauce. Sift in flour, add nuts and raisins, salt and vanilla. Beat well and bake in loaf. HAZEL BLAKE, Randsburg, Cal.

POTATO CAKE.—Two thirds cup butter, two cups sugar, two cups flour, one cup hot, mashed potatoes, one half cup sweet milk, four eggs, two teaspoons baking powder, one half cup chocolate, one cup chopped walnuts, one teaspoon each cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg and vanilla extract. Cream butter and sugar, add sweet milk and mashed potatoes, sift flour, baking powder, chocolate and spices in and add eggs, chopped walnuts and extract. Bake in a moderate oven. MRS. MABEL SMALL, Lindsay, Cal.

WHITE CAKE, WITHOUT EGGS.—One cup sugar, one cup sweet milk, three tablespoons of butter, melted, two cups sifted flour, two teaspoons baking powder and a pinch of salt. Bake. MRS. CLARA L. HOWLING, Ypsilanti, Mich.

CHRISTMAS CAKE.—One cup sugar, one egg, butter or lard size of large egg, one cup wine or blackberry juice, pinch of soda, one heaping teaspoon baking powder, one half cup pecan nuts, chopped fine, flavor to taste and flour enough to make a stiff dough. Bake in layers and put together with chocolate filling, or in loaf form as desired. MRS. R. W. JENKINS, Deport, Texas.

PUFF BALLS.—Two eggs, one cup milk, one teaspoon baking powder, one teaspoon salt and flour to make spoon butter. Beat the eggs very light, add milk, flour, baking powder and salt and beat for ten minutes. Fry in deep fat, smoking hot. Serve with maple syrup. MRS. W. A. HAYNES, McClure, N. Y.

MOLASSES COOKIES.—Boil one cup of molasses about four minutes, add one teaspoon of soda after molasses cools a little. Beat one egg into another dish, add one third cup sugar, a little ginger and salt and one tablespoon of vinegar. To this add molasses and soda and enough flour to roll. Roll thin and bake quickly.

GRAHAM COOKIES.—Two eggs, two cups buttermilk, two cups graham flour, one cup pastry flour, two cups sugar, one half cup melted butter and two even teaspoons of soda. Mix the eggs, sugar and melted butter. Add the buttermilk, soda and flour. Roll out into one eighth inch thick sheets and cut with a square cutter or sharp knife. Bake in a moderate oven in flour-dusted tin. MRS. BENJAMIN SCHMIDT, Mt. Vernon, Ind.

OATMEAL COOKIES.—Three cups oatmeal, two cups flour, one cup lard, mixed with a little butter, one and one half cups sugar, one cup sour milk, two eggs, one teaspoon soda, one cup raisins or dates, chopped fine, one half teaspoon nutmeg and flour to make a soft dough. MRS. C. LYNN, Orofino, Ida.

CHOCOLATE PIE.—One cup milk, one half cup sugar, butter size of walnut and one and one half tablespoons cocoa. Put on stove to boil. Dissolve two tablespoons corn-starch in water and stir in the above mixture when it boils. When thick enough pour into a baked crust. Add vanilla when taking off stove. This fills one pie. CARRIE GORMAN, Jenera, Ohio.

PUMPKIN PIES WITHOUT EGGS.—Two cups of stewed pumpkin, two heaping tablespoons of flour, four teaspoons of butter, one half cup of sugar, two table-spoons of molasses, one cup of sweet milk, and spices to taste. This makes enough filling for two pies.

NET MINCE PIES.—One cup of walnut meats, chopped fine, two cups chopped apples, one cup seeded raisins, one and one half cups sugar, one teaspoon all-spice and cinnamon, one half teaspoon cloves and salt, one half cup each vinegar and water. Mix well and bake in two pies. MISS AGNES TRAVIS, Platte, S. Dak.

APPLE SNOW BALLS.—Swirl rice in milk and strain. Have ready cooking apples, pared and cored. Put the rice around them, with a little cinnamon, clove or lemon in each and tie in a cloth and boil until done. Serve with cream or sauce.

RICE PUDDING.—Wash and scald a tea-cupful of rice, add a cup of sugar and three pints of sweet milk, a little nutmeg and raisins. Bake slowly until rice is very soft. MRS. C. F. RITCHIE, Center Point, Ark.

SNOW PUDDING.—One pint of boiling water, three heaping tablespoons of corn-starch, beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, moisten the corn-starch in a little cold water then stir it into the boiling water; while still boiling add a tablespoon of sugar, a pinch of salt and the beaten whites of eggs. Let boil a few minutes to cook thoroughly and pour into mold to cool. For sauce make a common custard of the yolks of three eggs and a pint of milk, sweetened and flavored to taste. MINNIE O. MACKINTOSH, San Diego, Cal.

BEEF SUEY SHORTENING. (Requested.)—Buy five pounds of beef suet and three pounds of fresh pork, the fat pieces which are used in making sausages are best. Wash the beef suet and let stand in cold salt water two hours to remove the blood. Then put into an iron pot if you have one, cover with cold water and let cook slowly until all the water has been cooked out and the lard is a clear color. Wash the pork fat and cut in small pieces and let stand in salt water two hours. Cook the same as the beef suet and when the fat gets crisp and brown the lard is done. Let cool a little, strain each and mix the lard with the beef lard while it is warm. Pour into your lard pails to cool. This makes a very nice shortening for biscuit, etc. MISS FLORA PAYNE, Irwin, Va.

CRANBERRY FOAM.—Two cups hot water, one cup sugar, two tablespoons corn-starch, juice of one lemon. Cook all together five minutes. Add whites of three eggs and add one quart of cranberries, cooked in one and one half cups cold water. Put through sieve and add as many bananas as desired and mix well together. MRS. E. L. B., Norwich, N. Dak.

MARMALADE.—Recently I read that two tablespoons of marmalade have the same energy value as one tablespoon of butter and may be used on bread, toast, muffins or griddle cakes most acceptably at one half the cost. The following is an excellent recipe for marmalade: Six oranges, one lemon, eleven cups cold wa-

ter and seven cups sugar. Peel oranges, removing all white skin and slice thin. Slice lemon with rind on; cover oranges and lemon with cold water; let stand twenty-four hours. Then boil three hours, add sugar and let boil one hour. Pour into glasses, cool and cover. This recipe makes nine glasses of marmalade. IDELLA NEWCOMB, Los Angeles, 835 S. Olive St., Cal.

DIVINITY CANDY. (Superior.)—Two and two thirds cup sugar, white granulated cane, two thirds cup Karo (a corn syrup put up in tins, white is best), two thirds cup cold water. Stir these well together, set on stove to boil down to a crackling syrup or until it will thread or harden in cold water. Must not be stirred or jarred while cooking. Have ready beaten to a stiff froth (until one can turn upside down) whites of two eggs on a large cold platter. Stir the hot crackling syrup into eggs beating the mixture with a fork briskly all the while and until cool (not cold); stir in a cup or more of nut-meats (English walnuts most usually used) before too cold and pour onto a buttered platter or large marble (smooth and clean for the purpose) to cool. Nut meats should be rolled or chopped and a few drops of desired flavoring extract and fruit coloring put in while candy is being stirred; heat evaporates extracts.



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The beating of this candy is what makes it good and different from cake frosting; it cannot be beaten too much after it comes off the fire; if made right it should be smooth and satiny and not grain like sugar. LILLIE D. ELDRIDGE, Chiricahua, Ariz.

CHOCOLATE CREAMS.—Two cups granulated sugar, one half cup milk or water; boil hard for five minutes; flavor with vanilla. Stir briskly until it creams sufficiently to mould into size desired. Dissolve chocolate over steaming teakettle, then drop in one cream at a time till covered with chocolate. Lay them on a platter to dry. MISS C. ELIZABETH WIGGINS, Robertsonville, N. C.

PEANUT BUTTER.—One and one half pound of peanuts, after shells and brown skins have been removed. Grind through food chopper, using finest cutter, and mix with one pound melted butter. Tried and true. MRS. MATTIE E. STEGMILLER, Belvidere, Ill.



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It's wholesome—nutritious—delicious. And in these days of food economy it is good to remember that one piece of NONE SUCH Mince Pie goes a long way toward a meal. Merrell-Soule Co., Syracuse, N. Y.



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THE GIRL HE LOVED

by Adelaide Stirling



Why do you never come in by the door like a Christian? she said.



He rose composedly and opened the door for Ravel to leave the room.



"There's going to be trouble."



The duchess proceeded to Annesley Chase in state.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Lady Annesley, stepmother to Sir Thomas and Ravel, disapproves of Adrian Gordon, who is in love with Ravel. Receiving an appointment to India, Adrian seals his proposal and Ravel's promise for an early marriage, by giving her a beautiful ring of diamonds and opals. Not daring to wear it she slips it on a ribbon on her neck. Ravel bids Adrian good by, unconscious that their conversation, held near the edge of a quarry is heard by Lady Annesley's confidential maid. Four days later Ravel receives a letter from Adrian that he will go to the Duchess of Avonmore's party and names the following day for their marriage. Lady Annesley, apparently anxious for Ravel to make a good appearance at the party provides her with a new dress. Ravel is suspicious of intrigue, but Sir Thomas, only sixteen, suspects the scheming woman and her designs on Lord Levallion, a former suitor for her hand, as Ravel's future husband. Going to the party and not meeting Adrian, Ravel, with a sob in her throat, wanders through the garden, where she meets Lord Levallion, not knowing it is he. Wary and wanting to go home he offers to take her there. Arriving home she hunts for the lost ring.

CHAPTER IV. (CONTINUED.)

As Ravel crept away, utterly hopeless, Sylvia Annesley was standing in the duchess' drawing-room, with a heart that beat high in joyful surprise.

"What!" she cried incredulously, "you drove her home? But you did not know her!"

"I met her," Lord Levallion returned dryly, "during the afternoon. You had decked her out to meet the eye, hadn't you?"

But Lady Annesley did not flinch. Instead, she did not seem to have heard his sneering voice. She had grown pale under her rouge, and she laid a quick, insistent hand on his arm.

"When did you go? What time?" she cried sharply. "And did you meet any one on the road? Was there any one waiting at the Chase when you got there?"

"No. There was not, to my knowledge—any one!" with an exact imitation of her tone. "No one either met or waylaid us."

So that was the reason of the tears! Madam Sylvia had somehow tricked the girl into coming here, and now was frightened into her little shoes for fear she had not stayed long enough.

For Lady Annesley's smile, for once, was absent. "Tell them to get my carriage, will you?" she said slowly. "I must go, too. That foolish, headstrong girl of mine may be ill. Perhaps you will come over tomorrow."

Tomorrow Lord Levallion had meant should see him in London. He shook his head for sole answer, but decided to wait a day all the same.

"Your stepdaughter seemed in excellent health when I left her," he observed, turning away to send for her ladyship's carriage. "But, all the same, I dare say you are wise to get home!"

She looked quite old, he saw, in her sudden anxiety, and he wondered cynically just what ailed her, for she scarcely said good by, as he saw her into her shabby fly.

That vehicle seemed to crawl to its impatient occupant. But at last she reached her own door, with as quick a step as Ravel's own, her room, where the Umbrella sat limply waiting.

"Adams, what time did Miss Annesley get home?" she demanded sharply. "Was there any one here? Quick! Any one?"

The Umbrella rose stolidly. "Not when Miss Annesley came," she said slowly, "and her bearer thought she did it on purpose."

"Everything has been all quite right, my lady. A gentleman called, though, and left his card."

"It doesn't matter," sharply, but she glanced at it with such relief that her head swam, before she tore it to pieces. "It was no one I minded missing."

"No, my lady. And if there was the familiarity of a confidante in the woman's tone Lady Annesley did not notice it, nor that she neatly collected the bits of torn card off the floor."

Her ladyship felt really dizzy with fatigue, or emotion, as she flung herself into a chair.

"I'll dine up here," she said slowly. "It was all right and her net seemed to have caught Levallion, but such days were aging. She had fought her Waterloo, and she felt the reaction even of victory. Tired to death, the weight of the rings on her slender hands felt unbearable. Her ladyship rose softly and hastily and locked the gorgeous things away."

CHAPTER V.

HER WEDDING DAY.

Half-past two o'clock, and her wedding day. Ravel Annesley looked at herself in the glass curiously as at another person. She had on a clean white duck dress—having looked with a shudder at yesterday's unlucky silk and muslin—nothing of her stepmother's should go to her adorning on her wedding-day! But in her plain white gown she was lovely, and with a keen thrill of joy she knew it. Thank God, Adrian's bride was pretty, even if she went to him in a cotton gown!

And in half an hour she would see him; tell him of her lost ring—for, think as she might, she

could not see how either Lady Annesley or her maid could have taken or even seen it; her cotton slip bodice had been carefully buttoned over it—of yesterday's party, and of how she had waited vainly for him. She opened her door and stole through the house. She would not take Tommy. She would go alone to church with Adrian; all alone, would promise and vow to be his always. She hurried through the garden and down to the back gate.

It was early still, and silly to expect him; yet she had a foolish pang of disappointment as she looked up and down the empty white road outside.

"He'll be here in a minute," she said to herself confidently, "and then I'll feel happy again. I hope he won't be angry about that ring. And I wish I knew how I lost it!"

She sat down in the shade just inside the gate and lost herself in a happy dream. Some day—soon perhaps—Adrian would come back from India, and carry her and Tommy off under her ladyship's nose, who could go anywhere she pleased, for the Chase was certain to be sold over her head.

"And I shouldn't care. I've been too wretched here," she thought passionately. And then something startled her.

The stable clock had rung. Why was Adrian late, who was always so early?

"I never knew how awful it was to wait!" she cried, springing up. "I feel as if I couldn't sit still. I'll walk up and down till I count a thousand steps, and then I'll look at the road again."

But she paced a thousand steps, and a thousand again; there was no sign of Adrian Gordon.

"Oh!" in spite of herself she trembled, "it can't be going to be like yesterday. He must be coming."

Her heart quaking, she wished she had brought Tommy. This was too awful. The tears came to her eyes. She could not walk any longer, yet how could she sit still? She shivered in the hot, sweet sun.

"Oh, Adrian, hurry!" she whispered childishly, as if he must hear her; and then sat down on the green bank by the road as if she were suddenly weak. For the stable clock had struck four.

It was a long lane, and no one passed by to see a girl in a white frock sitting on the grass, careless of greening the spotless whiteness of her wedding-gown; no one looked with a wondering eye at the sick despair in her face, as she sat dumb and motionless—waiting for the man who by this time should have been her husband.

When the slow clock rang six, Ravel Annesley got up, steadying herself carefully. She was chilly and stiff, and though she did not know it, broken-hearted.

Truth and honor and love, dead letters to her, she looked once more down the quiet lane to the quarry, where she and Adrian Gordon had kissed with lips that were quick and kind. Well, he had spoken the truth when he said she would have a poor wedding-day!

She crept home at last, white as her cotton gown. With only one thought—to get unseen to her own room—she went into the house through the open window of the drawing-room, where no one ever sat. But today it was, for once, occupied.

Fairly inside the French window before she saw the two people in the room, she turned whiter than ever.

Lady Annesley, in her best tea-gown, drinking tea; and beside her, the low sun full on his handsome, sneering face, the strange man who had driven her home last evening. Ravel, by instinct, put up her hand to cover her trembling lip. In her white gown, with her whiter face, she looked like a ghost as she stood staring.

Lord Levallion had the grace not to look at her as he came forward, and took her cold, indifferent hand. Lady Annesley put down her cup pettishly.

"Why do you never come in by the door like a Christian?" she said. "You quite startled me. Lord Levallion has come over to ask how you are—after yesterday!"

Lord Levallion? So this was he. Well, it was all one to her! There was only one man in all the world who mattered to Ravel Annesley, and he had forsaken her. She turned to go, stumbling on the wind-sill.

"Come and sit down. You look tired to death," commanded Lady Annesley, and the taunt stung her stepdaughter. If her world had gone to pieces like a pack of cards, there was no reason that her ladyship should know it! She turned, sat down on the first chair she came to, and met Lord Levallion's eyes turned on her curiously.

"Have you been walking? It's too hot to walk," he observed languidly. "I got up early this morning and took my exercise; rode over to have breakfast with Captain Gordon of the — Hussars. Do you know him?"

Lady Annesley was livid in her fright. She had not dared confide in Levallion—and what was going to be the result?

"Yes, I know him," Ravel said evenly. She had her hat in her lap and was playing with the pin out of it.

"You know he went off to India today, then, by the first train for Southampton. I rather took him by surprise, for he left me in London. I can't say I had a cheerful breakfast. Every one seemed so cast down at his leaving—but I enjoyed my ride."

Thank God she could not get any paler! And the Annesleys were ever proud. This one, who was but a child and hurt to the heart, kept her face steady.

"Yes," she said, and her voice sounded quite natural, for she heard it as though it were some one else's. "Why? Was Captain Gordon dull?"

"Extremely noisy, on the contrary. Delighted, evidently, to be getting away."

But she heard Levallion's answer through the whirl of a hundred thoughts that seemed to sound and move in her head. Adrian had gone to India—gone without a word of good by, broken all his promises, forsaken her with a false, lying letter. Oh, Adrian, Adrian!

Desperately, like a savage, Ravel stuck her steel hat-pin straight into her finger, and the sharp pain steadied her. She must not—dare not—think of him now. Whatever happened she must be brave before her ladyship and Levallion. And that wild cry at her heart was stifling her. Oh, Adrian—Adrian!

"What's the matter? Have you cut your hand?" cried her stepmother shrilly. Levallion was no fool; he had probably put two and two together already! She was thankful to see a tangible reason for the girl's strange pallor and quietude.

Ravel nodded. Not for anything in the world could she have spoken without giving voice to that cry in her soul to Adrian Gordon, who was on the sea.

If Sylvia Annesley had known it, nothing else in the world would have so softened Lord Levallion's heart to the girl she meant him to marry as the sight of her sitting pale as death and as proud.

"God! there's stuff in the child!" he reflected swiftly. "And I'll help her. Madam Sylvia's been up to some low trick with her, I'll lay my life!" but his voice was cooler than usual as he quietly cut off another question from that much-tried woman.

"That pin has gone through your finger, Miss Annesley," he interposed quietly. "You should go at once and bathe it with hot water. They are nasty things—hat-pins," and he rose composedly and opened the door for Ravel to leave the room.

If any one had told her three days ago that she would ever have been grateful to Lord Levallion she would have laughed in their face. But now she looked at him as a caged bird might do when suddenly set free: like the bird, slipped through the door he had opened for her, dumb and dazed, but—thank God!—safe away from Sylvia's eyes.

Lord Levallion returned to his seat. "What have you been doing to that child, Sylvia?" he inquired harshly. "You have delicately suggested you would like me to marry her, but I warn you it is no use trying to force either her or me into it. If I want to marry her I shall, but it's not any too likely. And the more you scheme the less I shall probably oblige you."

"What makes you think anything so absurd?" angrily.

"My dear lady, I put two and two together. First, you write to me, and I have not heard from you for years. Then you are eager that I should meet the girl. Last, I come here, and find you poor—unbearably poor, for you! And a good marriage for the girl would mean a competence for you, and I am the only man you know with money. So you find out I am staying with the duchess, dress your lamb for the slaughter, and make her life miserable so that she will fly to my arms. Eh, Sylvia?" slowly.

Lady Annesley grew redder than her rouge. Levallion was too shrewd for once, and overshot himself. But it was better he should think Ravel unhappy at home than suspect she was sick for the sight of Adrian Gordon.

"I—we—don't get on! It is a grief to me," she said prettily.

Levallion smiled. Any other man would have laughed outright; but he was not given to laughter. Fancy Sylvia—Sylvia!—scheming and match-making for him. It was better than any play. She had been clever, too, to have found out that he was thinking of marrying. He was forty-seven years old, and had no one to inherit either title or estates but his second cousin. If Lady Annesley had known her peerage better, she might have thought twice of meddling with Adrian Gordon's love-affairs.

"I should advise you to try and get on—while I am here," he broke the pause abruptly. "I do not like jars and tears."

Lady Annesley trembled. She saw her dreams of Levallion's country houses and a comfortable allowance—above all, a position, as Lady Levallion's mother—fading into thin air.

"The girl is dull here," she said. "I can't help it. She wants a change, I suppose, and I can't give it to her."

"Take her to town for a week."

Her ladyship looked at him, her beautiful delicate face for once sincere.

"Walk there, camp in Piccadilly, walk home again!" she observed. "What a delightful program! That is the only way I could manage it."

"Perhaps so," returned Lord Levallion equably, and rose to go. He had his own thoughts on the subject, but as yet they did not burn to be made public. He meant to come over again before he went to town himself, but he did not mention that, either. He would not come to see Sylvia, nor did he wish to be considered her ally.

Sir Thomas Annesley from a convenient post on the stairs, watched the visitor's exit, and then

repaired with haste to his sister's room. "Ravel, let me in, I say!" he demanded, pounding on the door.

But he got no answer. Ravel, face down, lay on her bed convulsed with rage and shame to think that she should be crying herself sick for Adrian Gordon, who had left her like a dog he was tired of—left her with lying promises he had not cared to keep—and taken the best part of her with him.

"Ravel, let me in, can't you? I want to speak to you!" Sir Thomas' persistent pounding reached her deaf ears at last.

She got up trembling and began to bathe her stained face with cold water.

"I can't, Tommy! I—I'm washing," she called out angrily.

"Well, hurry up and I'll wait!" Ravel, sponge in hand, flung the door open. "Come in and be done!" she cried. "What is it?"

Her face was blotched and patchy with crying, and the boy's eyes kindled as he saw it. "What's that brute Levallion been saying to you?" he demanded. "And what's Gordon gone off for like this?"

"He's gone off because he's sick of me; he's thrown me over." She spoke brutally. She was not going to gloss things over to Tommy. "And Lord Levallion hasn't done anything. He's the only decent person I know," with which the door banged once more in Sir Thomas' face.

Gordon sick of her—and Levallion decent! The boy was dumb with amazement. She would be praising her ladyship next. He went slowly away and sought Mr. Jacobs.

"My good dog," he said disgustedly to that villainous animal, "there's going to be trouble!"

CHAPTER VI.

A VERY CLEVER PERSON.

Lord Levallion and the Duchess of Avonmore sat at breakfast in the duchess' own sitting-room. It was one of her habits seldom to breakfast with her guests, but to have one chosen companion at her own table. Avonmore was Liberty Hall since the death of the duke, who had not been exactly a comfortable partner for his handsome wife. She never allowed, even to herself, that she was happier without him, but the world knew it, as it knows everything unpublished.

She sat now in a Norfolk jacket and a short skirt, making an extensive breakfast. Since seven o'clock she had been tramping from her dairy to her hen walks, as thriftily as any farmer's wife. But her handsome, weather-beaten face, with its shrewd, keen eyes, and her beautifully dressed white hair, made her look dignified, in spite of her short skirts and her full-blown figure.

Lord Levallion was drinking a cup of tea—very slowly—and looking at some dry toast with distaste. He had not been trudging in the morning air, and had had a bad night into the bargain. But the duchess and he were old friends, and he did not trouble himself to make conversation.

She shook her head at him as she saw his untouched breakfast.

"That's not the way to get to a green old age, Levallion!" she observed as she took a second helping of bacon. "But I suppose it's London habits that stick by you. Are you really off this morning?" He nodded.

"Surely you're coming up again soon?" inquiringly, for she had been tempted into the country for a week by the perfect weather, and had stayed to give her yearly garden-party and get it over. "You will be losing the cream of things!"

"I'm going up next week. To tell you the truth, Levallion, I feel lonely when I get to my town house and haven't my dairy and my chickens to amuse me! It's a big, desolate barrack, you know, and I hate it. If I'd had a daughter to bring out it might be different," wistfully, "but without a chick or a child what are town parties to me?"

"Adopt one!" said Levallion, not unkindly. The duchess shook her head.

"Too risky! But I thought of having some girl to stay with me, if I could find the right girl."

"You've two nieces!" Levallion was clever; not a tone of his uninterested voice betrayed that he had an object in his idle talk.

"Odious brats!" returned the duchess sharply. They were the late duke's nieces, not hers. "I couldn't stand either of them for a day. The only girl I've seen and taken a fancy to is that nice-looking child of old Tom Annesley's, but I don't want to have any dealings with that yellow-haired stepmother of hers. I beg your pardon, Levallion! I forgot you were a friend of hers."

Lord Levallion looked up, a curious expression on his pale, handsome face.

"You need not beg my pardon," he said. "But I assure you Lady Annesley is—a very clever person!"

"She's a detestable one!" retorted the duchess smartly. "And I don't think those children have much of a life with her. I declare, you might have knocked me down with a feather when I saw the girl here in a decent gown the other day! Usually her clothes are disgraceful; last winter that woman used to let her go about blue with cold." Her grace of Avonmore, being a duchess, did not trouble to talk like one, except to people she disliked. And she had a soft spot for Levallion, in spite of his record.

His lordship hid a grin in his teacup. So he had been correct in his little idea that it was for him Sylvia had prepared her lamb!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

Honor and love him all the more because he did love her. That is past and dead and a dead love can never live again. But, my dear woman, if you should discover that he loved a living woman then you would know trouble. How old are you? You would not be of a spoiled, jealous baby? Be thankful for your good husband and his love, is my advice and pray that you may always hold it. I have a dear, good husband and I do not fear that he will ever deny that he loves me truly. But if he has another wife after I am gone I hope he will love her as well as he does me. With love for all the sisters, A Montana Mother.

Montana Mother. On the title page of this issue is a poem containing these lines:

"But, while we feast, we cannot quite dispel
Regret for lost ones whom we love so well.
Yet why this grief? There is no vacant chair
Within our hearts."

And don't you think, "there is no vacant chair within our hearts," a beautiful and comforting thought? I trust you may find it so.—Ed.

DUTCH FLAT, CAL.

DEAR SISTERS:

To Mrs. J. M. of Montana, I am a second wife and there are two people I would never be jealous of and they are a dead woman or a divorced one. The first wife had her place and time. The past is gone, why live in it. I should say to my husband's sisters, "She is dead, as she ever will be, so what is the use of talking about her?" If you make yourself essential to your husband's happiness you need not worry about coming first.

Birth control. Those who are happily married and can afford a large family should have it, but if the care and responsibility falls too heavily upon the children some one must suffer unjustly. It would lessen sin, misery, heartaches, sickness and death of criminals if the sick and drunks had no children.

Mrs. L. T. your husband has not had the right sort of education. Way not try paying no attention but sometimes say, "where did you say you wanted this chair?" and ask him so many times he will get tired. Say to him, "Did you notice how Mr. Smith always asks his wife's opinion? and he is such a smart man," or, "Do you notice how Mr. Brown lets his wife have her own way in unimportant things?" Don't put it on too thick at first but keep it up.

Here is something that amused me so I will pass it on to you.

How to Train a Husband. Aunt Chloe has had several husbands so she ought to know. "Allus let a man think he's boss, honey," she said. "Allus ask his advice about everything, den go ahead and do what suits you best. Never scold a man. About three times a year tell him what you think of him, in a deep voice. An if he saxes you back, jus bust him on de head wid whatever you can reach. De rest of de year, leave him be. Cook him good meals, and laugh at his jokes. If you does dis you can't lose a good man's lub." Best wishes to you all, Mrs. A. B. WEDGWOOD.

REGAN, R. R. 1, N. DAK.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND MRS. WILKINSON: I think COMFORT is one of the best papers I ever read as it has so many helpful departments. Often I have pondered over a certain question and when I happen to pick up my paper and start reading some of the departments I find an answer that is satisfactory to my mind.

A few words about the Baby Outfit. I think "Willie" has very good ideas on the outfit but the outfit the U. S. Dept. of Labor lets isn't within reach of us all.

These are what I call the necessary things: Twenty-four diapers, the baby's eye are more absorbent when new than outworn; twelve little squares about twelve by twelve for the inner diaper, those used the first three or four days should be burned. For pinning blankets, I took two diapers and put them together and by putting the selvedge side together there were no seams and it did very nicely. Two pairs of wool pinning blankets after it is two or three months old and to buy them would be a useless expense. Three outworn flannel Gertrude Petticoats, five little dresses and two or three suits. I prefer wool as a baby needs wool over its abdomen till it is at least two or three years old. Keeping a baby's body and feet warm aids in keeping disorders out of the digestive organs and that is essential to healthy baby. Two pairs of wool stockings, three abdominal bands, wool and a little cotton mixed, five by twenty-seven inches, and by notching sides and ends they do not need to be hemmed as the least rolled edges on baby assures the most comfort. Three nightgowns of outworn flannel or baby flannel.

For the mother to have on hand: Gauze, two yard-yard boxes, absorbent cotton, two pounds, one and one half yard of ole soap, for ole soap, one yard of red pan, one quart alcohol, if obtainable, one bottle vasoline, camphor, for baby's breast. I mention this in particular as many mothers do not know that both boy and girl babies have milk in their breasts and camphor dries it away.

It is well to have a baby blanket to wrap baby in when handling it, and an old sheet or two for bed pads. Coat, cap, shoes, etc., can be bought or made later. I have two healthy children, a girl three years old and a boy nine months old. Both my babies have weighed twenty-three pounds at seven months but the boy weighed nearly that at five and had not gained much at seven months.

I don't like to pry in anyone's family affairs but I believe I agree with Willie in thinking that I would soon show Mr. T. who would have the placing of the furniture. The house is a woman's given property to make as pleasant as she knows how. If there is any certain change that a husband would like in the furniture I think it an ill-dispositioned wife who would not please him but if he insists on having the say about everything in the house, he is anything but a loving husband.

With love to all,

Mrs. A. B. WALLMAN.

LOUISVILLE, R. R. 4, MISS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I have wanted to write a letter to COMFORT for several months, to thank the kind editor for publishing my letter in the February number. So many wrote me that, owing to my invalidism, it was impossible to answer all the dear letters received. Everyone wanted me to tell more about myself so with Mrs. Wilkinson's permission, I'll tell them a little through this corner.

All made the natural mistake of thinking me a young girl and will, no doubt, be surprised to learn that I am a little widow, with dark brown hair and eyes and fair complexion. Have no children. Live with my mother and my younger brother and sister. I have been an invalid fifteen years; and the operation spoken of in my former letter has not proven a success for I am obliged to stay in bed half the time. When able to sit up I do fancy work and piece quilts and I want to thank all who sent me quilt pieces and thread. And also everyone who sent me a letter. Was unable to thank all personally, though I've written to a great many but I want all to know how I appreciate their letters and everything sent me. COMFORT is a thousand times dearer to me now than ever before, although I've always loved it. It has been instrumental in bringing untold sunshine into my life.

With love and good wishes, I am a loving and grateful friend to all.

Mrs. LUDIE GAFFIN.

W. VA.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have been a reader of the Sisters' Corner for eight years and have been too timid to write but when I read Mrs. J. M.'s letter I just had to write and tell her how silly and selfish she is. If she is so jealous and silly as to think that her husband should love her better than he did his first wife she doesn't deserve to be loved at all. And I fear if she keeps on doubting his love she will forfeit what love he does bear her.

I have been married six years to a good man who had been married before and I have never once thought that he should love me better than he did his first wife. He has a dear little daughter whom I love very dearly and although she calls me mamma I have taught her to love and reverence her dead mother's memory and though she loves me I know it is not like the reverent love she bears her mother.

I am twenty-three years old, have dark red hair, brown eyes, a freckled complexion and am five feet eight inches tall, so you see I am not a bit pretty. I have always lived in the country and, of course, don't think I would like to live in the city. I have two little boys, five and two years of age.

Contented Second Wife.

OKLAHOMA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have long been a reader of COMFORT; in fact, ever since I could read at all and for many years I have been a regular subscriber. I always thought I could



POTATO PEELER CUTTERS PRESS AND RICER LATTICE CUTTER

By Mary Harrod Northend

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PEELING THE POTATO WITH SPECIAL KNIFE.

FOOD is any material which when taken into the body can be used to build up tissue or create energy. With the great variety of foods to choose from, how is the housekeeper to select? In the choice of foods those contributing starch and sugar in the right amount should be provided, especially where the members of the family are active, where there is muscular activity, such as working on a farm, digging, or severe athletic exercises, active children need it, and the future health of their bodies will suffer if they are not provided with the proper amount.

Under normal conditions the potato is served at least once a day in nearly all American families and in many households it forms a substantial part of all meals. Therefore, last season's scarcity and high price, which changed the potato from the cheapest of foods to a costly luxury, caused nationwide distress. Fortunately the present crop is the largest ever, and we should use more potatoes than ever in order to save the less bulky food for our soldiers and allies in Europe.

The potato is put on the table, boiled, baked, fried or mashed. There are many cooks who cannot boil a potato, so it will come on the table a snowy, feathery looking ball, ready to fall apart at the touch of a fork.

To boil a new potato properly, scrub it with a vegetable brush (these can be purchased at any general store for five cents, and can be sent by mail to any part of the United States for four cents postage, or a home-made one can be made by cutting an old whisk clothes brush about an inch below the tying). Then scrape off the rest of the skin, placing them at once in a kettle of boiling water. If they are old potatoes, scoop out the eyes with a pointed knife. Let them soak in cold water for one hour, then put them in boiling water (as all water-soaked vegetables are those put into warm, not boiling water).—the water should be slightly salted. The age of the potato must be considered in arranging the time for cooking.

The average potato requires from twenty-five to thirty-five minutes. Do not boil them fiercely but keep them at a bubbling point. When they are done, drain off the water and sprinkle with salt, and cover tightly. Let them set on the back of the stove for three or four minutes, shaking the kettle gently once or twice, and serve as soon as possible.

After the potato begins to sprout it should be used in soups, salads, or be mashed, or cooked in some way with seasoning, as no form of cooking can make them light and mealy, for the starch has turned to sugar.

The sweet potato is not closely related to the white potato, botanically, but it has about the same amount of nutriment value, and should be treated when boiling in the same way. In baking potatoes there is little loss of material, except the water which is absorbed by the heat; both white and sweet are among the most wholesome and easily digested vegetables. The skins should be thoroughly scrubbed, to make them palatable. Break the skins five minutes before they are taken from the oven, allowing the steam to escape, making the potatoes more delicious.

MASHED POTATOES.—To four medium-sized potatoes (boiled), add two tablespoonfuls of hot milk, a piece of butter the size of an English walnut and a saltspoonful of salt. Crush the potatoes with a masher, adding first the butter, then the milk and salt. When the lumps are all removed, beat with a large spoon until velvety. The potato ricer prepares the potato with little work, making it dainty and appetizing, being particularly nice in this form with steak or chops. Left-over, mashed or rice potato can be used in many ways,—one of which is to mix them into a batter by using one egg, and a little hot milk. Flatten this out on a moulting board until about an inch thick. Cut into inch squares and fry in butter or bake in an oven until brown. Another way is to pile the mixture lightly into a well-buttered baking dish, sprinkling the top with grated cheese and cracker or bread crumbs. Place small pieces of



HOW TO PREPARE LATTICED POTATOES.

cracker or bread crumbs. Place small pieces of

butter here and there. Bake until a golden brown.

FRENCH FRIED POTATOES.—To properly and wholesomely fry potatoes, one should be provided with a frying basket, so that the fat can be easily drained off, leaving the vegetable, crisp and dry, although a skillett can be used and they can be dried on brown paper. For French fried potatoes the small tubers are best. These being washed and peeled are cut into slices and then into strips, an eighth of an inch or less, all the sections being cut lengthwise of the potato. These should be soaked in very cold water (ice-water if possible) for an hour, then dried on a cloth and fried in deep fat. When they are a rich brown spread on a piece of brown paper and salt. Serve in a dish lined with a white napkin,—these can be cut with any small sharp knife.

There are many similar forms of fried potato cut in different ways, there are Julienne, and shoestring, also the latticed ones, these are cut with a little implement. The first one is a plane with a sharp diagonal blade which may be lowered or raised by a little screw cutting the slices as thin or as thick as desired. For the other two another cutter is used, the same kind for both of them. It consists of a corrugated piece of sharp metal set in wooden frame, with a metal movable guard to protect the hand.—If the potato is to be a latticed one, it is pushed lengthways and then sideways of the potato. They are all treated after they are cut as the French fry. These can be purchased for thirty-five cents in any large department store. A frying basket costs ten cents, the postage of these three if mailed would be from eight to ten cents.

On way to make a home-made cutter is to peel the potato and then take an apple corer, removing the middle of the potato with this, and then cut them into slices,—this gives you rings to fry. The portion removed in the corner can be boiled and used for fish cakes or croquettes.

GERMAN FRIED POTATOES.—Take boiled potatoes, cut them into slices, a quarter of an inch thick and brown in a spider with butter. Just before removing sprinkle with a mixture of a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley and onion, also the juice of half a lemon, salt and pepper to taste. Stir with a fork so that the mixture reaches every slice. Serve very hot.

POTATO PUFFS.—Beat three eggs without separating the whites from the yolks until very light and gradually beat in two cups of mashed potato (hot or cold) and finally beat in one cup of sifted flour, with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, also a small saltspoonful of salt added to it. Drop from the spoon into hot fat and fry a rich brown. Dry on a piece of brown paper and serve hot.

CREAMED POTATOES.—Take either cold or hot boiled potatoes and cut into cubes. Then take the milk, and place it in a double boiler and when it comes to a boiling point, thicken with flour, using one tablespoonful to two cups of liquid, also two tablespoonfuls of butter, seasoning with salt and pepper to taste.

DELICIOUS.—Take raw potatoes, peel and wash them, slice into a baking dish, covering the bottom with a layer, then cover with bread or cracker crumbs, placing dots of butter here and there, sprinkling lightly with salt and pepper. Cover with cream, repeat with alternate layers until the dish is full, the cracker crumbs covered with cream coming on top. Bake in a moderate oven for four or five hours.

Many people do not realize how delicious potatoes are, peeled, washed, and roasted in a pan with roast pork, lamb, or beef, for in this way they absorb the flavor of the meat.

FRANCONIA BAKED POTATOES.—Peel and parboil ten minutes. Drain and place in pan in which meat is roasting. Bake until done. Baste with fat when basting meat. Time required will be about forty minutes.

SWEET POTATO PONE.—Boil sweet potatoes until soft, remove the skins. To one quart of potatoes thoroughly mashed add two well beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cornmeal, one of brown sugar, one of butter, one of salt, and make them into small pones. Arrange in a baking dish and brown in the oven. Serve with roast beef.

BALTIMORE SWEET POTATOES.—Boil, peel and slice lengthwise the potatoes desired. Place in a baking pan, a generous coating of butter, then a layer of sweet potatoes, covering these with a layer of granulated sugar with bits of butter. Repeat with three layers, having butter and sugar on top. Add about two tablespoonfuls of water and place in the oven until sugar is brown and melted. These are delicious served with chicken.

There is nothing more appetizing than a potato salad. It is sometimes served with a French dressing, and sometimes with mayonnaise. To arrange an attractive salad is not only a culinary but an artistic triumph. The greens should be crisp, clean and fresh, the potatoes cut with precision and the dressing should be generous in amount, but not so plentiful that the dish looks unappetizing.

The wise housekeeper will remember when serving these vegetables that "Variety is the Spice of Life."



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not write well enough for publication but since reading Mrs. J. M.'s letter I have decided to make an effort. I am surprised that anyone should feel as she does. I, too, was a second wife and I believe that I can truthfully say that I never had one jealous thought toward my first wife. My husband loved her. I am sure, and I am equally sure he loved me but which one he loved most I cannot tell for I never asked him and he did not tell me. I, too, had people tell me how happy they were together and how much he seemed to love her and I think that was one thing made me love him for I haven't much of an opinion of a man that marries a woman he doesn't love. Had he told me he loved me more I don't believe it would have made me any happier. I knew that he had been married before I married him and I considered all these things well.

Sister, when you are inclined to feel unhappy over it, just put yourself in the dead wife's place. How would you feel if you knew that some day when you were gone forever your husband would tell another woman that she was dearer to him than you ever were? Or, if at some future day you (of course you will say it will never be) should marry another man. Would you tell him that you love him more than you did your first husband? Then never grieve your husband again by asking these foolish questions. Drop the first wife from your mind and see if you are not much happier. With best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and sisters, BETTY.

LYONS, RIVERSIDE RANCH, CALIF.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

It has been a long time since I have written to COMFORT. How much I would like to write to each sister who has a letter printed or, better still, to meet and talk with you all.

I have been canning fruit. As sugar is so expensive just now I am canning fruit juices and some fruit to make into jelly, jam and marmalade later when sugar becomes cheaper. Have learned some new ways of canning fruit and vegetables from the bulletins sent out from Washington, D. C.

There has been so much said on country and city life that I can say no more. I have lived in both but

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

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The Masked Bridal

By Mrs. Georgia Sheldon

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

"MY DARLING YOU ARE FREE."

As the two sat hand in hand, Mrs. Stewart told her daughter how she had left Italy and had instituted her search for her daughter. She also told her of entering the Goddard home in disguise and by careful observation had discovered the hiding place of the document which meant so much to her.

When Mrs. Stewart had finished her recital, she turned to Edith and asked her daughter to tell of her adventures since leaving Boston. Edith recited everything that had occurred, but at the mention of Royal Bryant's name, she blushed rosy, and in that blush the mother quickly read the secret of her daughter's heart.

Edith also mentioned the efforts that Mr. Raymond had made to locate her, and of the fact that he had settled a large sum of money upon her.

Had an outsider been present at the interview he would have been impressed by the perfect love, and loyalty, and understanding that existed between mother and daughter.

Edith had scarcely finished speaking of the man she loved when there came a knock on the door.

Rising, she opened it, to find a servant standing without and waiting to deliver a card that lay upon a silver salver.

Mrs. Stewart took it and read the name of Royal Bryant, together with the following lines, written in pencil:

"Will Mrs. Stewart kindly excuse this seeming intrusion of a stranger? but I understand that Miss Allandale is with you, and it is necessary that I have a few moments' conversation with her."

"Show the gentleman up," the lady quietly remarked to the servant, then stepped back into the room and passed the card to Edith.

A few moments later there came another tap to tell her that her dear one was awaiting admittance, and she herself went to receive him.

"Roy! I am so glad you have come!" she exclaimed, holding out both hands to him, her face radiant with happiness.

The young man regarded her with astonishment, for she had never greeted him so warmly before.

Edith saw his look and met it with a blush. She took his hat, then led him directly to Mrs. Stewart.

"Roy, you will be astonished," she remarked, "but my first duty is to introduce you to—my mother."

With a look of blank amazement, the young man mechanically put out his hand to greet the beautiful woman who approached and graciously welcomed him.

"That was rather an abrupt and startling announcement, Mr. Bryant," she smilingly remarked, to cover his confusion; "but pray be seated and we will soon explain the mysterious situation."

"Pardon my bewilderment," said the young man, as he bowed over her extended hand; "but really, ladies, I am free to confess that you have almost taken my breath away."

"Then you will know how to sympathize with us," cried Edith, with a silvery little laugh, "for we have both been in the same condition during the last few hours."

"Indeed! Then I must say you look very bright for a person who has not breathed for hours," he retorted, as he began to recover himself.

"Well, figuratively speaking, our respiration has been retarded many times, during a short interval, by the strangest developments imaginable," Edith explained. "But how did you trace me to the Supremacy?"

"I had something important to tell you, so ran up to Nellie to see you, but was told that you had accompanied Mrs. Stewart thither," Roy explained. "I hope, however, I shall be pardoned for interrupting your interview," he concluded, with an apologetic glance at the elder lady.

"Certainly; and, strange to say, we were speaking of you almost at the moment that your card was brought to us," she returned. "Edith has had an important communication handed her today which I thought you ought to have, since you are her attorney, without any unnecessary delay."

"Oh! it is most wonderful, Roy! This is it," said the young girl, producing it from her pocket. "But first I must tell you that in Mrs. Stewart I have discovered mamma's old friend—the writer of those letters of which I told you. She did not die in Rome, as was feared."

"Can that be possible?" exclaimed Mr. Bryant. "Yes, dear. It is a long story, and I cannot stop to tell it all now," Edith went on, eagerly. "but I must explain that she has discovered an important document that proves what makes me the happiest girl in New York today. We met at Mrs. Wallace's this afternoon, where some one addressed me as Miss Allandale, when she instantly knew that I must be her child. Isn't it all too wonderful to seem true?"

After chatting a little longer over the wonderful revelations, she suddenly remembered the "important communication" which Mrs. Stewart had mentioned.

"What was the matter of business which you felt needed early consideration?" he inquired.

Instantly Edith's lovely face was suffused with blushes, and Mrs. Stewart, thinking it would be wise to leave the lovers alone during the forthcoming explanations, excused herself and quietly slipped into an adjoining room.

Edith immediately went to the young man's side and gave her letter to him.

"Roy, this is even more wonderful than what I have already told you," she gravely remarked. "Read it; it will explain itself better than any words of mine can do."

He drew the contents from the envelope, and began at once to read the following confession:

"For the sake of performing one right act in my life, I wish to make the following statement, namely: I hereby declare that the marriage of my brother, Emil Correlli, to Miss Edith Allen, who, for several weeks, has acted as my companion, was not a legal ceremony, inasmuch as it was accomplished solely by fraud and treachery. Miss Allen was tricked into it by being overpersuaded to personate a supposed character in a play, entitled 'The Masked Bridal.' The play was written and acted before a large audience for the sole purpose of deceiving Miss Allen and making her the wife of my brother, whom she had absolutely refused to marry, but who was determined to carry his point at all hazards. Motives of affection for him, and of jealousy, on account of my husband's apparent fondness for the girl, alone prompted me to aid him in his bold design. I hereby declare again that it was all a trick, from beginning to end, and it was only by my indomitable will, and by working upon Miss Allen's sympathies, that I was enabled to carry out my purpose." (Then followed a detailed account of the plot of the play and its concluding ceremony, after which the document closed as follows): "I am impressed that I have not long to live; and wishing, if it can be done, to right this great wrong, and make it possible for the proper officials to declare Miss Allen freed from her bonds, I make this confession of a fraud that weighs too heavily upon my conscience to be borne."

ANNA CORRELLI GODDARD.

The above was dated the day previous to that of mamma's death, and underneath she had ap-

ended a few lines to Mr. Goddard, stating that she knew he was in sympathy with Edith; therefore she should leave the epistle with her lawyer, to be given to him, in the event of her death, and she enjoined him to see that justice was done the girl whom she had injured.

This was the missive that the lawyer had passed to Mr. Goddard at the same time that he had read the woman's will in the presence of her husband and Emil Correlli, and over which, as we have seen, he afterward became so strangely agitated.

We know how he had hurriedly removed from his former elegant home to a habitation on another street; after which, instead of going abroad, as the papers had stated, he had gone directly to New York, upon the same quest as Emil Correlli, but with a very different purpose in view—that of giving to Edith the precious document that was to declare her free from the man whom she loathed.

He could get no trace of her, however; unlike Correlli, he had no knowledge of her acquaintance with Royal Bryant, and therefore all he could do was to carry the letter about with him, wherever he went, in the hope of some day meeting her upon the street, or elsewhere.

One day he was out at Central Park, when he suddenly came upon a former friend—Mrs. Wallace—who immediately announced to him her intention of arranging a charitable art exhibition and solicited contributions from him to aid her in the good work.

Thus the appearance of that bit of old "Roman Wall" is accounted for, as well as the presence of Mr. Goddard himself, who was particularly requested by Mrs. Wallace to honor the occasion, and allow her to introduce him to some of her friends.

It would be difficult to describe the terrible shock which the man sustained when he heard Edith addressed by and respond to the name—Miss Allandale.

Like a flash of light it was revealed to him that the beautiful girl was his own daughter; that, in her, he had, for months, been "contaminating an angel unaware," but only to abuse his privilege in a way to reap her lasting contempt and aversion.

This blighting knowledge was followed by a sense of sickening despair and misery. When, almost at the same moment, he saw Isabel Stewart start forward to claim her child and lead her from the room, when he knew she must learn the

Florini, and told her that I was searching for her, at your request. She almost wept at the sound of your name, and eagerly inquired where she could find you. I took her to my office, where I told her what I wished to prove regarding her relations with Correlli, and that, if I could accomplish my purpose, it would give her and the child a claim upon him which he could not ignore. She at once frankly related her story to me, and stated that when they had first arrived in New York from Italy, Correlli had taken her to Madame Leblanc's boarding house, where he had made arrangements for himself, wife and child."

"Oh, then that settles the question of her claim upon him!" Edith here interposed, eagerly.

"Yes—if we can prove her statements, and I think we can; for, when I told Giulia of my visit to madam, and how I had failed to elicit the slightest information from her, she said that she knew where one of the servants, who was in the house when she went there, could be found, for she had stumbled across the girl in the street and learned where she is now living. She gave me her address, and I went immediately to interview her. Luck was in my favor—the girl was at home, and remembered the 'pretty Italian girl, who was so sweet-spoken and polite'; she also knew where her previous fellow-servant could be found, and asserted that they would both be willing to swear that madam herself had told them to 'always be very attentive to the handsome Italian's wife, for she made more out of them than out of any of her other boarders.' So, I flatter myself that I have gathered conclusive evidence against the man," Roy added, in a tone of satisfaction. "I shall interview Monsieur Correlli at once, and perhaps, when he realizes that his supposed claim upon you is null and void, he may be persuaded to do what is right regarding his wife and child."

The lovers then fell to talking of their own affairs, Edith relating what she had so recently learned from her mother, and concluded by mentioning the plan of redemption, suggested by Mrs. Stewart, in order to avoid the gossip of the world.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A CHAMPION OF RIGHT.

The morning following his conference with his betrothed, our young lawyer went early to seek an interview with Emil Correlli.

He was fortunate enough to find him at the hotel where he had told him he could be found if wanted.

In a few terse sentences he summoned the object of his visit, cited the evidence he possessed of Correlli's bigamous exploit, and then started that audacious person by summarizing the contents of the late Mrs. Goddard's confession.

"If you are not already sure of the fact,"

"SIBYL'S INFLUENCE; or, Love's Hardship"

WHEN in the furtherance of self-interest and personal ambition a woman, by crafty intrigue and treacherous machinations, parts true lovers and supplants her rival, let her tremble, even in her hour of victory, for the consequences of her turpitude.

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By what artifice can she conceal her deception?

To what wicked devices will she not resort in her desperate effort to hold the treasure of which she has robbed the other woman?

She knows her triumph is insecure and that she has to fight against fate because of the mysterious attraction which is ever drawing together the hearts of true lovers.

The success of her scheme would mean the wreck of three lives, her own included. Exposure before the irrevocable sealing of the vows at the altar would bring on her own head just retribution for her sin and restore happiness to the hearts of the other two.

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wretched truth regarding his life of selfishness and sin.

As they disappeared from sight, he sank back behind the easel that supported his Roman picture, groaning in spirit with remorse and humiliation.

A little later he stole unseen from the room, and, crossing the hall, opened the door of the reception-room, which he had seen Edith and her mother enter.

He had determined to give the young girl the letter that would serve to release her from her hateful fetters; he would, perhaps, experience some comfort in the thought that he had rendered her this one simple service that would bring her happiness; then he would go away—hide himself and his misery from all who knew him, and live out his future to what purpose he could.

We know how he carried out his resolve regarding the confession of Anna Correlli; and the picture which met his eye, as he opened that door and looked upon the mother and daughter clasped in each other's arms, was one that haunted his memory during the rest of his life.

As soon as Royal Bryant comprehended the import of Anna Correlli's confession, he turned to Edith with a radiant face and open arms. "My darling! nothing can keep us apart now!" he murmured, in tones vibrant with joy. "You are free—free as the air you breathe—free to give yourself to me! Come!"

With a smile of love and happiness Edith sprang into his embrace and laid her face upon his breast.

"Oh, Roy!" she breathed, "all this seems too much joy to be real or to be borne in one day!" "I think we can manage to endure it," returned her lover, with a fond smile. "I confess, however, that it seems like a day especially dedicated to blessings, for I have other good news for you."

"Can it be possible? What more could I ask, or even think of?" exclaimed Edith, wonderingly. Roy smiled mysteriously, and returned, with a roguish gleam in his eyes:

"My news will keep a while—until you give me the pledge I crave, my darling. You will be my wife, Edith?" he added, with tender earnestness.

"You know that I will, Roy," she whispered; and, lifting her face to his, their mutual vows were sealed by their betrothal caress.

The young man drew from an inner pocket a tiny circlet of gold in which there blazed a flawless stone, clear as a drop of dew, and slipped it upon the third finger of Edith's left hand.

"Now for my good news," he said, after Edith had thanked him, in a shy, sweet way that thrilled him anew, while he gently drew her to a seat. "I met Giulia Fiorini on the street this afternoon."

"Oh, Roy! did you?"

"Yes; she is here, searching for Correlli. I recognized her and the child from your description. I boldly resolved to address her, as I feared it might be my only opportunity. I did so, asking if I was right in supposing her to be Madame

the lawyer emphatically added, "allow me to inform you that your sister was never the wife of Mr. Gerald Goddard, as that gentleman had been married previous to his meeting with Miss Correlli. It was supposed that his first wife was drowned in Rome, but the report was false, as the woman is still living."

"I do not believe it," angrily exclaimed Emil Correlli, and yet, in his heart, he felt that it was true, for it but verified his own previous suspicions. "I tell you it is all a lie, for Goddard himself told me, only two days after my sister's death, that, if I chose to look, I would find the record of his marriage to her in the books of the 'Church in Rome.'"

"That is true, Mr. Goddard supposed the marriage to have been legal, because at the time he deserted his lovely wife for Miss Correlli, he did not know that he was lawfully bound to her. But, later, both he and your sister learned the truth, and the secret of their unfortunate relations embittered the lives of both, especially after they discovered that the real Mrs. Goddard is still living," Roy exclaimed.

"How do you know this?" demanded his companion.

"I have recently seen and conversed with Mrs. Goddard, and all the facts of her history are in my possession."

"Who is she? Under what name is she known?" "That is a question that I must refuse to answer, as the revelation of the lady's identity cannot affect the case in hand; unless—it should come before the courts and the truth be forced from me," Roy replied.

"Then why have you told me this wretched story?" cried the man, almost savagely.

"A lawyer, in fighting his cases, is often obliged to use a variety of weapons," was the significant response. "I thought it might be just as well to warn you, at the outset, that your sister's reputation might suffer in the event of a lawsuit, during which much might be revealed which otherwise would remain a secret among ourselves."

To convince Correlli of the truth of his disclosures Mr. Bryant announced that he had in his possession, at that moment, a copy of Mrs. Goddard's confession, and proceeded to read it, having first declared that the original was in his office safe.

Emil Correlli was ghastly white when Roy stopped, after reading the entire confession. He realized that his case was hopeless; that he had been ignominiously defeated in his scheme to possess Edith, and nothing remained to him but to submit to the inevitable.

"Now I have just one question to ask you, Mr. Correlli," Roy remarked, as he refolded the paper and laid it upon the table for him to examine at his leisure. "What is your decision? Will you still contest the point of Miss Allandale's freedom, or will you quietly withdraw your claim, and allow it to be publicly announced,

through the Boston papers, that that ceremony in Wyoming was simply a farce after all?"

"You leave me no choice," was the sullen response. "But," with a murderous gleam in his dusky eyes, "if you had brought the original confession with you today, you would never have gone out of this house with it in your possession."

"Excuse me for contradicting you, sir; but I think I should," Roy returned, with the utmost courtesy. "I took all proper precautions before coming to you, as it was—although not because of any personal fear of you. No less than three persons in this house, and as many more outside, know of my visit to you at this hour. And now, since you have decided to yield to my requirements, I have here some papers for you to sign."

He drew them forth as he spoke, spreading them out upon the table, after which he arose and touched the electric button over the mantel.

"What is that for?" curtly demanded his companion.

"To summon witnesses to your signature to these documents."

"Your assurance is something refreshing," sneered the elder man. "How do you know that I will sign them?"

"I feel very sure that you will, Mr. Correlli," was the quiet rejoinder; "for, in the event of your refusal, there is an officer in waiting to arrest you upon the two serious charges before mentioned."

The battling man snarled in impotent rage; but before he could frame a retort, there came a knock on the door.

Roy answered it, and bade the servant without to "show up the gentlemen who were waiting in the office."

Five minutes later they appeared, when Emil Correlli, without a demur, signed the papers which Roy had brought and now read aloud in their presence.

His signature was then duly witnessed by them, after which they withdrew, Mr. Bryant's clerk, who was one of the number, taking the documents with him.

Roy, however, remained behind.

"Mr. Correlli," he said, as soon as the door closed, "I have one more request to make of you, before I leave; it is that you will openly acknowledge as your wife the woman you have wronged, and thus bestow upon your child the name which it is his right to bear."

"I will see them both—"

"Hush!" sternly interrupted Roy, before he could complete his passionate sentence. "I simply wish to give you the opportunity to do what is right, of your own free will. If you refuse, I shall do my utmost to compel you; and, mark my words, it can be done. That woman and her child are justly entitled to your name and support, and they shall have their rights, even though you may never look upon their faces again. I give you just one week to think over the matter. You can leave the country if you choose, and thus escape appearing in court; but you doubtless know what will happen if you do—the case will go by default, and Giulia and Ino will come off victors."

"Do your worst—I defy you to the last! And now, the quicker you relieve me of your presence the better I shall like it."

The young lawyer took up his hat, bowed politely to his defeated foe, and quietly left the room, very well satisfied with the result of his morning's work.

All the necessary forms of law were complied with to release Edith from even a seeming alliance with the man who had been so determined to win her.

An announcement was inserted in the Boston papers explaining as much as was deemed necessary, and thus the fair girl was free—free to give herself to him whom her heart had chosen.

Then she was formally adopted by Mrs. Stewart, the old schoolmate of the late Mrs. Allandale, and a little later, when they were settled in their elegant residence on one of the fashionable avenues, society was bidden to a great feast to honor the new relationship and to congratulate the charming hostess and her beautiful daughter.

At the same time Edith's engagement to the young lawyer was announced, and it seemed to the happy young couple as if the future held for them only visions of joy.

True to his promise, Roy gave Emil Correlli the week specified to decide either for or against Giulia; then, not having heard from him, he instituted proceedings to establish her claim upon him.

Correlli did not appear to defend himself, consequently the court indorsed her petition and awarded her a handsome maintenance.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CONCLUSION.

Three months after the incidents related in our previous chapter a large and fashionable audience assembled, one bright day, in a certain church on Madison avenue to witness a marriage that had been anticipated with considerable interest and curiosity among the smart set.

Exactly at the last stroke of noon the bridal party passed down the central aisle.

It was composed of four ushers, as many bridesmaids, a maid of honor and two stately, graceful figures in snow-white apparel.

One of these latter was a veiled bride, her tall, willowy figure clad in gleaming satin, her golden head crowned with natural orange blossoms, and she carried an exquisite bouquet of the same fragrant flowers in her ungloved hands—for the groom had forbidden the conventional white kids in this ceremony—while on her lovely face there was a light and sweetness which only perfect happiness could have painted there.

Her companion, a woman of regal presence and equally beautiful in her way, was clothed in costly white velvet, richly garnished with pearls and rare old point lace.

The fair bride and her attendant were no other than Isabel Stewart and her daughter.

"Who should give away my darling save her own mother?" she had questioned, with smiling but tremulous lips, when this matter was being discussed, together with other preparations for the wedding.

Edith was delighted with the idea, and thus it was carried out in the way described.

The party was met at the chancel by Roy, accompanied by his best man and the clergyman, where the ceremony was impressively performed, after which the happy couple led the way from the church with those sweetest strains of Mendelssohn beating their melodious rhythm upon their ears and joyful hearts.

It was an occasion for only smiles and gladness; but, away in a dim corner of that vast edifice, there sat a solitary figure, with bowed head and pale face, over which—as there fell upon his ears those solemn words, "Till death us do part"—hot tears streamed like rain.

The figure was Gerald Goddard. He had read the announcement of Edith's marriage in the papers, and, with an irresistible yearning to see her in her bridal robes, he had stolen into the church with the crowd, and hidden himself where he could see without being seen.

But the scene was too much for him, for, as he watched that peerless woman and her beautiful daughter move down the aisle, and listened to the reverent responses of the young couple, there came to him, with terrible force, the consciousness that if he had been true to the same vows which he had once taken upon himself he need not now have been shut out of this happy scene, like some lost soul shut out of heaven.

But no one heeded him; and, when the ceremony was over, he slipped away as secretly as he had come, and no one dreamed that the father of the beautiful bride had been an unbidden guest at her wedding.

In giving Edith to Roy Mrs. Stewart had begun

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

Modern Methods of Cleaning

By Alice Ward

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GRANDMOTHER kept her home spotless from garret to cellar. Her brasses were always shining, her floors highly polished, there was never a finger mark on the paint and the kitchen table was scoured to a snowy whiteness, but she wore herself out doing these things because she had only the crude cleaning agents of her day and had to rely principally on "elbow grease." And this, as everybody knows, is only another way of saying that back-breaking rubbing, scouring and polishing was necessary to keep things in proper shape. Nowadays there is no need of so much hard labor and any woman can keep a spotless house and all in it bright and shining if she is progressive enough to use some of the modern inexpensive methods of cleaning.

The best and easiest way to scrub floors and clean painted woodwork is to dissolve a heaping tablespoonful of washing powder in a small quantity of hot water and add this solution to each pailful of water used. This powder also makes dishwashing easy and is indispensable for use with greasy pots and pans. For this from one teaspoonful to a tablespoonful should be added to each dishpan full of hot water. One of the most important purposes of dishwashing is to sterilize each article so that all germs will be destroyed and each dish will be sanitary to use for the next meal. This result can best be accomplished with hot water and a grease cutting agent like the washing powder just referred to.

Never place dishes or utensils which have contained custard, gelatin, egg, or starchy food directly into hot water; always scrape thoroughly first, and rinse in cold water; then wash in hot water.

To clean a tea or coffee pot which has a rim of deposit inside, fill the pot with warm water to which one half teaspoonful of washing powder is added. Let stand until the next meal; pour off, rinse in clear, hot water and lay with top off in the air and sun.

To cleanse vinegar cruets and other glassware on which unsightly deposits have accumulated, fill the bottle with a half-dozen buckshot or small pebbles, and warm water to which is added a pinch of baking soda and a sprinkle of washing powder. Shake vigorously. If the deposit is very thick, leave overnight. Then rinse thoroughly with clean, hot water.

Sitting down while at work makes dishwashing much less fatiguing. The drainboard should always be at the left of the sink, and high enough to prevent stooping at work. Have stacking surface to the right. Wash dishes of same size together.

Don't rub the hands almost off to get dishes clean or to remove dirt spots from clothes on a Monday morning by using ordinary soap for the purpose when for about the same price you can get a soap containing that great cleansing agent, naphtha. Naphtha takes the place of muscle. You simply wet whatever you want to wash, rub the soap on it, roll it up and let it soak for twenty or thirty minutes in cool or warm water, rinse and hang it out to dry. That is all that is necessary for clothes that are very much soiled. Anything that is just ordinarily dirty need only be soaked for a few minutes before rinsing. This soap is also a wonderful aid in washing off oilcloth or linoleum. For very fine laundry work or for woolens, silk, waists, chiffon, silk underwear or anything like that soap flakes are the best as they do not shrink woolens or turn white silk or satin yellow.

Four boiling or very hot water over the soap flakes, and whisk into a lather. Dip the clothes up and down and work them about in this creamy lather. Do not rub. It is rubbing cake soap on fabrics, and more rubbing to get the dirt out, that wears out your nice things. The flakes dissolve instantly, so there is no solid soap to stick to the threads, to yellow or weaken them, and the thick lather is so cleansing that the dirt comes out absolutely without rubbing.

Among the oldest and the very best of the real labor-saving cleaners is the hard cake of scouring material. It literally cleans everything and it is to be found in a handy place beside the sink of practically every efficient housewife of today. Its steady use makes a spotless home. It takes smut from the bottom of pots and pans as if by magic, it cleans the sink faultlessly and is ideal for getting dirt off bath tubs, zinc, nickel and aluminum and it is best of all for scouring knives. It can be used to good advantage in scouring the top of kitchen tables, set tubs and the like and it is used by many housewives for cleaning all kinds of woodwork and for scrubbing floors. It is finding a steadily increasing use for cleaning white shoes. Perhaps you did not know also that it is fine for cleaning spots and stains from the housewife's hands.

Scouring soap does the work without waste of labor and at saving of cost. You use what you need and no more, so one cake lasts a long time. And while it lasts it requires less than half the work to produce twice the results of the old-time soap.

For women who prefer scouring powders to cakes there are very effective cleansers on the market that literally chase the dirt before them. These products can be used for all sorts of household work, cleaning sinks, tubs, pots and pans, steel knives, finger marks from woodwork, polishing brass, copper and a multitude of other uses.

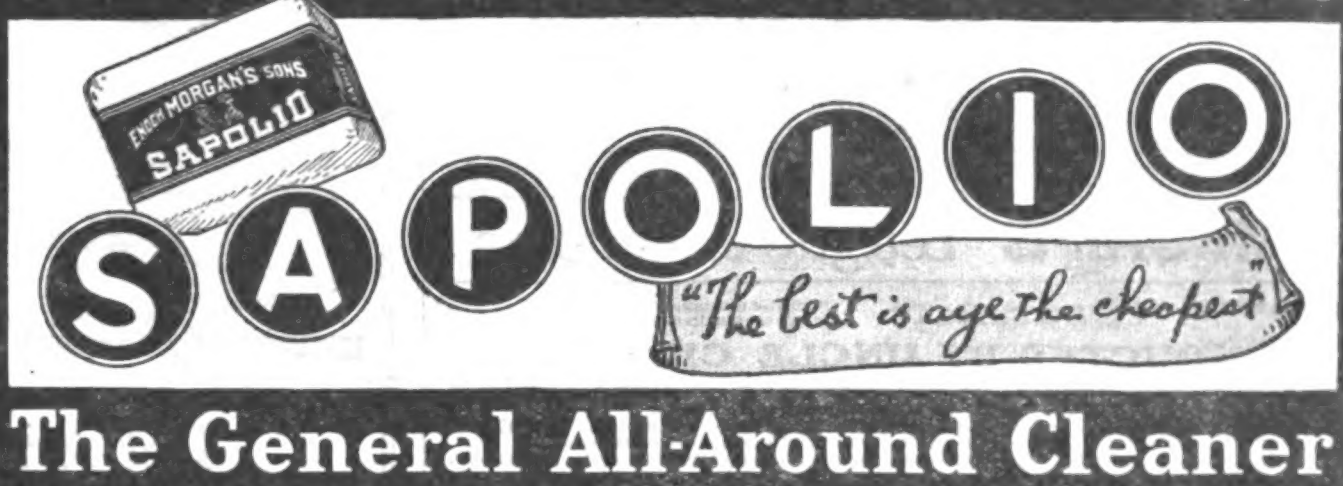
In old times the women of the household always dreaded the day when it was necessary to clean the windows and put it off as long as possible for it meant tiresome washing and rubbing and polishing and then more polishing and after all nine times out of ten smudges left on the window. But modern ingenuity has changed all that. All that is necessary to make the glass shine like crystal is a rub or two of a damp cloth over a white cake for a little of the material in powder form smeared over the glass and left to dry. Then a wipe with a soft cloth removes the white smear and the loose dirt together leaving clear shining glass without a cloud or spot. Mirrors and hand glasses and the glass in picture frames can be cleaned in exactly the same way, and this is an excellent method to use with nickel, aluminum, brass and all kinds of white wood work.

For cleaning the kitchen stove it is best to use blacking either in liquid or cake form. This can be put on with a brush or a mitt that comes especially for the purpose and protects the hands from smuts and soil that is hard to remove.

It does not pay to take chances with home-made floor or furniture polishes for such concoctions are more or less sticky mixtures that require any amount of rubbing to give even mediocre results and when the price of each ingredient is reckoned cost more in the end than a scientifically compounded polish that can be bought ready made. On hardwood floors, highly polished furniture, pianos, mahogany dining tables or anything of the sort it is fatal to use any polish that contains mineral oil for this will soften, darken or discolor a brilliant finish and spread a greasy film that catches dust and dirt and ruins all clothing that comes in contact with it. To clean and polish all kinds of furniture so that it has a high luster, wet a cloth in a little of the polish that leaves a surface like the finest sort of veneering and go over the furniture a few times. This is all that is necessary.

To clean hardwood floors, wet a bit of cheese-cloth with the polish and simply rub over the wood lightly. This removes all dust, dirt, marks and scratches and brings up the grain. You can, with no more trouble than the usual dusting, clean anything from a kitchen chair to a piano,

Get the Genuine and Avoid Waste



a wainscoting, a dusty picture frame by simply going over them with a cheese-cloth duster moistened with polish.

An upholstered chair can have the stuffed portion cleaned and greatly improved in appearance by laying a large bath towel over it and then whipping the upholstery lightly with a rattan rug- or cushion-beater. Shake out the towel whenever it shows any dust and continue beating until all the dust is out of the chair. Then brush the chair thoroughly with a bristle clothes- or bonnet-brush. If there are any tufts in the back and inside the arms of the chair, wipe them out with a bit of cotton tied on the end of a skewer and covered with a piece of an old silk rag. Next wipe quickly over the upholstery of the chair with a piece of clean white flannel that has been wrung out of hot water until it is nearly dry and follow this immediately with a cloth wet with alcohol. Change the cloths at once for fresh ones if they grow dirty and be particularly careful about this if the covering is in pale blue or in any delicate shade.

If there are grease spots on the wall paper they can often be removed by placing over them a piece of white blotting paper or even manila paper such as parcels are wrapped in and applying a hot iron to this which will draw the grease into the paper. If this does not work try mixing a thick paste of flour and water and spreading it on the paper just as dry as it will stick. Leave this on, until the next day and then brush off carefully. Sometimes a very greasy spot needs two or three applications. Naphtha is also used for cleaning wall paper but it is best to put a light chalk mark about it so that it will not leave a ring. The chalk can later be rubbed off. On very light wall paper French chalk can be used.

Every kitchen cupboard should contain borax for softening hard water and making it easier to wash with, for making disinfectant washes for slight wounds or to keep off ants or roaches. Wherever the water is at all hard borax should be used to soften in proportion of a heaping teaspoonful to a gallon. The cupboard should also hold a tiny vial of oxalic acid for taking out ink spots or rust marks and a jar of whiting for cleaning silver unless one of the ready-made pastes or polishes now in the market is used when this will not be necessary. A square of French chalk for removing spots from light clothes or removing grease spots. A bottle of naphtha is also an invaluable cleanser for keeping the wardrobe in good condition but this should never be kept in the kitchen or in any room where there is a fire as it is highly inflammable and will explode if opened when near a light or fire. It should be kept tightly corked in a hall or bathroom closet out of reach of the children and never used near gas or lamp light. To clean a spot from a garment with naphtha pour a little on a clean piece of cheese-cloth and gently rub across the spot until the material is wet through putting another cloth underneath. Then rub with a dry piece of muslin or cheese-cloth and let dry. If the spot has not disappeared repeat the process. Chiffon collars, yokes, vests, etc., can be cleaned in this way without removing from the dress. Such small articles can, when possible, be dipped in a bowl containing naphtha. Kid gloves can be cleaned on the hands by rubbing each finger with a cloth dipped in naphtha and then with a clean dry cloth.

Machine oil spots in fabrics of any texture respond to alcohol or turpentine. If the fabric is very delicate try the alcohol first, and if the grease does not come out rub the spot very lightly with a soft cloth moistened with turpentine, changing the cloth as it takes up the grease. Materials of medium or heavy weight may be cleaned with the turpentine, but as it absorbs grease very slowly care should be taken that the texture of the fabric is not injured by too brisk rubbing.

There are hundreds of household appliances unknown to our grandmothers that nowadays make work lighter. They range all the way from the string mop for washing dishes that can be bought for ten cents to the vacuum cleaner that costs nearly twice as many dollars but is worth many times its price to the woman who can afford it. These vacuum cleaners range from little ones not much bigger than brooms to immense machines used for public buildings or big hotels. There are two sorts, those run by electricity and those run by foot power but they do away with the drudgery of sweeping. They clean rugs, curtains, dust down walls and dust a whole room so that it is hygienically clean without the necessity of moving even a book. There are washing machines, dishwashers, drying racks that remove the drudgery of wiping dishes. There are rough mitts made of a tin-like substance for cleaning pots and kettles and scrubbing out the crevices where food is likely to stick. These are both cheap and efficient. There are patent mops that make floor washing easy, and three-cornered oil mops made of string for polishing hardwood or painted floors. There are soap shakers for utilizing odd pieces of soap, and many varieties of sink scrapers and cleaners, there are carpet sweepers that save work and help keep things tidy and dustless dust-cloths that need never be shaken out but only washed occasionally, and chemically treated cloths that will brighten silver and brass without the application of any paste or polish, and small aluminum plates that need only to be soaked in water with silver to give it the required polish without any work at all. And then there are brushes for everything under the sun. In fact so many appliances for keeping household possessions clean have been invented of late years that a visit to the home furnishing department of any large store is like a voyage of exploration for one is continually making useful discoveries.

WORKING WAY THROUGH COLLEGE.—According to an official report just issued, fully 30 per cent of students of Yale University are paying their way through college by their own work. Most of the money is earned by tutoring, preaching, clerical work, waiting on table or tending furnaces. Considerable money is also earned during the summer months by canvassing, summer-hotel employment and camp work. The earnings of the students during the year total about \$250,000.

Thanksgiving Pies

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

half the width over the edge and after putting on upper crust, may be brought over that to insure a whole edge. Use water between all edges. Pare and slice tart apples to fill plate, rounding well at center. If quite sour, add nearly one cup of sugar, a pinch of salt, one tablespoon of butter, pinch of cinnamon, and a little grated lemon rind. Put on upper crust and bake nearly one hour. For the first fifteen minutes the oven should be hot, then decrease the heat.

APPLE TURNOVERS.—Pare and core four tart apples. Cut in small pieces and cover with one cup of sugar in an earthen baking dish, cover. Put parings and cores into an agate sauce pan with just enough water to cover. Stew until peels are soft, then strain and pour liquid over the apples and sugar. Add a small pinch of cinnamon and a little grated lemon rind. Bake uncovered until juice is well cooked down. Make rounds from paste, spread one half with the baked apple sauce, wet the edges with cold water, cut a few short slashes in center of other half, fold over and press edges together. Bake thirty-five minutes in a hot oven.

MOLASSES PIE.—Beat three eggs light, then add ten tablespoonfuls of good molasses and the juice of one lemon. When eggs are scarce, fresh bread crumbs make an excellent substitute, using about half a cup. Use only under crust, fluting the edge as described.

ENVELOPE CHERRIES.—Roll flaky paste quarter of an inch thick; cut into a square and brush with white of egg. Turn corners toward center, and under each put a small wad of clean white cloth to prevent the two surfaces meeting. Bake in a hot oven until brown. Drain and stone one can of cherries and fill the envelope with them, using the juice to make a sauce, as follows: Bring juice to a boil and to one cup add one teaspoon of corn starch mixed with half a cup of sugar. Cook fifteen minutes slowly. Add the juice of two oranges, the grated rind of half an orange, and one even tablespoonful of butter. Serve hot over the pastry at the table. Do not put cherries into crust until ready to serve.

INDIVIDUAL CHICKEN OR VEAL PIES.—This affords an excellent opportunity for using leftovers from roast chicken or veal. In a sauce pan put three tablespoonfuls of butter, and when it bubbles commence working in three tablespoonfuls of dry flour, a little onion and lemon juice, salt and pepper; stir and cook two minutes, then add half a cup of cream, or rich chicken gravy, and one third of a cup of boiling water. Cook two minutes, add one cup of chopped meat, and when at the cooking point again, it is ready to put into pastry shells. Cut rounds of rich paste in four different sizes, the largest at the bottom. Cut the centers from the other three, and place them up the bottom round with smallest at the top, wetting each layer to hold them together. Bake in very hot oven, and while hot put in filling. Serve at once.

CHEESE STRAWS.—Roll flaky pastry thin and sprinkle with grated cheese and a very little cayenne pepper. Fold several times, roll out again and sprinkle with the cheese. Fold and chill. Roll very thin, cut in even lengths and as narrow as can be handled. Bake in quick oven, carefully watched.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

prefer the country and, better still, the mountains. To the sisters who live in the mountains, don't you think we live in God's own country? Is it not grand to be able to sit in a cozy home, just as comfortable as any city home, and only turn our heads to gaze where "The hand of man has never been." Where the foot of man has never trod? And to fill our lungs with the spicy, life-giving breath of the pines? But any girl with good common sense and a strong will can be a good helpmeet for her husband, no matter where she is raised, if she loves him and makes up her mind to do what is best. But she should decide all these things before she is married.

Mrs. Pete, I would like to hear from you and learn what success you are having with your home-loving husband. If he has read any of the letters in Comfort regarding him he surely must be a very different man by now.

How many of our sisters are working for our soldier boys? If the one million five hundred thousand knitted suits are to be made some of us must get busy. I am at present twenty-seven miles from the Red Cross class and I am going to use all of my spare clothes that I can in making garments for children. If every woman would use her cast-off clothes to help some poor child it would prevent much suffering when the cold days come.

I hope this will not bring begging letters to me. I pity the poor for I am one of them, but what little I can do I will do near me for I will go to town for the winter and the poor children are to be seen everywhere. I regret I cannot help all of them. The future seems dark and cheerless to many but perhaps:

"If we could see beyond today
As God can see;
And all the clouds should roll away,
The shadow flee,
O'er present griefs we would not fret,
Each sorrow we would soon forget,
For many joys are waiting yet
For you and me."

— ELENORA STEED.

FLEMING, OHIO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: It hasn't been so very long since I was with you but I'm writing to thank those who sent me letters and cards in response to my request, and if I have neglected to answer any, please remind me of it. I will tell you what I plan to do through the winter months. I am going to make a United States quilt and pattern it after the United States map and work in the name of each state. I don't mind the work but I'm wondering if I will be fortunate enough to get pieces from every state in the Union. I want to keep a record of each piece sent so I can have the name of the sender. I will use calico or gingham in plain colors and as many different colors as possible. I will let you know later if I succeed in getting enough pieces.

Wishing you all success and much love, and especially Mrs. Wilkinson for carrying on her good work, Your sister through COMFORT.

MRS. H. L. CARPENTER.

SANDY LEVEL, VA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: COMFORT is a great help to me as I am an invalid and it helps pass away the lonely hours. I have been in bed most of the time for a year but of late can stand it to be up a little of the time. I am crippled in my left leg but can get about some. I haven't been in good health since the birth of my little boy, six years ago. My husband has been very good to me and has taken me to two different hospitals in less than a year and I have been operated upon both times and as we are very poor people it made it hard for us. We never know how to appreciate good health till we are sick and have to endure pain and suffering. I often think if I could only walk straight and be free enough from pain to do some of my housework how happy I would be. But I am thankful to the dear Lord that I am in no worse fix and I haven't given up hopes of getting well.

I am going to ask a little kindness of you COMFORT sisters. Will some of you please send me some alk scrubs so I can piece a quilt. When I am not too nervous or suffering too much pain I can do lots of little things such as making quilts, crocheting, embroidering, patching, reading and writing. I would be glad to hear from the sisters and answer all who enclose stamp for reply.

I hope all the sisters will remember me in their prayers and may the Lord bless, guide and direct every one through life.

With love and best wishes, MRS. J. L. MINTIE.

TAUNTON, MINN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I am so interested in the sisters' letters that I will write a short letter also.

I was born in Barro, in Furness, England, thirty-eight years ago. I was married there and came to this country fifteen years ago. We adopted a boy four years old, who had lost his mother, and brought him over with us. He is nearly grown now and I often wonder what would have happened to him if he had remained in England until this terrible war. We also have three children of our own, all boys, they are strong and healthy.

I believe in birth control and that no woman should raise a family beyond her strength. I mean, should have so many children that she has to overlook herself to care for them. I was one of a large family and lost my mother when quite young, but I had the best of fathers only he married again and then my trouble began. When I was about ten years old my father died and soon after I was sent out to shift for myself. When I was nearly fifteen years old, I was married. From there I went to Kendall Kansas Arms as scullery maid. During that time the English was there as guest and he shook hands with all the girls. He wore a red turban and was no taller than some of the girls. From there I went to work at the Castle. I was sent to dust the committee room which was once used by Kings and Queens of former days. Such a wonderful place! The walls and furniture were beautifully carved. I was curious and opened a book containing all the royal photographs, but a hand was laid on my shoulder and I dropped the book and ran. I stayed there six months and then went back to my aunt. I lived in Barro a number of years. I have visited the old Abbey ruins. I worked at many different places. One was at a fishmonger's where I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

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STANDS HOT AND COLD WATER 106



LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League. NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Me. See instructions at the close of this Department.

HOP up onto my lap and snuggle down close while Billy the Goat passes the ice-cream and Maria hands out the cake. This is COMFORT's twenty-ninth birthday, the beginning of its thirtieth year, and I feel sure you will all do your best to make the celebration of this historical and epochal event, one great, big success. You will excuse us if we are a little chummy and hand ourselves a few bouquets on this, the most momentous anniversary of our long and distinguished journalistic career.

COMFORT's motto is "Onward and Upward" and those dear, steadfast friends who have been with us in all the twenty-nine years of our existence, can testify to the ever upward trend of this, their favorite publication. One, however, must cater to one's patrons: their needs and requirements are paramount. Through them we live and have our being. It is always our aim to keep a little ahead of the times and to encourage in every way the appetite and desire, the longing and the craving, for a higher grade of literary material and a higher, nobler, broader outlook on life. It is ever our desire to level up and not to level down, but all progress that is lasting and enduring is usually slow. We would like to soar higher and climb faster, so as to please and satisfy the more progressive and intellectual of our readers, but if we do that, there is the shout from the rear that we are going too fast, and all who pay their way have a right to be considered. The one comforting fact is that the progressive and more thoughtful readers increase in number yearly, while those who find any mental effort painful grow gradually less. The life of a conscientious editor and publisher is the hardest life in the world. No two minds are alike, and if one has the courage to stand for an idea, or a principle or a reform, and COMFORT has stood consistently for all worthy reforms, he makes enemies by the tens of thousands. Usually the people one seeks most to benefit are the first to take offense, the first to shout "Crucify him!" "Crucify him!" People wonder why the world does not advance. They complain bitterly about conditions which make their lives hard and at times unendurable and yet when one moves to give them relief, instead of meeting support, one's motives and methods are questioned and criticized, one meets opposition and oftentimes abuse, where one expected only approval and encouragement. One can please and satisfy for twenty-nine out of one's thirty years of existence, but if one makes a stand in the thirtieth year for right on some question that vitally affects our national existence, all the faithful service and the warm friendship of many years is instantly forgotten and one faces not friends but enemies.

When one sells ordinary merchandise and keeps the price right and the goods up to a high standard of excellence, one can keep one's customers for generation after generation. But the publisher who feels the necessity of being something more than a mere pedler of literary merchandise, an instructor and moulder of public opinion instead of a mere entertainer, and who aims to lead as well as feed his literary flock, and keep the wolves from the fold and ever point the way to higher things, has often a thankless and heart-breaking task.

Hundreds of publications are satisfied merely to entertain. They exist for reasons purely mercenary. They leave humanity where they found it and never attempt to raise it a step higher. COMFORT could have remained in this class and waxed fat, but it had a higher purpose, a nobler ideal. It realized that something must be done to minister to the spiritual and economic needs of its readers, combat some of the wrongs and abuses of the age and aid those who are working for progress, and help guide the streams of radical thought into constructive, instead of destructive channels. It is needless to repeat here all the great reform measures with which COMFORT has been identified and which we have helped to place on the statute books of the land. Needless to mention all the abuses we have fought. All these efforts on behalf of our common humanity have made us a host of warm-hearted and enthusiastic friends, and also many bitter enemies. It is not and never has been COMFORT's policy to try to please everybody, but it has been our policy to always try and do what is best for everybody. There is a certain and, alas, very numerous and aggressive element in our mixed population that is obsessed with the monstrous idea that one cannot be progressive or radical in one's views without being disloyal. In this department especially, discontent has been preached persistently and every effort has been made to make people dissatisfied with graft, corruption, rotten politics and every other insidious evil that was gnawing at the vitals of our national life. Ours, however, has been intelligent discontent, the discontent that leads to peaceful reform and not to bloody revolution. When one wishes to roast a pig it can be done in the oven, it is not necessary to burn the house down as well.

The radical elements in this country want to burn down the national house. Many whose motto is "loot and revolute," have already got in their disordered minds a vision of an unwashed, be-whiskered, weary-Willie, an I Won't Work, I won't Wash, I want Wallpapering, anarchistic I. W. W. seated in the White House, dividing up other people's property, other people's hard-earned savings, amongst his barbarous brood of crack-brained "industrial" scallawags. Where a people have no vision they perish. The extreme radical has a vision, but it is the vision of a mind diseased, and leads only to anarchy and destruction. In these columns the anarchy of both labor and wealth have been fought and sane and sensible methods suggested for progress and development. It is hard to build, it is easy to destroy. The extreme radicals, drunk with the delirious bliss of a new and intoxicating freedom have done their best to destroy Russia. We shall do our level best to see this tragic performance is not duplicated here.

Everything that helps, aids and uplifts humanity, we have supported and will continue to support, and though the stand we have taken in this great world crisis may have brought and doubtless has brought pain to many of our oldest and staunchest friends of foreign birth, we could not do less than we have done and be true to ourselves, our country and our God. If we had acted the part of curs and cravens and submitted to every wrong and indignity (and that, incredible to say, is what millions of spineless jellyfish

masquerading as American men and women would have us do) we should have been false to every principle and ideal for which our glorious dead made the last supreme sacrifice. We should also have been false to every conception of freedom, liberty, justice and righteousness, and by our cowardice and poltroonery we should have stabbed democracy in the back, sacrificed those who have given rivers of their blood for the causes that are precious and dear to us, cut the throat of civilization and plunged the world into the abyssal depths of frightfulness, oppression, degradation and slavery from which mankind for aeons of time has been struggling to raise itself. No we could not stand by and see the Prussian terror dig the grave of democracy and cast into its depths those freedom-loving nations which cherish the things that we cherish, and which are flesh of our flesh, soul of our soul.

Little did we think that the beginning of our thirtieth year would be celebrated in a war-torn world, in a universe split by dissension. We had hoped and prayed it would all be different, that life would be growing brighter, sweeter and more worth while for all human kind; and it might have been so had not a few military maniacs, relics of the dark ages, drunk with visions of world domination, cast all humanity into the red flames of hideous war. Thank God that as a nation we did not shirk our responsibility in this great crisis. We are of the world, and not apart from the world. We belong to the human family and cannot stand aloof when the blood of our brothers is being wantonly shed by those who have placed themselves without the human pale and defied every law of God and man. The spirit of Lincoln and Washington still lives in the blood of our sons, and our boys will prove themselves worthy of their noble sires. Give them every encouragement for out of the wrack and ruin of this war we shall build civilization on a firmer, surer, broader, nobler basis. Sink all your petty differences. Cut out race hatred and class hatred and put your shoulder to the wheel and help Uncle Sam in this his hour of supreme trial. Win this war and the United States of America will shake hands with the United States of Europe and kings and tyrants will vanish from the earth and men and nations will live in freedom and brotherhood. This is the greatest period in the world's history. Men all through the centuries will discuss every phase of this war and your children's children all down the echoing corridors of time will sing praises to the valor of those who overthrew the tyranny and despotism of kings, emperors and czars, royal parasites fattening on the blood and toll of their misguided slaves.

Thank God that you have lived in this day of days when you can strike a blow for this, the holiest of all causes, the cause of human liberty, justice and freedom. Thank God if you have, as I am proud to say I have, a son on the battlefields of France. Thank God if you have been lifted out of the rut of your selfish, narrow lives to play a manly and womanly part in the great cause which will place right above might, lift all humanity to a higher plane, and make this universe a place where your children and their children's children may toll in comfort and in joy, safe forever from the consuming flames of war and the plotting of gilded fools and enthroned brutes who revel in death and destruction and who sacrifice the lives of millions to satisfy their ferocious and insatiable lust for blood and conquest. Thank God that COMFORT has shown you the path of national and individual duty and nerved your arm for the last final thrust which will make world democracy sure and secure for the lowliest sons of earth.

There will be many vacant chairs around the Thanksgiving and Christmas tables this year, but be of good cheer for when those beloved boys of yours return they will be infinitely more worth while and vastly different from the care-free happy lads to whom you bade adieu with tear-stained eyes. Something great and wonderful will have come into their lives and the life of these United States, which will be of infinite value to you and the nation. By their sacrifice and devotion they will rekindle the fires of patriotism that were almost extinct. They will save this nation from plunging into the abyss of destruction to which it was being rapidly hurried by the disintegrating forces of greed, selfishness, graft, materialism and lawlessness. They will add strength and depth to our national character. They will refine, purify and exalt our national ideals. They will break down the barriers of caste and the rancors of class and provide a common ground on which rich and poor can meet on a basis of mutual self respect and esteem. Their heroic deeds and outpoured blood will act as a talisman that will banish hate, suspicion and distrust and draw together in a common bond of brotherhood the many and diverse human breeds, which when fused, will give us that perfect and wonderful race to which all the earth has contributed its best, and which a common danger and a common sacrifice will bring into being, a genuinely united hundred per cent pure American people. And what of those who will never return? You, the nation and the whole world will mourn for them, but ah! what a feeling of pride and satisfaction will well up in your breast when you realize that it was their heroism and sacrifice that not only preserved and kept us a nation, but made democracy, liberty and freedom safe forever for all mankind. There has been the Great Adventure. For no greater, grander or nobler cause have men ever fought or died. Their names, their deeds, will live in song and story until the end of time, and a grateful world will water with its tears the flowers that will bloom o'er their heroic dust. Remember and remember with pride that it was they who chose the better part, and comfort your grief torn heart with the blessed thought that those who have gone before we shall meet again, "for he that findeth his life shall lose it and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." That is my and COMFORT's Thanksgiving message to you. Take it to heart and ponder o'er it, and let it be your inspiration in this dark hour of national trial.

Christmas will soon be here and I want you all to write me a good rousing, cheery Christmas letter. COMFORT has tried to comfort, cheer, guide, direct, encourage and inspire you. Now send a little cheer, comfort and encouragement our way. Tell us you still love us and believe in us. Our enemies do not fail to let us know in bitter words what they think about us. Now



This Man's Methods



Not This Man's

The Time
Has Come
to Deal
With Corns
in a
Scientific
Way

Let An Expert Deal With Corns

Ask who makes it before you use a method for ending corns.

Harsh methods are not sanctioned now. Mussy methods are unnecessary. Soreness never need occur.

Blue-jay was invented by a chemist of high repute. It is made by a concern of world-wide fame as a maker of surgical dressings.

Its action is gentle and results are sure. It acts on the corn alone, not on the healthy tissue.

Apply it as you wrap a cut finger. That ends all pain, all discomfort. In

two days the corn disappears. Sometimes an old, tough corn needs a second application. But no corn can resist this method. It is sure to go.

Millions of people know this. At the first sign of a corn they apply a Blue-jay. Corn pains never bother them.

You will always do likewise when you see the results. One trial will convince you. It means so much, and costs so little, that we urge you to make it now.

Deal with one corn tonight.

B&B Blue-jay
Corn Plasters
Stop Pain Instantly
End Corns Completely
25c Packages at Druggists

BAUER & BLACK Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc. Chicago and New York

How Blue-jay Acts



A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B&B wax, which gently undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely.

C is rubber adhesive which sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one doesn't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness.

let our good American friends speak out as your daddies of old spoke, and let us know and in no uncertain tones that you are with us in our fight for right and righteousness with all your heart and soul, loyal and true to the very end. For every traitor we have lost let ten patriots join our ranks. Don't hesitate, but rally to our support here and now. God speed and God bless you on this the greatest and most momentous Thanksgiving we are ever destined to see.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk stiff covers, either one for a club of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best Christmas gifts in the world.

My picture book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter, is Maria her Ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the picture book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie Books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

BONHAM, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I am a little ten-year-old girl. I am going to school and I am in the third grade. My little sister, Bernice, is in the second grade. Santa Claus brought me a doll last Christmas. Bernice and I have twenty-five dolls to gather. Bernice's and my little dog died yesterday. We have one of your books with poems in it and one with songs in it.
So by, hy. From your little niece, BONNIE HYATT.

That was awfully kind of Santa Claus, to bring you a doll Bonnie, and I hope he got it down the chimney without musing up Dolly's flaxen curls and fashionable skirt, which I suppose to be strictly correct begins at her ears and finishes at her neck. I remarked to a young lady the other day, "That's an exceedingly pretty ribbon you have around your neck," and she transfixed me with a look of scorn and said: "That's not a piece of ribbon, that's my skirt." Did you ever? Santa Claus being a nice, respectable old gentleman, must feel his cheeks blaze with shame when he delivers some of the modern feminine attire. I know a young lady who wears pumps in the winter and furs in the summer, and thinks she ought to vote; but then too I know a man who drinks a barrel of beer every day, cusses the President and the United States and wants to put the Kaiser in the White House, and he not only thinks he ought to vote, but he has got a vote. So you see the lady with the furs is less dangerous than the fat man with the hyphen. So Bonnie, you and Bernice have twenty-five dolls to gather. That's quite some doll family and I hope you will succeed in gathering them. What's that Billy the Goat? She means together, not to gather. I'm so relieved for with a child's peculiar ability to scatter things in all directions, tabulating, collecting and herding a flock of twenty-five frolicsome, charming, young, sawdust stuffed doll chickens, and keeping the whole bunch corralled and under proper control must be some task. Bonnie I wish you joy of it.

INDIANAPOLIS, R. R. M. 2, Box 342, IND.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I am eleven years old and in the seventh grade. I live with my sister seven miles south of Indianapolis. I work in a big garden and pull weeds out of a good-sized potato patch. I wash dishes, churn butter and run errands on my wheel. I eat breakfast, dinner and supper and have some time to play.
I would like to be making some extra spending money. Could you tell me how Uncle Charlie?

Hoping to see this in print I will close with good wishes from
STANLEY G. SATTERFIELD.

Stanley, the world needs more boys of your type, for the whole future of the race depends on such bright lads as you, who want to work, earn and save and be helpful and useful. In the past we have been breeding and rearing too many boys whose one ambition has been to smoke cigarettes, break windows, torture animals and practise the vices of their elders. I'm glad you help sister, but say you must be some clever boy to be able to wash dishes churn butter set the table and run errands on your wheel. You ought to go into vaudeville if you can do all those stunts on your wheel. It seems to me it must be very uncomfortable and require a great amount of skill to manipulate a bicycle while washing dishes. Now as regards making some extra spending money, I'll see that you get a billion dollars if you'll go over to Europe and capture the two Kaisers, Willie and Charlie, the Crown Prince and other members of the House of Hohenzollern; the only family in Germany with six sons that has not had at least one of its members killed in this war. If the Kaiser had a million sons, not one of these royal parasites, by the way, would ever go to a warrior's grave. Then there is another million if you will gather in old wild boar Hindenburg, ferocious old Von Tirpitz, the German anarchist spy Lenin, and half a million of those patriotic Russian socialists who are always talking or running away when they ought to be fighting, and who have demonstrated the warmth of their love for their native land, by quarrelling among themselves, killing their officers (the only men among them who had any sense or real patriotism) turning the whole country into a nutty house, accepting German bribes, and stabbing democracy (of which they so frantically prattled) in the back in the very presence of the enemy. The task is a little too much for you eh? Well here's an easier one, I'll see you get a million dollars if you'll take La Follette, Bill Stone, the Mayor of Chicago, Willie Hearst, Hillquit and Berger over to Germany and present them to their beloved friend,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

Vaseline
Carbollated
Petroleum Jelly

A most effective antiseptic dressing; also especially good for barber's itch, insect bites, poison ivy and corns.

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Put up in handy glass bottles. At Drug and General Stores everywhere. Send postal for free illustrated booklet full of valuable information.

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4 State Street New York City

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

The Why and Wherefore of Pimples

NOW that Thanksgiving time is here with its mince pies and pumpkin pies, its turkeys, its big fat doughnuts, and all the other rich and indigestible things we love so well, let us stop to think a minute.

To begin with, this is not a time to load our tables—our soldier boys need food, the soldiers of our allies need food, the starving women and children of Europe need food, and where is it to come from if we eat more than our bodies really need? So, for that reason, we will all be cutting down on our Thanksgiving tables, but even if we didn't have this very good reason, I could give you another one which is important enough to make you stop and consider.

Do you occasionally see on chin or cheek or forehead, as you look in the mirror, some very un-

pleasant thing—candy, cake, pie, rich desserts. Substitute fruits for these—apples, grapes, etc., only no preserves. Prunes soaked over night and simmered for two hours, dried apricots cooked in the same way, baked apples, baked pears, are all good. Drink plenty of water, chew your food well; do not eat gravies or fat meats, and remember that you need a mixed diet—not all potatoes or rice (which make fat) but eat potatoes, for instance, and some other vegetable, like spinach or onions or squash. For the leg which is not straight, practice the following exercise—indeed, it would be a good idea for you to practice every day a number of the exercises you will find in this column—you need them.

A Good Leg Exercise

With hands on hips, fingers forward and thumbs back, hold chin up, drop shoulders, keep back erect. Standing with heels together, rise slowly on the toes until you are on the very tips; then slowly lower the heels again until they touch the floor; repeat many times; then rising, as before, keep back straight but bend knees and sink to squatting position, keeping heels from floor. Rise slowly again, sink to floor, and repeat many times.

The formula you give for a cream contains a proprietary product, and I cannot pass an opinion upon it for that reason. Here is a good cream:

Orange-flower Skin Food

White wax, one half ounce; spermaceti, one half ounce; coconut oil, one ounce; lanoline, one ounce; sweet almond oil, two ounces; orange-flower water, one ounce; tincture of benzoin, three drops.

Put the first five ingredients over the fire in a kettle and melt, then remove, and drop in the benzoin and the orange-flower water, whipping it with an egg whip until it is thoroughly cold. The habit of biting your knuckles would, of course, cause them to harden and thicken, and grow thick in appearance. Your remedy, now, is to let them alone, except for rubbing them daily with olive oil or a good cold cream, massaging them back and forth and round and round five minutes at a time. To clean the teeth and make them white, brush as rising, after every meal, and before going to bed, using a good tooth paste or powder. You have probably neglected your teeth, my dear, how about it? The large pores on your face are the result of not washing the face properly. Do what I am constantly recommending to my girls—buy yourself a camel's-hair complexion brush—don't get a brush unless it is of camel's hair, or it will be too stiff for your skin—and scrub the face nightly with warm soapy water, rinsing, afterwards, many times in warm water, finally in cool and cold water to close the pores. Do not use soap on the face during the day, but only tepid water, and always rinse in cool water. Your pores will close up under this treatment, if you are careful to take plenty of exercise every day, outdoors and in, and to keep the bowels active by eating plenty of fruits and vegetables, drinking lots of water, chewing your food thoroughly, and avoiding too many sweets. As to a good soap, avoid highly perfumed soaps or strong soaps. Castile or any of the mild white soaps are good for your skin, as well as the standard advertised facial soaps which are not white. Your eyes and hair harmonize all right, and as to dressing your hair read the directions recently given in *COMFORT* by me.

Okla. H.—I am sorry it is against the rules of this department to answer letters by mail. As you did not give me any pen name, I am adopting one for you and hope you will understand this answer is for you. To develop the bust, exercises are best. Massage with cocoa-butter or olive oil is all right. Bathe bust in hot water, then rub the case of cocoa butter round and round the breast, with a circular motion, following the outline of the breast. The cocoa-butter can be held over a lighted candle to slightly melt it before applying. A good exercise for the bust is as follows:

To Develop the Bust

Standing erect, with heels together, chin up, back straight, bring the arms out in front on a line with the shoulder palms touching. Now throw them violently back, keeping them as nearly on a level with the shoulders as possible, and apparently trying to make them meet in the back. Of course they won't meet, but you must make just the same effort as if they could. Repeat this fifteen or twenty times, and practice daily. The big point is to maintain the shoulder level, and to make the movement a quick vigorous one.

Mrs. J. P. V. Sorry all letters have to be answered in these columns, but very glad to give you the information you want. Probably the milk diet is exactly what you need. The first week after reading this, follow this plan: Put half-a-dozen prunes to soak at night, and the next morning drink the prune juice and eat the prunes, chewing them thoroughly. Do this fifteen minutes after rising and drinking a cup of hot water or two cups of hot water. Half an



A MILK FACE BATH IS GOOD FOR THE COMPLEXION.

hour after rising, drink a glass and a half of milk, and each hour thereafter until about four o'clock, drink the same amount. If you begin drinking milk at eight o'clock, you may stop at three o'clock, when you will have had three quarts of milk. Between that hour and dinner-time drink a glass of water; eat your dinner (or supper) as usual, only being careful to eat lightly and to chew all food thoroughly. About an hour after eating, drink two glasses of water. Keep this up for a week. At the end of that time, drop your evening meal and take two glasses of milk every hour from eight o'clock to seven, inclusive, or from seven-thirty to six-thirty, keeping up your prunes and hot water in the morning, and drinking a glass of hot water about an hour before going to bed. You should gain from one to three or four pounds a week. Weigh on the afternoon of the last day of each week—not in between—and of course weigh the morning of the day you begin the treatment. Try to have a very full movement of the bowels the night before starting on the treatment. One thing you want to remember, and that is to conserve your strength as much as possible. If you can get the opportunity to lie down for half an hour each afternoon, do so; you will find this rest does as much in being fresh to your bones as anything else. Also if you could rest for half an hour

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after meals it would help—I do not mean lie down and go to sleep; I mean sit down and read the paper or just relax. It would even be better for you to darn stockings or mend for half an hour after meals than to move about rapidly, doing your dishes or any other active work. You do not want to be tired when you sit down to eat, and you must not be any more active immediately after eating than you can help.

Addie H.—See answer to "Mrs. J. P. V." You keep up the milk diet until you weigh as much as you want to.

A Curly-Headed Girl.—The pimples which come every month are rather hard to get rid of. You can help, however, by being careful just before the time they usually appear, not to eat sweets or pastries or gravies, but only simple foods, chewing them thoroughly. Each month you may find that your stomach does not take care of its food at certain times as well as the rest of the month, so give it less to do and simple things to do. Do you see? This will help about the pimples, and so will keeping your bowels open. Drinking water, especially hot water morning and night, will help in this later. The reason your hair comes out is because the scalp is full of dandruff. I don't imagine the dandruff makes "small sores" as you say, except when you scratch the scalp with either your nails or a comb? How about that? When you read this, get some olive oil and wet the scalp with it at night. Part the hair first in one place and then another, and pour on oil, rubbing it in with the fingers, until every particle of the scalp has been covered. Tie the head up in a heavy towel, to save your place, and comes from disaster, and in the morning shampoo the hair thoroughly with a soap jelly made by shaving half a cake of white laundry soap into a quart of boiling water and letting stand over the fire until dissolved, then cooling slightly. It will be liquid at first, and you can use it in this form, but later, as it cools, it will jelly. Pour on the hair and lather thoroughly, rubbing the scalp but not using the nails; rinse a couple of times, then lather again, and finally rinse eight or nine times, in hot water, several warm waters, and finally in cool water. Dry in the sun and let hang until it is warm and perfectly free from any moisture. Every night take down your hair and brush for one hundred strokes. Wash your brush thoroughly when you shampoo your hair, that it may not re-infect the scalp; wipe it off after every using, and give it a soap and water washing every week, dipping it afterward in a rinsing bath of borax and water. Dry in the sun on its side. Never go to bed with the hair done up—this creates dandruff. Braid loosely, or even lie with the hair unbraided. The more air you can get to the scalp, the better. It is a good idea to let it down and air it by tossing it about in the breeze from an open window, at least once a day. Shampoo once in two weeks, and do not scratch the scalp in any way. If your finger nails split, your body is not in good condition. Try rubbing a little vasoline on the nails at night. Keep them cut short until you can get them in better condition. Drink lots of water and eat plenty of fruits and vegetables. Your body lacks certain chemicals. Drink milk and take cream on cereals; in other words try to build yourself up generally and your nails will improve also. The pores in your skin should not be made large by the use of any face cream. Remember that your face needs a thorough scrubbing with hot soapy water at night, and a thorough rinsing, before any cream is applied, and that it needs bathing off with tepid water in the morning. Do not put on more cream than the skin will absorb. If you use face cream during the day, scrub the face thoroughly at night, so that none will remain in the pores. As to the tan, do not worry about that; it is fashionable, and some of the most attractive society women come home from the seashore tanned to the shoulder blades and beautifully white below, yet not bothering about the difference in color. Don't you bother either. In the meantime, you can use a bleaching face mask at night, if you wish. Cut out a cheese-cloth mask, with holes for eyes, nose and mouth. Then spread the following paste on the face and cover with the mask, leaving it on till morning, at which time the face should be bathed in warm soapy water and thoroughly rinsed.

Face Bleach for Tan

Into one ounce of strained honey stir the unbeaten white of an egg, add fifteen drops of tincture of benzoin, and finally enough ground barley to make a paste that will spread easily. This treatment should be repeated for several nights.

Worried Anna.—You are not much over weight—not at all, if you were older, but at fifteen a girl is usually not up to the weight prescribed for her height. See answer to "A Curly-Headed Girl" in regard to the monthly pimples. The blackheads you should let alone and not squeeze, because you are merely irritating them and spoiling your skin. They come from not enough attention to the face—you probably have not been in the habit of giving the nightly scrubbing I am always recommending to my girls. See what I say to two or three other girls this month, and follow the advice. That will do away with your blackheads. But you must, of course, have a body bath daily, also, and rub the skin well with a rough towel. You do not need a bathtub for this; you can stand on a folded bath towel, and rub the body all over quickly with a wash-cloth, warm water and soap; or you can wash an arm, rinse and dry it, cover it up; then wash the other arm, dry it and cover up; and so on, only uncovering a small portion of the body at a time, and washing it quickly with a brisk rubbing following. All this will stimulate the facial skin to throw off the impurities which collect in the pores. Then, of course, you must not forget that the bowels simply have to move thoroughly every day of your life, you can't have a good complexion, let alone good health, unless they do; so eat lots of fruits and drink plenty of water, and exercise, and exercise.

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The Masked Bridal

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

ged that she need not be separated from her newly recovered treasure—that for the present, at least, they would make their home with her—or, rather, that they would take the house, which was to be a part of Edith's dowry, and allow her to remain with them as their guest.

This they were only too glad to do; therefore, after a delightful wedding trip through the West, they came back to their elegant home, where, with every luxury at their command, the future seemed to promise unlimited happiness.

Poor Louis Raymond had fared very rapidly during the spring months; indeed, he was not even able to attend the marriage of the girl for whom he had formed a strong attachment, and who had bestowed upon him many gracious attentions and services that had greatly brightened his last days. He passed quietly away only a few weeks after their return to New York.

One day, a couple of months after her marriage, Edith was about to step into her carriage, on coming out of a store on Broadway, where she had been shopping, when she was startled by excited shouts and cries directly across the street from her.

Turning to see what had caused the commotion, she saw a heavily loaded team just toppling over, while a man, who had been in the act of crossing the street, was borne down under it, and, with a shriek which she never forgot, apparently crushed to death.

Sick and faint with horror, she crept into her carriage, and ordered her driver to get away from the dreadful scene as soon as possible.

That same evening, as she was looking over the *Star*, a low cry of astonishment broke from her, as she read the following paragraph:

"A sad accident occurred on Broadway this morning. A carelessly loaded team was overturned by its own top-heaviness as it was rounding the corner of Twenty-ninth street, crushing beneath its cruel weight the talented young sculptor, Emil Correlli. Both legs were broken, one in two places, and it is feared that he has suffered fatal internal injuries. He was taken in an unconscious state to the Roosevelt Hospital, where he now lies hovering between life and death. The surgeons have little hope of his recovery."

Edith was greatly shocked by the account, notwithstanding her aversion to the man.

She had not supposed that he was in the city, for Roy believed that he had left the country, rather than appear to defend himself against Giulia's claims, and to escape paying the damages the court awarded her, after proclaiming her his lawful wife.

The woman had since been supporting herself and her child by designing and making dainty costumes for children, a vocation to which she seemed especially adapted, and by which she was making a good living, through the recommendation of both Mrs. Stewart and Edith.

The day after the accident Roy, on his way home from his office, prompted by a feeling of humanity, went to the Roosevelt Hospital to inquire for the injured man.

The surgeon looked grave when he made known his errand.

"There is hardly a ray of hope for him," he remarked; "he is still unconscious. Do you know anything about him or his family?" he asked, with sudden interest.

"Yes, I have had some acquaintance with him," Roy returned.

"Do you know his wife?" the man pursued. "A woman came here last evening, claiming to be his wife, and insisting upon remaining by his bedside as long as he should live."

"Yes, he has a wife," the young man briefly returned, but deeply touched by this evidence of Giulia's devotion.

"Is she a dark, foreign-looking lady, of medium height, rather handsome, and with a slight accent in her speech?"

"That answers exactly to her description."

"I am glad to know it, for we have been in some doubt as to the propriety of allowing her to remain with our patient. We tried to make her leave him, last night, even threatening to have her forcibly removed; but she simply would not

Pop Littleton's Love Letter

By Huub

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"POP" LITTLETON was a big genial kind of a man that got on well with everybody. Straight, honest, kindly, living up to a strict code of his own founded on the Sermon on the Mount and doing good as opportunity offered. Yet—he was a bit of a Pharisee. The only thing that he had against him was that he never went to church and though he had a good word for everybody else, he kept a bitter streak for those whom he rated as the scribes and pharisees, etc., of the Christian church, and this is where he fell down and made a breach in his own code of living and was a pharisee himself and didn't know it.

He had been a diligent Christian worker from his youth up until he had a "difference" with a former pastor and church officials; who was right and who was wrong matters not, but ever after John Littleton was out with the church.

Supper was over and supper things cleared away and mother had taken her accustomed place opposite and John sat back to enjoy a rest and his evening pipe and a chat.

Then came Nelly, his daughter, with face all beaming with smiles and approaching her father somewhat timidly, held out her hands to him.

"Pop—I want you to do me a favor—will you—a really great favor?"

"Well, Sunshine, what is it?"

"No-o, you must promise first!"

"Well, it must be something good to make my Nelly look so happy!—Yes—I'll promise!"

"Er-o-Pop—tomorrow's Thanksgiving! and—and—there's a Thanksgiving prayer meeting up to the church tonight and I do—want—to go! and I want you to go with me!"

Then a cloud came over John Littleton's face and he loosened the hands he held and asked: "Why do you ask me that, Nelly—you know that has been settled long ago. Can't I serve the Lord in my own way? Isn't it good enough for you?—what's wrong?—whose ox, or whose ass have I taken? Did you ever know me to cheat or—"

"John, dear! John, dear!" came a sweet voice of entreaty.

"All right mother!" he stopped and looked across at her with a half smile—then at Nelly and saw the glint of a little tear of disappointment in her bright eyes.

"But you promise!" she began.

"Oh, yes, I promised! Yes, I did!" (and he got up and shook himself), "so I did. And it's Thanksgiving!—Well, seeing it's Thanksgiving and sure I've so much to be thankful for—specially mother!—and you Nelly—there, get your things on—I'll go!"

Nelly ran off.

"Say mother, what's the matter with Nelly—she's as bright as a new penny?"

"Well Pop dear, it's this way. You know she and Tom Hughes was awful fond of one another only that they had a spat when Tom went away West."

"He wrote and wrote but she never answered and he stopped writing and now after all this

go, and is remarkably handy in assisting the nurse, while her self-control is simply wonderful."

Roy wrote a few lines on one of his cards, saying that if either he or Mrs. Bryant could be of any service at this trying time, she might be free to call upon them.

This he gave to the surgeon to hand to Giulia, and then went away.

The following evening the woman made her appearance in their home with her child, whom she begged them to care for "as long as Emil should live."

It could not be very long, she said, with

while there came today a long letter telling how he has done well but that he is always looking back and thinking of Nelly and loves her ever so much and can never be happy without her and that if she will only let him he will come back and will make her so happy and be so happy with her, and if she loves him still ever such a little, to forgive him and just send one word "Come" and he will come.

"When she got the letter she came and had a good cry in my arms and then I saw how things were and I sent her down to the telegraph office and she sent the message, and ever since she hasn't said anything, but I can see she is just bursting with happiness and I guess there's a good bit of thanks-giving she will be taking up to the meeting tonight!"

"And she wants me to share it! Well, Tom, is a good fellow and will make her a good husband—so there's something more to be thankful for. There—get your bonnet on, mother, and we'll all go up together."

Something warmed the heart of John Littleton as he joined in the old familiar hymns and the prayer and reading of the Scripture gave him a kind of "old-home-week" feeling, but when the pastor stood up to speak, the first words sent a strange thrill through his whole being:

"Behold I have loved thee with an everlasting love!"

He heard something of a little sob and turned and saw that Nelly had hid her face in her mother's bosom, and thought how strangely opportune were the words—there again:

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love!"

It sounded good and he nestled up to the dear little wife beside him and thought of the long years of faithful, devoted love with which she had made his life a heaven and as he pondered—yet once more came the word:

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love!"

Then John Littleton thought many things; there was a voice within and he listened and heard. He was conscious of little else during the rest of the service, only that the Master had spoken to him—yes, that word surely was a message to him—and he bent his head in shame as he thought of the years of self estrangement yet the voice pleaded so kindly:

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love!"

They all walked home in happy silence and when the door was shut John Littleton gathered them to him and said:

"Mother dear, Nelly, I too have had a love letter tonight; pastor was the postman. It was from the dear Lord Himself and He says: 'Come back to my people and let me come back to you and abide with you always—for I have loved thee with an everlasting love.' and I want you to join with me in sending Him His answer. Let us kneel. Now just one word, dear Lord Come! Even so come Lord Jesus!"

And they bowed their heads.

They could say no more.

Their hearts were too full.

And a still voice within whispered to each:

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love!"

streaming eyes. She loved him still, in spite of everything, and she must remain with him while he breathed.

Edith willingly received Ino, saying she would be glad to keep him as long as was necessary; then Giulia went immediately back to her sad vigils beside the man who had caused her nothing but sorrow and shame.

But Emil Correlli did not die.

Very slowly and painfully he came back to life—to an existence, rather, from which he would gladly have escaped when he realized what it was to be.

When he first awakened to consciousness it was to find a pale, patient woman beside him—one who met his sighs and moans with gentle sympathy, and who ministered tirelessly to his every need and comfort.

No other hand was so cool and soft upon his heated head, or so deft to arrange his covers and pillows; no voice so gently modulated, yet so invariably cheerful—no step so quick and light; and, though the querulous invalid often frowned upon her, and chided her sharply for imaginary remissness, she never wavered in her sweetness and gentleness.

Thus, little by little, the selfish man grew to appreciate her and to yearn for her presence, if she was forced to be out of his sight for even a few minutes at a time.

"She has saved your life—she has almost forced life upon you," the surgeon remarked to him one day, when, as he came to make his accustomed visit, Giulia slipped away for a moment of rest and a breath of fresh air.

The invalid frowned. It was not exactly pleasant to be told that he owed such a debt of gratitude to the woman he had wronged. He was too callous to experience very much of gratitude yet. It was only when he was pronounced well enough to be moved, and informed that he must make arrangements to be cared for outside, in order to make room for more urgent cases, that he began to wonder how he should get along without his faithful nurse and to realize how dependent he was upon her.

He knew that he would be a cripple for life; his broken bones had knitted nicely, and his limbs would be as sound as ever, in time; but his spine had been injured, and he would never walk upright again—henceforth he would only be able to get about upon crutches.

How, then, could he live without some one to wait upon him and bear with him in his future state of helplessness?

"Where shall I go?" he questioned, querulously, when, later, he told Giulia that his removal had been ordered. "A hotel is the most dismal place in the world for a sick man."

"Emil, how would you like a home of your own?" Giulia gravely inquired.

The word "home" thrilled him strangely, making him think yearningly of his mother and the comforts of his childhood, and an irresistible longing took possession of him.

"A home!" he repeated, bitterly. "How on earth could I make a home for myself?"

"I will make it for you—I will go to take care of you in it, if you like," she quietly answered.

"You!" he exclaimed in surprise, while, with sudden discernment, he remarked a certain refined beauty in her face that he had never observed before.

Then he added, with a sullen glance at his useless limbs, a strange sense of shame creeping over him.

"Do you still care enough for me to take that trouble?"

"I am willing to do my duty, Emil," she gravely replied.

"Ha! you evade me!" he cried, sharply, and plucked at her answer. "Tell me truly, Giulia, do you still love me well enough to be willing to devote your life to such a misshapen wretch as I shall always be?"

"I told you, Emil, that I was willing to do my duty. I bear your name—I was Ino's father—my proper place is in your home; and if you see fit to decide that we shall all live together under the same roof, I will do my utmost to make you comfortable, and your future as pleasant as possible. More than that I cannot promise—now."

"And you really mean this, Giulia?" he questioned.

"Yes, if my proposal meets with your approval, we can at least make the experiment. If it should not prove a success, we can easily abandon it whenever you choose."

He knew that he could not do without her—knew that she had become so essential to him that he was appalled at the mere thought of losing her, while the sound of that magic word "home," around which clustered everything that was comfortable and attractive, opened before him the promise of something better than he had ever yet known in life.

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DECEMBER COMFORT

will be brimful of Christmas cheer, with something of special interest to every member of the household. Also it will contain the first three chapters of our new serial, "Sibyl's Influence," by Adelaide Stirling, special mention of which appears on page 8. The following will be some of the

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Crumbs of Comfort

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Invention is the talent of youth, judgment of age.

Great men stand like strong, solitary towers in the city of God.

He that permits mischief that he might hinder, becomes an accomplice.

None are so fond of secrets as those who are never known to keep them.

It is better to have a lion at the head of an army of sheep, than a sheep at the head of an army of lions.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF COMFORT, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT AUGUSTA, MAINE, FOR OCTOBER 1, 1917.

State of Maine, { ss.
County of Kennebec, }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William H. Gannett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the COMFORT and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, W. H. Gannett, Publisher (Incorporated), Post-office address, 20 Willow St., Augusta, Maine. Editor, A. M. Goddard, Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

Managing Editor, William H. Gannett, Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

Business Managers, W. H. Gannett, Bus. Mgr., Guy P. Gannett, Assist. Bus. Mgr., Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Owner: W. H. Gannett, Publisher (Incorporated), 20 Willow St., Augusta, Maine. Stockholders:—W. H. Gannett, Augusta, Maine; Sadie H. Gannett, Augusta, Maine; Guy P. Gannett, Augusta, Maine.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) No outstanding bonds, mortgages or other securities.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; and also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing a full and complete knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

WILLIAM H. GANNETT, Bus. Mgr.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1917.

(NOTARIAL SEAL) FRANK E. SMITH, Notary Public

(My commission expires February 25, 1922.)



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The Girl He Loved

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

"Miss Annesley looked hopelessly unhappy in her fine clothes," he said smoothly, "but extraordinarily handsome, in spite of her tears." He pulled himself up sharply as if the last word had slipped out unawares.

"Tears!" The duchess stared at him. "What do you mean? I remember now. She never said good by to me. I don't like to think of Tom Annesley's girl crying at my party. How do you know?"

"Saw her," he said. "Gave her some good advice and drove her home. She never spoke to me the whole way."

A light dawned on the duchess.

"So that," she observed slowly, "was where you went to! You're not a good friend for any girl, Levallion, and I won't have it with Tom's daughter. Mind that! I shall drive over and see that child this afternoon. I've been a neglectful old woman not to have looked after her before."

She pushed away her empty plate and got up. Levallion strolled meekly to the window, where he lit a cigarette. The duchess was a good woman, and Sylvia Annesley was—otherwise! But it was the latter who had discovered he was ready to marry and settle down at last. The duchess only remembered the woman he had compromised; it never struck her that he might actually think of marrying a little country girl of eighteen. If it had, she would probably have put a spoke in his wheel; to have known Levallion for thirty years was not to envy his future countess.

Yet to marry Ravenel Annesley was the only thought the man had. The day before he had cleverly evaded Sylvia and paid an impromptu visit to Annesley Chase by the back gate; a piece of diplomacy for which he was rewarded by coming straight on Ravenel in the garden.

She was alone; her little chin had lifted angrily when she saw him, but the next moment she was ashamed. After all, he had been kind to her twice. She had nothing against him except that he was a friend of Sylvia's.

Levallion was too wise to stay long, though there were no tears—and no hat-pins!—today. Her face was as cold as his lordship's own, and her indifference more real. He might go or stay as he liked—and he knew it.

But he carried away with him the memory of her strangely quiet face, uncannily, clearly pale as she walked up and down the garden paths.

"There goes Lady Levallion!" he thought, as certainly as if she stood by him at the altar. "And the sooner she is away from that devil Sylvia the better. Sylvia was always a genius at making people miserable, and the girl looks as though she beat her!"

In spite of his acuteness, he never thought—or, perhaps, would not have cared if he had—that another man had been the cause of that white face and somber eyes; nor that he himself had never seen the real Ravenel Annesley, all life and laughter, but only the ghost of a girl whose youth was dead in her. It annoyed him to fall in with Sylvia's scheme, but, after all, that was a trifle; and he knew how to cut her claws a little. Therefore, with security and determination, Levallion laid siege to the duchess; and she smiled calmly as she bade good by to him.

"An revoir till next week," he said, as they shook hands.

"Humph!" her grace coughed dryly. "I'll send for you when I want you, my dear Levallion."

Levallion chuckled when he got, rather stiffly, into the carriage. He was warned off. That meant Tom Annesley's daughter was to be asked to Avonmore House. His lordship was more pleased than by a dozen cordial invitations.

The duchess, the instant his back was turned, proceeded to Annesley Chase in state, though she would far rather have gone on her bicycle. Lady Annesley was, providentially, out. Miss Annesley—Adams did not know.

"Then find out, my good girl," remarked the duchess calmly sweeping by her into the house. She was not to be turned from Tom Annesley's door by the servant of his twopenny second wife.

"And fetch Sir Thomas," she majestically. But Tommy had seen her coming and arrived hastily on the scene. He looked worried, and the duchess saw it.

"Where's your sister, Tommy?" she said kindly.

The boy looked at her. She was the oldest friend they had, but even so, his sister's secret was her own.

"She's in the garden; she's not very well," he returned loyally. If Ravenel were fretting for Gordon there was no good in saying so. "Shall I call her for you?"

"Suppose we go to her!" slipping a stout arm through his. "Not well? What's the matter with her?"

Tommy was appalled for one instant.

"Dyspepsia," he said stoutly, with a flash of genius.

"Oh!" commented the duchess dryly. "Very like a whale in a butter-boat," she added to herself, as she glanced at Ravenel, who rose from her knees in the garden as she heard the rustle of the duchess' silk-lined skirts on the gravel.

"I beg your pardon for not coming in," the

The Kingdom of Our Birthright

In running this series we are not advocating belief in astrology or faith in the pretended talismanic charm of birth-stones, although these beliefs have persisted from remote antiquity and have not a few devotees even in this present age of reason. Yet as myths and superstitions that have dominated through the ages they possess historic interest and educational value. Miss December will appear with a pleasing message next month.—EDITOR.

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MISS NOVEMBER.

SAGITTARIUS (the Archer) is the zodiacal sign which rules from November twenty-second to twenty-first. As graphically indicated in the old almanacs, each of the twelve signs of the zodiac represented some definite part or region of the human body to the functions of which it was supposed to be related in some mysterious manner. Sagittarius represents the thighs and astrologers ascribe to it a close association with muscular action and the motor nerve system.

According to this conception, persons born during the period when the influence of this sign is in the ascendant are by nature physically stronger than those who enter the world at

any other period of the year. Moreover they live close to Nature's heart and have a strong love of all the works of the Great Creator, and whatever their occupation, their thoughts and acts proceed from the immutable principles of justice. Instinctively

they falter. "I thought you were Lady Annesley," she looked doubtfully at her earthy hands and the visitor's smart, white gloves.

The duchess, in spite of her parting words to Levallion, had not come with any definite purpose; but the sight of the girl's white face and hard-set lips—more than all the glance of shuddering aversion she had given her, thinking she was her stepmother—brought a sudden rush of motherly tears to her kind, worldly-wise eyes.

"Never mind your hands!" she cried, sitting down on a wicker chair that creaked under her. "Nor Lady Annesley either. I didn't come to see her—I suppose there's no one about to hear such treason!" with a hasty glance behind her.

"I came to see you. I didn't think you looked well the other day at my house," really, the girl's fresh beauty had astounded her—"and I came to ask you and Tommy to take pity on a lonely old woman and come to London with me for a month," with a nod at the two which set the green and pink feathers on her smart bonnet wagging. "What do you say?"

"Oh, my eye—rather!" Sir Thomas forgot his manners in his joy. But the duchess was looking at Ravenel. She had not been prepared to see such a change in the pale, sick face.

To get away from Lady Annesley and the place that had grown hateful to her for a whole month—she and Tommy! A slow red burned into her cheeks at the thought, but a second after her face fell again. She could not go; she had no clothes fit to wear. Tommy was different; a boy did not matter. But she herself had not so much as a decent pair of gloves to wear up in the train.

"We—that is, I can't!" she blurted out miserably.

"Why not? Because you've nothing to wear?"

"No!" with no truth and a red face, for her old friend must not think she was begging. "I just can't."

"Do you want to come?" slowly.

No answer. The girl's lip was trembling at the kindness of the motherly voice.

The duchess looked at her.

"You do! then that's all right," cheerfully. "As for gowns, I mean to give you those. I haven't got any one to spend my money on except some horrid chits of nieces who don't need it. That will be half the pleasure of having you. And I'll settle it with your stepmother."

But Ravenel was crying—sobbing from her sick heart against the duchess' smart shoulder.

"My dear, I know," said that soft-hearted lady incoherently, muttering to herself things about "that woman who did not know how to treat Tom's child." And she had, like Levallion before her, never an inkling of Adrian Gordon's part in the play.

CHAPTER VII.

HER LADSHIP SHUFFLES THE CARDS.

Lady Annesley sat in speechless fury over the note that arrived from the duchess the very next morning.

About her was spread her whole wardrobe, which she had been looking over with the eye of a born milliner, quite certain that Levallion's hints about London had meant he would give her the money to take Ravenel there. And this—with a vicious glance at the duchess' letter—was their real meaning!

"For, of course, it's all Levallion!" She drummed angrily on her knee with slim, white fingers. "I have half a mind to checkmate him. He might, considering everything, have sent me to town. But for me he never would have seen his pink-and-white doll."

She threw the duchess' letter on a table, where it hit a pile of other letters—blue envelopes, ominous—and sent them rustling to the floor. They were merely the quarter's bills from the butcher and the wine-merchant for those luxuries Sylvia Annesley could never deny herself, but she picked them up with a vicious hand.

"It's well for you, Levallion, that I haven't a penny to pay these, or you might whistle for my lovely stepdaughter!" she said aloud. "But I can't stand five more years like this before Tom comes of age. Five more years of dullness, of skimping without a soul to speak to, and then the prospect of turning out of this and living on nothing a week in lodgings—no! It's not to be done!"

She went to the glass and looked at herself feverishly, pushing back her curled golden hair from her temples, dragging up the blinds till the unkind daylight made her look every hour of her age.

"I'm getting old—old and hideous!" she stamped with passion. "I who love youth and good looks and life. Why did I ever bury myself here with the old fool who's dead? Oh! I want to go out into the world again—to live! To dine, dress, and gamble, to make fools of men—that is life. And that girl's marriage to Levallion is the only way I shall ever see it again. He shall

tively they are devoted to self-culture and are interested in the applied sciences and especially in hygiene.

Their great struggle lies against being impatient and making decisions too quickly, which leads to misunderstandings and regrets. Their active minds are constantly in the future, predicting or apprehending an outcome, thus losing connecting details. They cannot bear with composure any degree of opposition, and will become combative more from impatience than unbelief. "Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow."

These natures are frank and open, and hate concealments or anything knavish. They are naturally kind and loving, and keenly sympathetic when misfortune overtakes a friend. They must be employed steadily and usefully, else they are likely to change occupation. Some very fine musicians come under this sign; as their energy and genuine and sympathetic nature makes music expressive and brilliant.

If happily married they are demonstrative in their devotion and require expressions of love in return. They should marry women who are without affectation, and with tastes for the wholesome, genuine things of life. They must be companionable and have a fondness for outdoor life; entering into it with enthusiasm. They must not give way to sudden impulse, but develop complacency and a power to do what is required by circumstances.

The November Birth-Stone is the Topaz

Friendship, the substance of which is love and esteem is symbolized by the November birth-stone, the topaz. Attachments are often quickly formed, but true friendship is of slower growth, giving new life and ambition to the object of its regard. True friends can forgive each other's little failings, and will remain loyal through the wear and tear of adversity, for they meet as equals at heart, putting away formalities and dissimulation, and with simplicity and wholeness speak to each other. Husband and wife must ever be friends if through life they would continue sweethearts.

marry her if I have to swallow my pride ten times over. He'd have to give me an allowance that would not disgrace Lady Levallion's mother! Ravenel shall go to the duchess; Levallion will take care no other man gets a chance at her!"—in spite of her rage with him, she was secure in her old knowledge of his cleverness—"and I will stay here and try to help things on!" with a pale smile.

She went to the door and locked it, then to her dressing-case and dragged out a photograph. For a minute she stood and stared at it, biting her lips.

"I can't do anything with it," she thought angrily. "And I haven't trust any one—but —" With swift inspiration a thought had come to her.

"Heater Murray!" she cried half-aloud. "Heater can tell her a bit of—truth! The silly old duchess will never imagine that Heater and I are



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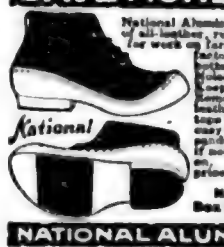
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old acquaintances—Heater, who runs in and out of Avonmore to help me; if she doesn't I'll make an unpleasant squall in the Murray mansion. This match-making," with a little laugh, "is most amusing."

Her ill humor gone utterly, she sat down at her writing-table and constructed a letter to make her old friend shake in her shoes, in spite of its affection. She sealed up her letter and the photograph, for Heater might not have one, and then turned her attention to something else.

"I have a great mind to get rid of Adams," she thought. "She is getting beyond herself. But I'll wait a little; she might talk. And, after all, 'better a devil you know than a devil you don't know,'" forcibly. "Though I doubt if Heater will think so," with a curious look, as if something had come back from the past and pleased her.

"Well," she said half-aloud. "I suppose the duchess will deck out my dear stepdaughter in purple and fine linen, but unless I want to look a beast, I suppose I ought to provide her with at least one gown. I, who haven't two coins to rub together nowadays. She wouldn't wear my

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19)

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BY KATH V. SAINT MAUR.

How to Raise Turkeys Successfully

YOUNG turkeys have been so difficult to raise during the last few years, that the supply is deplorably short in the markets, and prices correspondingly high, all through the disease known as "blackhead," not being noticed or recognized by the average farmer. I receive many letters every month describing the symptoms of ailing turkeys, complaining of how young turkeys die off, and asking if I can tell the cause and give a remedy.

Few people realize, because the heads of the birds were not discolored, that nearly all these mysterious deaths were caused by blackhead. The name has led people to consider it a disease affecting the head only, whereas it affects the head least, and frequently there is no trace of discoloration, even in the advanced stages of the disease.

Dr. Theobald Smith first ascertained that this disease, which is especially characterized by great sores in the caeca and liver, was caused by a microbe—*Amoeba meleagridis*. In explaining the character of the disease he compared it to amoebic dysentery in the human subject—a disease which also attacks the large intestine and liver.

The amoeba is a microscopic animal parasite capable of living within the tissues of the turkey, its host. It can grow and reproduce itself in large numbers, thereby causing irritations, destruction of the tissues, and nearly always death of the invalid turkey.

Chronic cases furnish a large variety of morbid changes, evidently caused by the inability of the tissues of the patient to overcome and reduce the irritating masses. The liver and caecal sores are always present in recent cases, and disappear only in the turkeys which have recovered.

The caecum may exhibit but a minute sore, but the liver, excepting when nearly healed, always exhibits a large number of sores. When turkeys die after a long, continued illness, their heads, which are usually red in health, become more or less darkened. In acute cases they die so quickly, however, as to leave no impression as to a change of color of the head.

The majority of young poulters die after a day or two of droopiness. Adults may droop longer and pass into chronic stages of the disease. Refusal to eat and standing apart constitute late symptoms. Starvation in chronic cases produces thinness.

When the disease in the caecum is slight, it is doubtful if the affected animals have diarrhea, which is more or less present in other cases. In many of the older poulters the droppings will be liquid, and stained orange yellow; this is the most characteristic symptom of all. Sometimes there are blackened blood clots in the droppings, indicating slight hemorrhages.

Experiments show that more than four fifths of the young poulters exposed to infected yards, die before they are six weeks old. The disease has been popularly supposed to be one confined to older birds. It is notably a disease affecting young turkeys, but one from which the older turkeys do not escape. Of the one fifth who do escape or survive its ravages, at least ten to twenty per cent may die, throughout the year, at almost any age. Examination of the organs is the only sure means of telling the cause of death.

The amoeba are transmitted from diseased turkeys to others through the droppings, which contaminate the food with which they come in contact. Evidence obtained indicates that the amoeba may also be carried by ordinary fowl, and may be transmitted by them to turkeys in the same manner. So you see once again the importance of exercising strict cleanliness is impressed upon us poultry people.

About two years ago I gave our readers a summary of the work which had been conducted at the Rhode Island Experiment Station by Professor Hadley. The first point strongly emphasized was the necessity for reducing the amount of food usually given to young turkeys. Experiments made during the last fifteen years convinced him that the parasite which causes blackhead can only be developed in the intestines of a young bird, when it has been weakened by indigestion feeding, which has clogged the bowels, and rendered the tissues susceptible to attack, and that the only true method of fighting the disease is along the lines of prevention—in other words, keeping the bird's intestines in such a clean, healthy condition that the parasites have no chance to attack them. The second point is, that certain acids materially retard the growth of the parasite, so that in connection with reduced feed, sour milk is the most powerful agent in checking the development of the disease. Beyond which it is probable that beside the effect of the sour milk itself, the bacteria always present in sour milk is also beneficial to the tissues of the intestines. But Professor Hadley found that milk clabbered in the usual domestic way, or by any of the preparations usually sold for that purpose, does not contain sufficient acidity to be of value in fighting off the parasites. When they have once been introduced into the bird's intestines he recommended the use of a foreign bacterium, but it is a very expensive remedy, and I really believe unnecessary, if you will take means to eradicate the sources of contagion at this season of the year, and so prevent the parasites being in existence on your farm next spring, which of course would effectually prevent any chance of their being introduced into the young turkey's intestines.

A common chicken, as well as old turkeys, harbor the parasites which cause blackhead, and can be so little affected that they show no signs of ill health, though their droppings will spread the disease. It is plain that the first step in ridding the premises of the contagion is to keep turkeys and common fowls apart, and the turkeys in restricted quarters during at least some part of the year, so that it will be easy to purify and get them into good breeding condition before the mating season.

Before I started keeping turkeys, fifteen years ago, I visited a large breeder in Massachusetts, who for ten years had been wonderfully successful, and I adopted many of his methods, to which fact I consider I owe much of my own success. He kept his birds in large yards, or rather enclosures, on half an acre each. The land was shallow, but there were plenty of clumps of brush and ferns to afford shelter on hot days. The spot was really waste land, of no earthly value for crops, but perfectly ideal for turkeys.

We utilized a strip of poor brush land which

had good natural drainage, on which we made three enclosures. A rough shelter of albs and brush was built in each, under which perches made out of sawed poles were put up, some of them less than nine inches in circumference. This is one of the important items in fixing a place for turkeys. Being heavy, large-footed birds, they are uncomfortable, and positively suffer if condemned to balance themselves on small perches.

I started with ten hens from the Massachusetts farm, and two toms from Long Island, and sent for them early in December, so that they would have time to become thoroughly at home in their new quarters before the mating season, and would give us time to use the methods employed by our Massachusetts friend to keep his stock free from disease. This consists in thoroughly cleaning out the intestines, and then administering an antiseptic to kill embryo parasites and germs.

Knowing that the hens would be in good condition, we turned them into one of the yards on arrival, but not knowing so much about the way the stock was managed on the Long Island farm on which the two toms had been bought, we gave them two tablespoonfuls of Castor oil each, before releasing them from the crates, and did not let them out until three hours afterward. Then they were put into a small chicken house which we happened not to be using just at that time, and each morning they had a mash made by moistening ground oats and corn with Castor oil, and the antiseptic was put into the drinking water every day for three weeks they were kept in quarantine, after which, they were turned into one of the large enclosures, kept there until the first week in March, when mating commenced, at which time a temporary fence of one-inch mesh was run across the yard, until they had all been served.

After a turkey hen has laid a clutch of eggs, become broody, and been broken up for two or three days, she is turned in with one of the toms for several days before being turned back into the yard to lay.

The Yearly Fight for Health

The yearly precautions taken to ward off the possibility of disease are as follows: About November first, each bird to be kept for stock is given three doses of Castor oil, two tablespoonfuls to a dose, and three days' interval between doses, and from November first to February first enough permanganate of potassium is put into the drinking water each day to make it a deep pink. Permanganate of potassium is a strong germ killer, and destroys any embryo in any part of the intestines if used regularly. All dosing, especially the use of permanganate of potassium, must cease before the first of February, or eggs will not be fertile. Never use any antiseptic in drinking water, or medicine of any sort just before or during the breeding season.

Making enclosures may seem a needless expense to most farmers, but I assure you, friend, it pays, for it makes it possible to safeguard against disease, regulate breeding, and all the eggs,



TURKEY AND PUMPKIN PIE FOR THANKSGIVING.

and control the setting period.

The wire around our enclosure was only four feet high. One wing of each bird was cut to prevent them flying over it. Early in March half barrels were secreted among the brush in the yards, so that the hens would become accustomed to their appearance and consider them safe hiding places for their eggs. About the middle of the month we commenced to keep a lookout for eggs in the half barrel, and stolen nests. When one is found, it is purloined, and a china one put in its place; ditto when the second one was taken, but after that no more china eggs were dropped, as two always seemed to satisfy Mrs. Turkey, no matter how long she might go on laying. Unlike common hens, turkeys are not attracted to a nest by an egg. In fact, they retain so much of the wild bird that they will not adopt a nest that has been used by any other bird; so never distribute nest eggs as decoys, but only as substitutes for those abstracted.

The matter of feeding the old birds is of great importance, and is the rock most farmers founder on, leaving them to forage for themselves, or at the best, giving them uncertain quantities of corn, which means that they are miserably thin and dilapidated, or outrageously fat. In either case, they lack the components which the egg for hatching should possess. Result: weak youngsters which are doomed to die, no matter how much care is lavished on them. So our turkeys are fed with special reference to supplying the ingredients to be converted into bone and vigor in the birds to be. Breakfast: chopped clover hay, steamed over night, two quarts; corn and oats ground together, one quart; beef scraps, half a pint. At noon, one quart of oats, Kafir corn or barley, scattered broadcast in the yards. At night, whole corn when the weather is very cold, but as it moderates in the spring the amount is decreased, and oats used in its place. These are the regular rations from December to April, when the beef scraps and corn are entirely omitted. Water and grit is before them all the time. We buy screenings from the stone crusher, and as it is cheap, dump a lot into each yard twice a year.

I generally steal the first ten eggs from each nest and set them under the hens. However many a hen lays after that, she is allowed to keep and hatch them. It takes them twenty-nine days to hatch, and large, motherly hens from the old chicken-house should be chosen to do the incubating. It is not safe to put more than five such eggs under an ordinary hen.

When the hatch is over, put the hen into a brood coop, and in front of it a box about nine inches deep, and large enough to form a yard for the babies to exercise in. It is of course necessary to remove part or the whole of the end of the box which joins the front of the coop, so that the little ones can run in and out. Cover the bottom of the box with coarse sand, and put a small drinking fountain in one corner. Thus the babies will have a safe place to play in the first few days of infancy, when they must be kept dry. After that the box can be removed, and the coop moved a few feet every day for the sake of cleanliness.

When Mrs. Turkey's brood hatches, we treat them in the same way. Professor Hadley's advice about feeding baby turks I adhere to rigidly,

except that we use milk which has either been turned with ordinary household rennet, or just allowed to stand in a warm place until thoroughly coagulated, and then broken, strained through cheese-cloth or a fine sieve just as one does when making cottage cheese, catching the whey in a pan, so that it can be used in a drinking fountain, and then feeding the curds mixed with the dry mash.

Now to the schedule of reduced feeding, which must be rigidly adhered to. Nothing for the first forty-eight hours; after that, hard-boiled egg which has been chopped fine (include the shell). The young birds must have only the smallest imaginable quantity. If you have one of the little spoons which come with mixed mustard, use it as a measure, and divide that amount between the birds for a day's feed. If you don't use mixed mustard, or haven't such a spoon, a number nine thimble will do, but be sure it is only half full, and that two birds share the quantity. The fourth day the thimble may be three parts full, and a pinch of finely chopped green stuff added to it (the best green stuffs are tender clover, grass, or the green sprouts of oats.) The fifth day, fill the thimble with the chopped egg, and add a tiny pinch of rolled oats, and a degree more green stuff. Increase the amount about a grain a day, up to the tenth day, at which time the sour milk treatment should commence. At first, give just a few grains, mixed with a still fewer grain of dry mash. Increase slightly each day, at the same time decreasing the amount of chopped egg in such proportions that by the fourteenth day the egg may be entirely discontinued. At this time the birds should be getting one quarter of an ounce of green food, half that quantity of rolled oats, a pinch of dry mash and half an ounce of curds. This is for each bird. Keep why before them all the time, so that they can drink when they please.

By the third week, rations should be as follows: Two ounces of green food, one ounce of rolled oats, half an ounce of dry mash; half a gill of curds, and not quite half an ounce of small mixed grain. Remember that this amount is for one week's rations, and must be divided for the seven days. Increase at the same gradual rate as before, all the articles of diet except the rolled oats, which should be gradually decreased so that it is entirely left out by the seventh week, when the quantity of food given for each bird for one week should be: Green feed, four and one half ounces; dry mash, two ounces; curds, about a gill and a half; mixed grain, a trifle over one ounce. Again increase up to the eleventh week, when green food should be six ounces; dry mash, six ounces; curds, one quart and one gill. At this time, cracked corn and whole wheat in equal parts take the place of small grain, and the amount given should be three ounces. Continue the same rations with a slight increase from week to week until the birds are twenty-four weeks old.

The above schedule is for young birds confined to yards. When the youngsters are allowed free range, after they are two or three weeks old, the green food can be entirely omitted, and so can the mixed grain, but they must have the sour milk curds and dry mash given to them before they are allowed out in the morning, and when they are brought up to their sleeping place at night.

There have been so many letters about turkey raising and diseases, that instead of giving individual answers in this column, I have devoted my entire talk this month to the subject, and I ask you, who have written me, to read it carefully, as it answers all your inquiries more fully and practically than could be done in separate answers to individual questions.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

F. S. L.—The rations are not well balanced. Clover hay, cut into inch lengths, steamed over night, and mixed with ground feed (equal parts of oats and corn). A good proportion is a quart of clover hay after it has been chopped, to a pint of ground feed. Table scraps well boiled, with potato or any other vegetable trimmings can be fed alone or mixed with the hay instead of the feed. Ducks' food should always be sloppy, and consist principally of vegetables; some meat or a little grain. Mix a tablespoonful of bone meal to every quart of mash just now, for it provides the lime in eggs which is necessary for the production of strong boned ducklings. I think your birds have been defective in this quality, and your method of feeding has not helped them. Are their sleeping quarters dry? They should be cleaned out and heavily bedded with straw and meadow hay at least once a week. I think natural weakness has developed into rheumatism through neglect in this respect. If other birds should be attacked, remove to a dry coop with lots of bedding, and rub the legs with opium salve. Add fifteen grains of iodide of potassium to every quart of drinking water, or if it is not convenient to get the potassium iodide, use a few grains of saltpetre.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)



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Cubby Bear's Thanksgiving Plum Pudding By Lena B. Ellingwood

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SUCH a beautiful Thanksgiving morning! Cubby Bear sprang out of bed and ran to the door. He was glad the weather was pleasant, for Mamma Bruin and he were to have a long walk that morning.

They were going to have Thanksgiving dinner with Auntie Bear, and the little cousins, Bonnie-belle and Jackie. Cubby Bear had never seen little Jackie, but he loved Bonnie-belle. She was a dear little bear, always sweet and smiley, and she wore a gold locket tied round her neck with a blue ribbon.

They had an early breakfast, and while Mamma Bruin tidied up the house, Cubby Bear ran about excitedly, trying to help. He looked on in delight while Mamma Bruin carefully placed in a birch-bark basket a fine, fat plum pudding, which she had boiled the day before. They were to take this to Auntie Bear, to help on the Thanksgiving dinner. The "plums" in it were dried blueberries, which Cubby Bear had picked in the summer, the day he had gone berrying with Racky Coon, and the bees had stung him.

"It is a very good pudding," Mamma Bruin said with pride. "Auntie Bear is a good cook, but her plum puddings are not like mine."

"Shall we stay all night?" asked Cubby Bear.

"Oh, yes! it is too far to come back the same day! We may stay a week, perhaps. You must be a very good little bear, Cubby. Keep your face clean and your shoestrings tied up, sip your soup quietly, and answer politely when you are spoken to."

Mamma Bruin polished her glasses carefully, and tied on her best white apron. Cubby Bear wore his new green necktie and his red ear-muffs.

"Now we are ready to start," said Mamma Bruin. "Here, Cubby, you may carry the umbrella. It is a fine morning, but it is always safe to take an umbrella when one is traveling, for the weather may change at any time. I have this large bundle to carry."

Mamma Bruin wound the clock, and fastened the door by placing a large block of wood against it; then she and Cubby climbed out of the window, and closed the shutter behind them.

Then they started on their way. The air was mild for November, and the pale sunshine threw shadows of the bare trees down on the fallen leaves, which had faded to a sickly yellow, or turned brown like the earth they would soon mingle with. Cubby Bear kicked up the leaves as he walked to hear them rustle.

They had walked a long way, when Mamma Bruin suddenly dropped her bundle, and threw up both hands.

"Oh, Cubby Bear!" she cried. "Our beautiful plum pudding! We have forgotten it!"

Cubby Bear's little face wore a funny look of dismay. "Our beautiful plum pudding!" he echoed. "Oh, oh! whatever shall we do?"

"I must go back for it," said poor Mamma Bruin. "You may stay here and watch my bundle."

"No, Mamma Bruin," said Cubby Bear. "You stay here, and I will go back for the pudding. I am growing larger and stronger, you know, and ought to be a help to you. It will not tire me as it would you, for I am used to running about all day, at play. Here is a fallen tree—sit down here and wait until I come back."

"What a good little bear!" said Mamma Bruin, as she settled herself comfortably, with the bundle and umbrella on the ground at her feet. "I shall be glad to rest."

So Cubby started off. He did not stop to play in the dead leaves, but trotted briskly on his way back home.

He had gone as far as the dead pine tree which had been killed by lightning one terrible night a few years before, when he heard an unhappy little wail, followed by a burst of loud sobs.

"Who can be crying like that, on Thanksgiving Day!" wondered Cubby. "I must try to

"Oh, what is the matter?" asked Cubby Bear. "Are you lost, Little Badgers?"

The five Little Badgers looked at him.

"Yes, we are lost!" they told him. "Our mamma, Betty Badger, went away yesterday to get our Thanksgiving dinner. She did not come back, and this morning we started out to find her. We are hungry. We shall never find our mother, or our home. We shall be cold to-night—perhaps we may freeze! And if we do

something good to eat, and then find someone who will take you to your own home. Come, follow me."

When they got to Mamma Bruin's house, Cubby opened the window, helped the Little Badgers in, and then climbed in himself.

He looked all about for something to feed his hungry visitors with, while they watched him anxiously.

But all he could find was that beautiful, fat plum pudding, speckled so thickly with plums, which had been made for Auntie Bear's Thanksgiving dinner!

Could he take that?

What would Mamma Bruin say?

He uncovered it, and took it out of the basket.

The Little Badgers looked at it longingly.

Clearly, there was nothing else to be done! The Little Badgers must be fed. He was sure Mamma Bruin would give it to them if she were there, and could find nothing else.

Choking back a sigh, Cubby Bear cut into the pudding, and gave generous slices to the hungry Little Badgers.

There came a knock at the door.

"Come to the window!" called Cubby Bear.

"The door is fastened," Racky Coon looked in.

"Why, why!" he exclaimed in surprise. "So the Little Badgers are here! Well, well! Betty Badger is hunting everywhere for them, and I came to ask you to help find them. She is getting all the forest people to look."

"Then you will take them home!" said Cubby Bear. "I am so glad you came, for I am going on a visit, and Mamma Bruin is waiting for me. The Little Badgers were lost, and hungry, and I brought them home to feed them."

Racky Coon was looking hard at the pudding. "Will you have a slice?" asked Cubby Bear politely.

"Gladly, thank you!" answered Racky.

When they had finished, not a crumb was left of Mamma Bruin's fine pudding, but the Little Badgers were no longer hungry. They started off, smiling and happy, with Racky Coon, for their home at the edge of the West Forest. Racky had brought his sled, though there was no snow, and the five Little Badgers had a fine ride, hugging each other to keep from falling off the sled.

Then Cubby Bear fastened the window shutter, and with a light heart went back to where he had left Mamma Bruin.

"How long you have been gone! Why, where is the pudding?" she asked, when he came in sight. "Oh, I should have gone back for it myself! And I am afraid she felt a little impatient!"

But when Cubby had told her all about the poor Little Badgers, she said he had done quite right.

"Now we must hurry," she said, "or Auntie Bear will think we are not coming, and we shall get no dinner at all! We have a long way to go, and it is late."

When they reached Auntie Bear's house, Auntie and Uncle and Bonnie-belle and little Jackie all came running out to welcome them, Bonnie-belle as sweet and smiley as ever, and with a fresh blue ribbon for her locket.

They had a fine dinner after all, and there were so many good things to eat, they did not in the least need the pudding which Cubby Bear, in the kindness of his heart, had given to Betty Badger's hungry children.

"Cubby Bear's Christmas Tree" will tell how Cubby Bear and his forest friends got up a Christmas Tree for old Santa Claus.

Renew your subscription now so not to miss it next month in December COMFORT.



CHOKING BACK A SIGH, CUBBY BEAR CUT INTO THE PUDDING AND GAVE GENEROUS SLICES TO THE HUNGRY LITTLE BADGERS.

find out." So he turned in the direction from which the sounds had come, and soon came upon an unhappy little group—the five Little Badgers!

The two youngest were crying aloud, their tears pattering down on the fallen leaves. The next two were wiping their eyes on the backs of their furry paws. The oldest one stared sadly at the others, his paws deep in his pockets, his under lip drooping dejectedly.

not freeze, we shall starve. YOU will have Thanksgiving dinner, Cubby Bear, but WE shall have nothing!"

At this sorrowful picture, the five Little Badgers threw themselves on the ground, and wept together.

"No, no!" Cubby Bear told them, as he picked them up, one after another, and set them on their feet. "You shall not starve, I promise you that. I will take you with me, and give you

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

1. Equate service for what we receive? The vast masses of wage earners as a whole are underpaid, but there are piles of inefficient people who are overpaid. Ignorance is dear at any price and half the work of the world ails, is done by those who are densely ignorant. There are numbers of people who believe that there is a lot of work in the world that would not be done at all unless people were kept ignorant. That is all rubbish and piffle. All labor is honorable and dignified. The fine ladies and gentlemen of Europe are working in the fields and making shells. Never again will they look with contempt on the working class. War has given them a new vision. Maybe it will give us a new vision. Heaven knows that new vision is sadly needed.

CANTON, IOWA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: We have been reading about the Home fund the subscribers are raising for you and we will help if we can. I have a proposition to make to you. I have a good liniment for rheumatism and I can guarantee it to give satisfaction or money refunded.

Uncle Charlie I expect you have a great many callers. Would you be willing to let me advertise it for you? I will pay all of the expenses and I will send you by express a box of the liniment, by doing this we would both be helping humanity and ourselves too, and all you will have to do will be to hand it to your callers and tell them about it and collect the money. It is put up in twenty-five and fifty-cent bottles. Your profit on one gallon would be seven dollars and fifty cents. If you haven't the time yourself perhaps you have a friend who could sell it for you and give you all or part of the profit. You will find enclosed a label of the liniment, it is guaranteed for what is on the label and it will cure almost any case of rheumatism except one of long standing.

We think this would be a good opportunity to help swell your Home fund.

Hoping to hear from you soon, Mr. Thos.

Tom, it is exceedingly kind of you to want to put me on easy street for the balance of my life by the liniment route, but I fear yours is a proposition that I could hardly accept, as I have had so many made of a much more promising kind. A liniment proposition seems to suggest rubbing it in, and the people of the United States have had pretty nearly everything that is punk and rotten rubbed into them to such an extent that I have not the heart to anoint their hides with even so good a liquid as yours. You are quite right, Tom, I do have quite a number of callers. After, however, it got noised about that Charles Noel Douglas, invalid, writer, poet, editor, philanthropist, and personal friend of the Czar, the Kaiser, Bill Bryan, and other crowned heads of Europe, had gone into the rheumatism and horse liniment business and was anointing his friends with a miraculous remedy for stiff and sore joints, how many callers do you think I'd have? I know if you don't, I'd have the patrol wagon from the police station and the padded ambulance from the nutty house come and gather

me in, and that would be the end of my career as father confessor and confidential adviser to most of the good people of the U. S. A. Tom, it is all very fine of you to figure out what my profits would be at seven dollars and a half a gallon, and seven hundred and fifty dollars for a thousand gallons, etc., but money can't be figured out of people's pockets quite so easily as that. If it could, you'd be a millionaire and you'd not be trying to put any money in my way. Another thing, you say if the liniment does not cure, money will be refunded. Now suppose I sold a whole gallon of your liniment to a rheumatic friend of mine, and he got worse instead of better, and that's what generally happens to people who experiment with home-made, unscientific remedies, and the gentleman called on me and wanted his seven dollars and a half back, and suppose under the stress of hunger I had to confess I had spent the money and bought half a potato with it, what would happen to me then? If he did not try and dig the potato out of me, he might sue me for breach of contract, and I already have three lawsuits on hand that have been wished on me, and I don't think I could

stand the luxury of a fourth. Another thing, Thomas, you seem to forget that people who have rheumatism do not as a rule go around calling. They hike for bed and the only calling they do is to call for the doctor. I have never heard of a case of rheumatism of long standing. You seem to forget that when a person gets a bad case of rheumatism, they can't stand they sit or lie down. As for getting my friends to sell the liniment for me, let me tell you this: The only way to keep friends is not to bother them. If I started my friends out with a seven and a half gallon jar of liniment those who were not beaten up for ringing door bells, would, if they sold any of your liniment, stick to the money. Those who did not stick to the money or get arrested would be found sitting on the street corners suffering from a liniment jag with your gallon jar drained to the dregs. I can't trust any of my friends with anything in the liquid line. The only way I could possibly help you Tom, would be to go to a bone dry, prohibition state. There they would drink anything, and I'm sure I could do a roaring business with anything that was wet, and I could probably sell a gallon of

rheumatic horse liniment every minute of the day as long as the juice held out. For external application there is no money in your liniment, but for internal application there are millions in it. If you know how to mix it properly, and if you don't know how it is easy to learn. I know, Tom, your intentions are of the best. Like everyone else, you are willing to help the sick and humanity generally if you can also help yourself at the same time. COMFORT has been deluged with hundreds of letters similar to yours, so many in fact that nearly all its staff have threatened to shoot me on sight. Remember there is many a true word said in jest, and there is more truth than poetry in these apparently frivolous remarks of mine. No matter how lovely the deed or how beautiful the thought of those who are prompted to do acts of love and kindness, there are always thousands of selfish, profit-seeking, two-legged human clams, people devoid of all the finer sensibilities of life, devoid of sense and decency, who butt in and do their level best to spoil the best laid plans of men, women and angels, and fill with disgust all those who are striving every nerve to be kind and helpful. Of course, Thomas, I would not like to suggest that you are one of those individuals, but, believe me, if we ever start a home fund for you and the liniment and salve cranks get wise to what we are doing, their nifty actions will disgust you to such an extent that you will excavate your own grave and fall into it before it is half dug. It is a queer world, but fortunately it contains more good people than people who are otherwise, and not all the schemers in creation can undo all the good work of those who are kind, sweet and Christ like, no matter how hard they try, and the Lord knows they do try. Life is a hard proposition, Tom, but I have not quite reached the stage where I am compelled by dire necessity to peddle liniment. You see, Tom, the well-ordered nicely adjusted mind, recognizes the fact that certain things do not go very well together, and it seems to me, in the eternal fitness of things that liniment and literature are not a combination that anyone could grow very enthusiastic about.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for November

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

Written references from postmaster and physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Fulton R. Lowe, Sheppards, R. R. 1, Box 33, Va. Helpless invalid for many years. Needy and worthy. Send him some of the sympathy that buys bread. Mrs. Kate Coleman, Price, N. C. Invalid for many years. Needs food and clothing. Remember her. Miss Myrtle Eschbaugh, Tionesta, Pa. Helpless for fourteen years. Aged mother her only support. Very needy and worthy case. Send her a dime shower. Ekline Miller, Xenia, R. R. 8, Ohio. Orphan girl, crippled and helpless.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

2-Year Renewal Rate Goes Up to 40 Cents on January First

The largely increased cost of production compels us to add 10 cents to the price of a two-year renewal subscription to COMFORT.

Therefore, on and after January 1, 1918, the price will be

40 Cents for a 2-Year Renewal

For the same reason the yearly subscription rate will have to be raised very soon and definite announcement of it will be made a little later.

The recent action of Congress in raising the second-class (magazine and newspaper) postage rates and putting them on a zone basis, will, unless modified before they go into effect, necessitate the ultimate doubling of our present subscription rates.

Read our editorial (on page 2) explaining the situation.

The present low renewal rate will continue in force until the last day of next December, which gives our present subscribers an opportunity to renew their subscriptions

2 Full Years in Advance for 30 Cents.

Avail yourself of this privilege immediately. 10 cents is worth saving.

Send 30 Cents Today for 2-Year Renewal

IN & AROUND The HOME

Conducted By
Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson

Terms Used in Crochet

ch. st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by two; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p., picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o., over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; st. skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Patriotic Christmas Work

THE new conditions under which the holidays find us this year, should appeal to us each and all so strongly that if we are not already busy we should now make haste to do our part. Children and friends should of course, be remembered as usual, but first and foremost should be the plans and work for our boys in Khaki and the marines, who are now in the fight for universal peace and liberty.

Wounds and injuries will not be the only hardships they will have to endure. Being new to the life they will be particularly sensitive to the cold but much of the suffering from this cause can and must be prevented by warm woolen clothes.

Quantities will be necessary and it is in the providing of these that our women can assist those who fight for their country far from home. Directions for various garments have already appeared in these columns and COMFORT is now doing her bit by offering wool and directions for making some of the garments. Besides these other articles such as wristlets, mitts, bandages, etc. are also in great demand.

Every moment should now be utilized if work planned is to reach the boys by the holidays, as the Christmas boxes will be started this month from the various units.

Much of the work is very simple and can be successfully undertaken by a beginner. The rules here given are all official. The yarn used for all the work should be either grey, khaki or navy Scotch.



THUMBLESS LONG WRISTLET.

from slipping off on the outside side of the hand when one is working. The length, 18 inches as here given has also been found to be more practical than a shorter mitt which only reaches up to the muscle of the forearm instead of over it thus keeping it up.

Short Wristlets

For these knit in the same way until eight or nine inches in length and sew up.

Abdominal Belt

Materials. One skein or 2 balls natural or light grey, 1 pair No. 5 amber needles. 1 pair



ABDOMINAL BELT.

No. 12 steel needles. Cast on 100 to 200 sts. on steel needles. Knit three inches ribbed (k. 2, p. 2). Knit on to amber needles and knit

across plain. Work eight inches, knit on to steel needles and rib for three inches. Bind off loosely. Sew up.

Knitted Scarf

Materials. Two and one half hanks yarn. Amber needles No. 5.

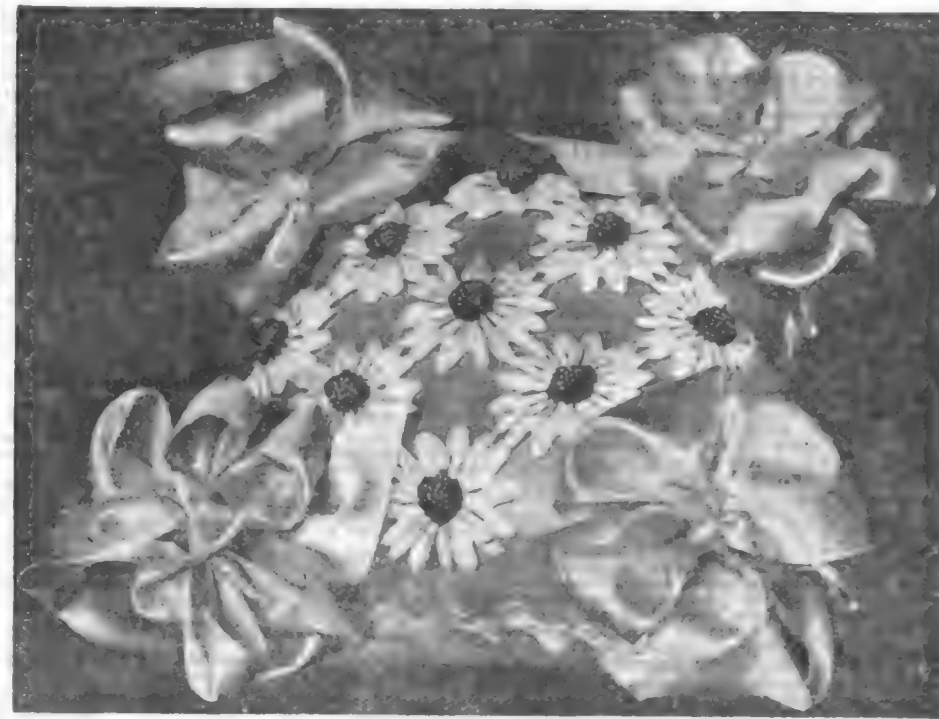


SCARF FOR PLAIN KNITTING CAN BE MADE BY BEGINNER.

Cast on from 45 to 50 stitches (width should be 10 inches.) Knit plain, always slipping the first stitch, until scarf is 55 inches long.

Eye Bandage No. 1

Three-ply knitting cotton No. 6, No. 12 steel needles. Cast on 12 sts., knit plain three inches; increase one on fourth st., each row until there are 24 sts. Knit four ribs plain, decrease one on fourth stitch each row until there are 8 sts. Knit two ribs plain, increase one on fourth



MARGUERITE CUSHION.

stitch each row until there are 24 sts. Knit four ribs plain, decrease one on fourth stitch each row until there are 12 sts. Knit plain 15 inches, bind off.

Eye Bandage No. 2

Three-ply knitting cotton No. 8, No. 12 steel needles. Cast on 42 sts., knit four rows, six plain, six purl, then reverse to form pattern of blocks. Should measure two and one half inches in width, eight and one half inches in length. Sew on tapes 15 inches long, one on each corner.

Cap for Convalescent

Materials. One and one half skeins or 3 balls of either natural khaki or light grey, one pair No. 5 or medium size amber needles. Cast on 60 sts. (or 18 inches.) Knit plain until work measures 18 inches, sew up, gather one edge and finish with small pom-pom.

Sleeping Cap

Materials. One and one half skeins or three balls of natural khaki or light grey, one pair No. 4 amber needles. Cast on 82 sts. Knit 86 rows of ribs. (k. 2, p. 2). Cast off 32 sts., knit 12 rows. Cast on 32 sts., knit 30 rows, knit plain, narrowing every 6 sts. for 1 row; knit 6 rows, narrowing every 5 sts.; knit 5 rows, narrowing every 4 sts., k. 4 rows, narrowing every 3 sts. and sew up.

This cap may be made on 4 No. 12 steel needles with 100 sts. and knitted round and round like a stocking. May answer for day wear with ribbing turned up.

Bandages of knitting cotton are greatly needed, the work is simple and especially suited to beginners.

Three-Yard Bandages.

Three-ply knitting cotton No. 12, No. 12 steel needles. Cast on 45 sts., knit up three balls of cotton.

Nurse's Mitt

Three-ply knitting cotton No. 6, No. 4 amber needles. Cast on 25 sts.; k. 75 rows fold over and sew up. Considering that the knitted outfit will see hard service and must be replaced from time to time, there is work enough mapped out to keep every woman busy who can report for duty with knitting needles and a ball of wool.

Without slacking up on this main line of work, newspaper and magazine articles of local rather than national interest, may be collected.

For particulars in regard to this work address COMFORT'S Committee, U. S. Navy League, Washington, D. C. who are now planning to supply the men with news from home, in this way.

Waterproof tobacco pouches and COMFORT Kits made of knaki and supplied with safety pins, needles, thimble, buttons, thread, pencils, small pad of paper, etc., can also be made at home for the Christmas boxes.

Any group of women who wish to form a unit of the COMFORT'S Committee have only to write to the U. S. Navy League, 1201, 16th St., N. E., Washington, D. C., or any city in which the League has branch headquarters.

A Twine Bag

Such a bag is always a useful little article and one that has the advantage of not soiling easily and also being attractive can be fashioned of a small bit of pongee, linen or even dish towel. A piece six by twelve inches is a good size. Seam up the ends. The top should be finished with draw string without a frill, bottoms simply gathered up leaving a small opening for the cord, around this working in buttonhole stitch.

Through the center of the bag insert a row of flat crochet of ecru cotton. A simple block pattern for this purpose can be made as follows. Ch. 26 stitches, turn, 1 d. c. in 9th stitch from hook.

1st row.—Ch. 2, sk. 2 chs., 1 d. c. in third st., repeat making 7 sps. in this row. Ch. 5, turn.

2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th rows.—7 sps. each with ch. 5 at end of each row.

6th row.—3 sps., 4 d. c. or 1 blk., 3 sps., ch. 5, turn.

7th row.—2 sps., 10 d. c. or 3 blks., 2 sps., ch. 5, turn.

8th row.—1 sp., 5 blks., 1 sp., ch. 5, turn.

9th row.—2 sps., 3 blks., 2 sps., ch. 5, turn.

10th row.—3 sps., 1 blk., 3 sps., ch. 5, turn.

Now five or more rows of all spaces and then another block. Such a bag as this while most simple, still if nicely finished makes a dainty little gift. The insertion looks pretty over a ball of bright cord and it also serves to show when a new supply is needed.

The same idea and materials can be worked up into a man's handkerchief or collar bag.

round of double with ch. 2, between each for running in the cords.

Christmas Work Bags

In planning gifts for friends this year it is worth while to remember that much of the knitting being done nowadays is on articles which bulk up pretty well as they near completion and therefore while bags of any sort are always welcome gifts, this year the bigger the bag, the better.

Bag of Ribbon in Dandyke Points

The combination of color has much to do with the effectiveness of this bag, which is suitable for small bits of family work or embroidery or one's own belongings.

Its construction is novel but not at all difficult. One and one half yards of six and one



BAG OF RIBBON

half inch Dresden and the same amount of plain satin-faced ribbon will be necessary, with three yards of No. 2 satin for drawing strings.

The bottom is a five and one half cardboard covered circle. Outside Dresden and inside plain ribbon. Fold balance of the Dresden ribbon into seven equal parts. From one selvege cut up into the center of the ribbon as shown in diagram No. 1.

Next overcast selvages of each of these divisions together. That is bring points marked B. and D. together and folding at C. join. Repeat on each division. Then starting at A with the ends of both Dresden and satin ribbon,

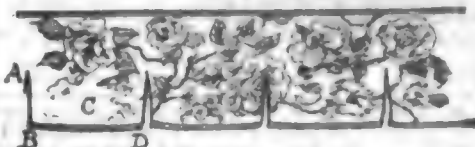


DIAGRAM OF RIBBON BAG. NO. 1.

join the selvege of the plain ribbon to edge represented from A. to B. then into the center again and thus around every point.

When this is complete seam up, sew to bottom, make facing and run in strings.

Useful and Artistic Knitting Bag

This practical bag is made for use and its attractiveness depends entirely upon the mate-



USEFUL KNITTING BAG.

rials used in its construction. Flowered cretonne lined with plain rep is pictured. It measures 13 inches in width by 18 in length.

Creeping Rug

A pretty creeping rug for the baby can be made of double-faced cotton flannel. Animals or dolls can be cross-stitched in a border or in groups. Colored linen or printed cottons for children's books may also be used for these decorations.

Shoe Trees as a Gift

A simple gift which is so useful that it would be appreciated by almost any one is a pair of shoe trees. The kind referred to are those with the heel and toe of wood and joined by a flexible strip of steel. The wood is left uncovered, but the strip joining the two is bound with a half inch wide satin ribbon and finished at the toe end with small bow. The bow and expense of making the little gift is very slight, but the result is a dainty, practical offering.



Tobacco Pouch

The crocheted bag covers an oil silk pouch long enough to allow the top to be rolled over

several times before the top of the cover is drawn up closely with cord and tassels.

A mercerized crochet will be more practical than silk for a bag which will doubtless see hard use. Begin with ch. 4, join in ring, 8 s. c. in ring next round 1 s. c. in first st. then 2 s. c., repeat, next round 1 s. c. in each of 2 sts., 2 s. c. in 3rd st., continue round and round making the work bowl shape. When size is right add about 16 rounds without increasing. Make 1

Months to Pay

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Shows pictures in actual colors of garments made by us. You see exactly how your suit will look. Choose from the remarkable 70 cloth samples of the very best and newest of our styles. All styles are given to you. Get this book even if you are not ready to order now. It is posted on styles and the prices. The Style Book is FREE. Send postcard and get it now.

Stanley Rogers Co.
Dept. 1137,
1015 Jackson Blvd.,
Chicago, Ill.

Send For FREE Book

Style Book

INDOOR TOILET

Sanitary and Odorless on ten days

FREE TRIAL

No Money Down—No Deposit

No more outside back yard inconvenience. No chambers to empty. No sewer or cesspool. Chemical process dissolves human waste in water. No trouble. Kills disease germs. Prevents flies, filth and bad odors of outhouse. A real necessity for old, young or invalids.

Costs 1 Cent a Week to Operate per Person.

Place in any room, hall or closet. No trouble to install. Guaranteed sanitary and odorless. Endorsed by thousands of users, doctors, sanitary experts, health boards, etc. **AGENTS WANTED.**

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502 Kaw-near Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

BIG ELECTRIC FLASHLIGHT

WITH DOUBLE CELL BATTERY FREE

Genuine Electric Flashlight, nickel trimmed, 6-12 inches long, 1-1/4 inch head, thick lens, 2 cell Delta battery, electric bulb, sliding contact switch, ALL FREE for selling 25 sets Colored Cards and Xmas Novelties at 10 cts. a set.

BLUINE MFG. CO.,
304 Mill St., Concord Jct., Mass.

FREE TALKING MACHINE AND RECORD

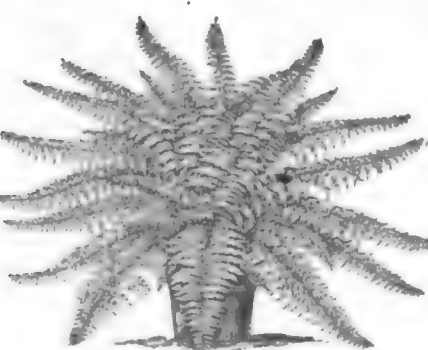
Reproduces both vocal and instrumental music. Plays Columbia or Victor Records. Machine with records FREE for selling 25 sets. Xmas Post Cards at 10c. When sold return \$2 and machine and record are yours.

RECORD CO.
Box — 819 Greenville, Pa.

FREE WATCH and 10 YEAR GUARANTEE

Ladies or Gent This Model. Many valuable prizes for selling 25 Art and Religious PICTURES at 10c each. Order pictures at once. We give moving picture machines GAIN MFG. CO., Dept. 401, CHICAGO, ILL.

Four Beautiful Ferns



PREMIUM NO. 6112

Given For Two Subscriptions

Of all indoor foliage plants, none give more lasting pleasure and satisfaction than these popular house ferns. They need but little care and live indefinitely, growing larger and more beautiful year by year. The collection offered you here comprise four of the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for house culture. They are the *Asparagus Plumosus* or "Lace" fern, the *Roosevelt*, the *Boston* or "Fountain" fern and the *Whitmanii* or "Ostrich plume" fern. They will thrive in any dwelling room near a window and require almost no attention except a little sprinkling of water now and then. These ferns are guaranteed to be absolutely free from all injurious insects or diseases which destroy foliage plants of this type, and they will be packed carefully and mailed to you by Parcel Post so that you will be sure to receive them in just as good condition as though they were fresh from the greenhouse. We are able to illustrate only one variety, "The Roosevelt," but remember you get all four ferns free on this offer.

Club Offer For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you by Parcel Post prepaid the above described collection of four beautiful ferns each one of them strong, healthy, well-rooted plant ready to pot and guaranteed to grow and develop into a fine specimen beauty. Premium No. 6112.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The MODERN FARMER

This department, which is conducted by eminent specialists and experts in the various branches of agricultural science and practical, business farming, will keep our readers posted on the latest scientific discoveries and teach them the best methods of operating in order to obtain GREATER FARM PROFITS AND BETTER HOME LIVING.

Any COMFORT subscriber can have the advice of our Agricultural Staff free on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying. The answers will be printed in this department and will be interesting and instructive to all who are concerned in farming.

Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

Kitchen Window Garden

WHY not grow a garden in your kitchen window? This is the way it may be done.

Make a box about eight inches deep and a foot or more in width, according to space, and as long as the window is wide. If there is a double window on the south side of the room so much the better. Should the kitchen not be so located as to have a sunny window of course some other window will have to be used. This box should be set in tin or galvanized iron bottom at least two inches deep to catch the drainage water. Several holes should be bored in the bottom of the box to provide for this drainage. A coat of paint will add greatly to the appearance of the box. The box may be supported by brackets or on a table or stand made especially for the purpose.

First place a layer of small stones over the bottom of the box and cover with excelsior or straw an inch deep. Fill the box to within an inch of the top with fine garden soil, such as would be used for house plants, and you are ready for planting.

Now transfer to this window garden roots of parsley that was grown in the garden during summer and you will have a fine garnish all winter. Onions may be grown from sets and lettuce from seed in this garden, as well as flowers from bulbs.

Plants grown in this window garden should be watered and cared for exactly as house plants grown in pots in the house.

Alcohol from Sawdust

For several years government experimenters have been at work on methods of producing fuel for gas engines from cheap or waste products of the farm. It is now possible to produce a fuel that will run an internal combustion engine from hay, straw, corn-stalks, sugar-cane refuse, sugar beet pulp or sawdust, as well as potatoes or corn. At present prices of farm crops, however, it does not pay to make alcohol from grain or potatoes, but as soon as the methods and machinery are perfected it will be possible to convert hitherto waste products into valuable fuel.

One difficulty that remains to be overcome is the making of a type of carburetor that will vaporize alcohol as readily as it now does gasoline. When these things are done the farmer will "raise his own fuel."

How to Keep Vegetables for Winter Use

People who live in cities find a good deal of difficulty in keeping vegetables in cellars. The reason is that the modern house, heated as it is with some sort of furnace in the basement, has too warm a cellar. Vegetables will not keep well either in too warm or too dry a storage room and the average city basement is both too warm and too dry. For houses heated with stoves the cellar is usually an ideal storage place for vegetables.

PROVIDE VENTILATION FIRST.—The first thing to provide in any storage house is some good system of ventilation. This means opportunity for free circulation of air. It is not necessary that the air be kept flowing through at all times, but it is important that as uniform a temperature as possible be maintained. Forty degrees above zero is about right. When the temperature rises above this the ventilators should be opened and the air changed. Fresh cool air should be admitted and the warm air drawn off. In ventilating care should be taken not to cool the cellar so much as to freeze the vegetables. When the temperature has fallen to 40 degrees again the pipes should be closed.

A THERMOMETER NECESSARY.—For good results in storage a thermometer should be hung in the center of the storeroom and be carefully watched. When the mercury runs high the air should be changed, as already described, and the thermometer watched to prevent cooling the cellar too much. The same is true whatever kind of storeroom is used.

HOW TO FIX AIR PIPES.—The pipe for admitting cold air should open near the floor; the one for drawing off warm air should open near the ceiling. Both should be provided with dampers to completely close them. In severe weather they may be still further stopped off with old rags at both ends. An ordinary six-inch stove pipe or a box made from six-inch fence boards is about the right size. It is a poor plan to try to ventilate through windows and doors. The air changes so rapidly that the temperature is apt to fall too low and freezing will result.

VEGETABLES REQUIRING RATHER WARM DRY STORAGE.—Beans, peas, popcorn and onions require rather warm dry storage. The attic is the best place for them if it is warm enough to keep the onions from freezing. Onions grow best in cool, damp weather and if stored under these conditions may start to grow in storage. It is for this reason that it is best to store onions in a rather warm and very dry place. Beans, peas and popcorn mold easily in cool, moist air and molding spoils their power to germinate and grow.

HOW TO PREPARE ONIONS FOR STORAGE.—Onions must be well dried when placed in storage. They should be pulled and left on the ground to dry before they are picked up, and the tops removed before they are placed in storage. The best way to store large quantities is to put them in bushel boxes with slat sides so that the air can circulate freely through the boxes. If many bushels are to be stored in this way a large, well-ventilated and heated onion house especially constructed for storing onions should be used.

PREPARING ROOTS FOR STORAGE.—All roots for storage should be clean. This means that they should not be pulled or dug in wet or muddy weather. They should have the tops removed but not cut too closely to store well. Beets will "bleed" if tops are cut too close. The "slat onion box" is a good receptacle for all roots. The smaller the quantity placed together the better they will usually keep. It is an old adage that "one rotten apple spoils the barrel" and the

same principle applies to roots. The essential things, however, to be remembered are: keep the cellar or storehouse cool and dry, but not too dry, and store only clean, whole, sound roots. Before storage, all unripe, bruised, broken cull, diseased or injured roots should be discarded. They will not keep and they will help spoil the rest.

STORING APPLES.—Apples may be kept in good condition in the root cellar. It must be remembered that the first step in the storage of apples is to be taken at the tree. Unripe, bruised, diseased, scabby or wormy apples or those injured in any way will not keep. Hence all apples for storing must be hand picked. They must not be dropped from the picking basket into sacks and rolled around on the wagon and thrown down the cellar hole. No. Such apples cannot keep. From tree to storage they must be handled with the greatest of care. It is better if each apple is wrapped separately in a piece of tissue paper and packed in box or barrel in which they are to be stored.

STORING IN PITS.—Storing in pits is the pioneer method. For vegetables that are to be kept until spring this gives good results, the disadvantage being the danger from freezing if it is necessary to open the pit during winter. The usual way to store in a pit is to dig a hole in the ground at some elevated place where the drainage is good and there is no danger of water getting into the pit. The hole is made from one to two feet deep and the bottom covered with straw about six inches thick. Potatoes or vegetables prepared as for storage in the cellar, are placed in the pit, a layer of straw about a foot thick spread over them and the whole covered with the dirt that was removed in digging the pit. This should make a layer of earth over the straw at least a foot thick.

STORING CABBAGE.—Cabbages to be stored in pits are pulled, a few of the outside leaves removed and stored head down and roots up. The pit is prepared and covered the same as for other vegetables. For storing in cellars two methods are followed with good results. One is to pull, remove outside leaves and hang up in the cellar by a string tied to the roots. The other is to remove all outside leaves and the roots, preparing the head as for market, and store on shelves made of slats, each layer of cabbage on a separate shelf. For large quantities special storage houses should be provided.

THE USE OF THE SAND BOX.—There are many advocates of the sand box, which may be used with satisfaction in a limited way. The method is to provide a large and rather shallow box and enough moist—neither wet nor dry—sand. A layer of sand is placed in the bottom of the box, next a layer of vegetables, then another layer of sand and so on until the box is filled. If the sand is kept moist and the box is placed in the coolest part of the cellar, vegetables may be kept in this way, even in furnace heated houses, in fairly good condition all winter.

Storing Dried Fruits and Vegetables

If dried fruits and vegetables are to keep, two things must be kept constantly in mind:

FIRST: STORE IN A PERFECTLY DRY CONDITION.—Just before storing place dried material in large dripping pans so that it may be spread out in thin layer and heat in the oven for a few moments to drive off any moisture that may remain. Then store immediately.

SECOND: STORE IN PERFECTLY TIGHT CONTAINERS.—If perfectly tight containers are not used flies will get in and lay their eggs and "worms" will result. It is important to keep all insects out, hence containers should be perfectly tight. Glass cans with covers screwed tightly down make good containers. Paper bags with opening pasted up or tied perfectly tight so that it is impossible for insects to get in, are good. Tight cloth sacks may be used but not so good as paper. Special paper boxes made expressly for storing food stuffs are now on the market and may be had at small cost, but whatever kind of package is used, it is well to remember that it must be perfectly tight and that its contents must be perfectly dry if they are expected to keep.

Hog Killing Time

When November comes with its cold weather or December makes us think of Christmas and

HOOSIER STOVES & RANGES FREE

To try in your home 30 days free no matter where you live. Show your friends, send it back at our expense if you do not want to keep it. Million members of families enjoying the comforts and pleasures of "Hoosier" Stoves & Ranges, perfect bakers and heaters, beautifully finished, smooth latest design, guaranteed for years.

Write for our big free book showing photographs, describing large assortment of sizes and designs of Steel and Cast Ranges, Cooks, Sinks and Hard Coal Stoves, in select from, explaining our free trial. Send postal today.

HOOSIER STOVE CO.
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Only \$2 Down One Year to Pay!

\$29 Buys the New Butterfly Jr. No. 2. Light running, easy cleaning, close skimming, durable. Guaranteed a lifetime. Sinks 35 quarts per hour. Made also in larger sizes up to No. 5 shown here.

30 Days' Free Trial Earns its own cost and more by what it saves in cream. Postal brings free catalog, folder and direct from factory offer. Buy from the manufacturer and save money.

ALBAUGH-DOVER CO. (INC.)
2154 Marshall Blvd., CHICAGO

Its good cheer the hogs that have been specially fattening to supply meat for the farmer's table have to be slaughtered and dire and heart rending are the screams of agony that come from the killing place. Let those sad sounds remind our readers that often there is much thoughtless and unnecessary cruelty in this killing business. Men have done the work so long and in the old-fashioned way that they do not take kindness and humanity into consideration, for the reason that in many instances it has not been brought to their attention. Let us give such men and all who slaughter animals one standard rule to remember and it is this: Every animal that has to be killed to supply man with meat deserves to be made unconscious before its throat is cut. Stun or shoot the hog before letting its blood. Stun or pith the ox before using the knife. Do not scald the hog while alive. These may appear unnecessary reminders; but that is not the fact. Many a hog goes into the scalding barrel before the breath of life is out of its body and who shall say what suffering results. Has not every farm reader of this paper heard the agonizing squealing of the pig that has had its throat cut and then is allowed to bleed to death? Certainly he has; then let there be no more of such cruelty. It is unnecessary. Let us be humane and decent and try to have others, private and public, do slaughtering work humanely.

The Apple Tree Agent

The nursery agent books his orders early. He must do this in order to make prompt shipment at the time of spring delivery. He is even now abroad in the land. Doubtless he will make you a call. Are you ready for him?

BUY FROM RELIABLE NURSERYMEN.—In the first place, no one should buy fruit trees except from men representing nurseries with an established reputation. Such a reputation is obtained from honest advertising and always living up to it. It is through advertising that most

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

SAW YOUR WOOD

KUDS EASY No Backache weights only 45 lbs. **SAWS DOWN TREES** EARLY CALLED

With a FOLDING SAWING MACHINE, 9 CORDS BY ONE MAN in 10 hours. Send for free catalog No. 15 showing low prices and latest improvements. First order secure agency. Folding Sawing Mach. Co., 161 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

EARN \$1 TO \$2 A DAY AT HOME

Help to meet the big demand for Hosiery for us and your Home trade. Industrious persons provided with profitable, all-year-round employment on Auto-Knitters. Experience and distance immaterial. Write for particulars, rates of pay etc. Send 2 cents in stamps.

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The world's great farm and creamery shoe. Water-proof, rust-proof, light and durable. Warm in winter, cool in summer. Best by test, and you pay less. A postal brings free catalog.

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FREE Beautiful Book About Taxidermy

Learn at home by mail how to taxidermy birds, animals, tan skins. Be a taxidermist. Delightful art easily learned by men and women. Decorate homes and make big profits. Wonderful new art. Write today for this beautiful Free Book and see how easy it is to learn.

N. W. Sch. of Taxidermy, 2042 Grand Ave., Omaha, Neb.

BIG FREE

Lever Action Air Rifle Free for selling 20 pkgs. Art and Religious Post Cards at 10c. Fast Sellers.

UNIVERSAL SUPPLY CO., Dept. 102, Lewiston, Maine.

ALL THIS JEWELRY FREE

This beautiful Gold plated Pendant (set with a large imported French Turquoise) and Neck Chain, also a lovely large Pink Cameo Brooch in Gold plated setting, also a handsomely engraved Gold plated Bracelet, also a pair of Cat Jet Pierced Earrings, now so popular, and these 4 Gold plated Rings. We give ABSOLUTELY FREE these 8 guaranteed Gold plated pieces of Jewelry for selling only 15 of our fast-selling Jewelry Novelties at 10c. each. We trust you and take back all not sold. Address T. S. Dale Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I.

Premium No. 73210 Soft Warm Bed Blankets

Sent Prepaid For A Club Of Ten

THIS IS an offer which no good housewife can afford to overlook. It is your opportunity to secure as many large comfortable bed blankets as you may need without a cent of expense. These fine double blankets are six feet in length extremely well made and finely finished. The color is white or gray with border. Please notice that they are large enough for any standard size bed being of sufficient length to come up well on the pillow and wide enough so that they may be snugly tucked in at the sides. This is in reality one of the best bargains in a premium we have ever offered due to the fact that we buy these blankets in large quantities direct from the mill at a specially low price and therefore are enabled to offer them for a very small club of subscriptions. When you think of this big warm blanket on your bed or lying on a closet shelf ready for use when wanted, we believe that you will want to start a club at once for the sake of securing one or more of them free of all cost to you. We will gladly send you one or more of these splendid blankets upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one of these fine double bed blankets free by Parcel Post prepaid. Prem. No. 73210.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Infantile Paralysis

made it impossible for this boy to stand, so he crawled on hands and knees. Four and a half months' treatment at the McLain Sanitarium "put him on his feet." Read his parents' letter:

We are pleased and very thankful for the improvement our boy has made. He came to the McLain Sanitarium March 22, 1917, he crawled on his hands and knees. After four and one-half months' treatment he can stand erect and walk without crutches or braces. Will be pleased to answer letters concerning what you have done for our boy.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. D. Spaldet
Hannoverton, Ohio

FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Cerebral Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Hip Disease, Wry Neck, etc., especially as found in children and young adults. Our books "Deformities and Paralysis," also "Book of References," free on request.

The McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium
990 Aubert Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Total cost only \$7.50 by 7 MONTHS TIME

to prove to you that this magnificent Royal has the sweetest, purest, loudest and clearest tone to prove to you that it is as large and handsome as the trust machines that sell at \$25.00—

to prove to you that it has the strongest motor, the best reproducer and tone arm and the most ingenious device to start, stop and control the music, shipped with a supply of 10 inch double records of your selection, so you can enjoy the finest entertainment for one whole month. Return the outfit AT OUR EXPENSE

If for any reason you do not wish to keep it. Drop a postal card to our list of unsolicited testimonials.

record book and other literature. They are free.

S. H. DAVIS, 62-P 6101 May St., CHICAGO

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WATCH, RING GIVEN

AND CHAIN. We positively fire a genuine American Stone Watch and Set Watch, beautifully designed case, warranted 5-year guarantee; Sparkling Set or Chain Ring of 14 or 18 karat gold (for setting 24 of our easy to set jewelry articles) for each.

Where sold send \$2.40 we'll send Watch & Ring, Ladies' or Gent's. Style chain, Home Supply Co., Dept. 402, Chicago, Ill.

GENUINE PREMO CAMERA FREE

Roll film, or choice of Electric Flashlight or Mirror, or both from our large list of prizes. One given for mailing 50 pages. For cards or 50 Replies and Art Photos at 10c each, your choice. Order today.

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Automatic Fibre Limbs

Easy Payment. No Return. Best. State Same Length Above or Below Knee. FREE FIBRE SAMPLE. WORMAN CO. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FREE BOYS AIR-RIFLE

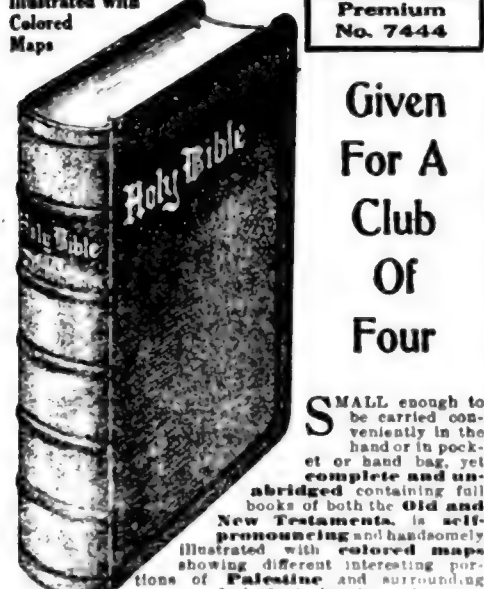
This fine Rifle free for sending only 15 pieces of our COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO., Dept. 74 East Boston, Mass.

Self-Pronouncing Bible

Illustrated with Colored Maps

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Given For A Club Of Four



SMALL enough to be carried conveniently in the hand or in pocket or hand bag, yet complete and unabridged, containing full books of both the Old and New Testaments, is self-pronouncing and handsomely illustrated with colored maps showing different interesting portions of Palestine and surrounding country. It is 5 1/2 inches long, 3 1/2 inches wide and one inch thick, beautifully bound in black leatherette and contains over a thousand pages, finely printed, handsomely and durably bound, and absolutely refined and perfect in every detail. We will send to any address this self-pronouncing Bible exactly as illustrated and described upon the terms of the following special Club Offer.

For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this Bible free by mail postpaid. Premium No. 7444. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Mrs. C. S. S. Three Oaks, Mich.—The Huetteman & Crane Co., one Mack Ave., Detroit, Mich., are manufacturers of ice-making machinery. Write to them. If they have not what you want, they can tell you where you can get it.

H. B. W. Frisior, Ky.—The genuine Oriental ruby is found in Burma, British Assam, China, and in several localities in Siam. The Siam stones are darker in color than those of Burma. Rubies of inferior quality have also been mined near Kabul in Afghanistan, and in lower India. Australia has yielded a few stones. In this country, rubies of pale color have been found in Montana, and some in Macon county, N. C. Rubies must be distinguished from garnets, which are softer stones, having a lower specific gravity, and are far less beautiful in color and brilliancy.

Interested, Fairland, Okla.—The addresses of the Soldiers' Homes you ask for are as follows: Lafayette, Ind.; Marshalltown, Iowa; Madison, Ohio; and another at Nantuxley in the same state.

Mrs. E. W. M. Cobbs Creek, Va.—Write to the editors of "Retail Druggist," Detroit, Mich. and to "National Druggist," St. Louis, Mo., and ask them if they can give you the address of the firm which manufactures the patent medicine you mention. You could then order it direct.

L. L. E. Whistler, Ala.—Paula Schindler, afterward to be known as Mother Shipton, was born in 1486, during the reign of Henry the Seventh, at Knaresborough, England. After a childhood of which many strange tales are told, she married Tony Shipton, a poor man, who is said to have helped to defeat by her mysterious powers. In the days of Henry the Eighth her reputation as a prophetess became so great that she was visited by lords, dukes and cardinals who sought her for her oracular utterances. She made, during her long career as a sibyl, many prophecies, some of which were remarkably fulfilled. About twenty three of her predictions are authenticated and well known. Among these are: The downfall of Cardinal Wolsey, the Great Plague and the Great Fire of London, the execution of Lady Jane Gray, and many events during the reign of Mary and Elizabeth, and the time of Cromwell. Her most famous prophecy and the one so often quoted, is in part as follows:

"Carriages without horses shall go,

And accidents fill the world with woe.

Around the world thoughts shall fly

In the twinkling of an eye.

Through the hills men shall ride

And no horse or ass be by their side.

Under water men shall walk,

Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.

In the air men shall be seen

In white, in black, in green.

Iron in the water shall float

As easy as a wooden shoe.

Taxes for blood and for war

Shall come to every door.

The world then to an end shall come

In Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-one."

She died in 1561 after having predicted the time of her death.

Miss S. W. Bellala, Mo.—No one can tell you so well about a home or sanitarium suitable for a rheumatic invalid as can a physician in your own vicinity. Here in far-off Maine we might refer you to an institution suitable neither to your exact condition nor to your available means. Ask your own, or someone else's doctor, and follow his advice.

Wm. D. Jr., New Castle, Pa.—Here is a COMFORT reader who is trying to locate a poem called, as he remembers, either "The Lost Soul," "The Lost Spirit," or "The Land Where None Remember." We are unable to identify it as poem, and perhaps some COMFORT reader may be able to tell the verses needed, and send the true title and author's name to this department. All of our subscribers should stand ready to lend each other a helping hand, and we are sure they do.

Mrs. A. H. Douglas, Ga.—You should be able to obtain artificial ferns and palms at the department stores of any large city. You might send a letter of inquiry to the Artificial Flowers Decorating Co., 1545 Broadway, New York City.

Mrs. R. F. H. Womelsdorf, Pa.—There is a ready sale for walnut lumber, for many uses such as furniture, gun stocks, musical instruments, etc. Inquire of city lumber dealers and furniture merchants. Your trees are of good size and should prove valuable.

Miss A. D. Thayer, Mo.—Send your inquiry for the same to be directed to the Chas. H. Ditson Co., 5 West 14th street, New York City, or to the A. W. Tams, Music Library, 1600 Broadway, in the same city.

Gouldie Locke, Apponaug, R. I.—Even the Kaiser would smile if he read your letter saying you did not know what the national song was, and that you wanted us to publish it in COMFORT so that you could play it on your harp. We suggest that you just go into some Rhode Island school-room and listen to the children sing "The Star Spangled Banner" and recite the pledge to the Flag.

Mrs. Mary P. Auburn, N. J.—Yes, there is "a lot of red tape" involved in procuring a patent, and unless you are sure you have an invention that can be profitably developed, we do not advise your endeavoring to secure one. It is the business of patent attorneys to help in the obtaining of a patent in the same manner that pension attorneys aid in gaining a pension. You need not hesitate in writing to COMFORT's advertisers—or if you insist on playing a lone hand, write to the Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C.

A Subscriber, Eagleville, Mo.—We do not know how deep or of how long standing is the scar on your face which you write about. Such marks are seldom absolutely removed, but they are sometimes made less objectionable by massage. Ask your doctor about this.

Miss C. P. Lincoln, Neb.—What magazines would buy photos of your making, would depend on what they might need and the subjects you had to offer. The only way you could find out would be by writing to the publishers and submitting what you desire to sell—enclosing postage for the return of your prints, which should be guaranteed ones. (2) One can learn movie work by studying the big film companies in some of their productions, but if you can get a job. There are studios for the production of movie plays in all the big cities, and these are busy throughout the year. There are several companies centered about Hollywood, Cal., who go their out of door scenery on a large scale and realize it. You could do nothing about obtaining work with these companies only by personal application, as you are not a professional and without experience, and a letter would meet with no consideration.

Allice James, R. R. 3, Miami, Okla., writes that she is desirous of purchasing walnut lumber, and would pay good prices for any offered from Missouri, Arkansas, Oklahoma or neighboring states. Many COMFORT subscribers have been inquiring about disposing of walnut logs, and now here is a chance to sell some. Take notice and get busy.

M. Y. Sturgille, N. C.—This department knows of no such old age pension law having been passed.

Possibly the subject may have been agitated in your state. Inquire of your county clerk.

K. A. Aspinwall, Ark., Neb., desires to obtain a second hand copy of "Around the World on Wheels," a book published in 1899 after first appearing in the Sunday and weekly issues of the Chicago "Inter Ocean." Can any of our readers give aid? The book describes the experiences of Dr. and Mrs. H. D. McIlraith who cycled around the world as correspondents for the "Inter Ocean."

The Girl He Loved

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

clothes if I gave them to her, and I've no desire to part with them. I don't care to interview her, either. She does hate me so!" for her ladyship's wits at least were young still, whatever her eyes might be.

"I must do the best I can," she said thoughtfully; and there alone in the little rose-colored room did a young thing, her Lady Annesley, not for a woman who loved her dead husband's child. She took a lady's fan from her pocket and slipped it in a note quickly written and addressed to her stepdaughter. It was a simple little effort enough, saying merely that she had received from the duchess an invitation for Tom and Ravenel to spend a month with her in London and would accept for them with pleasure if they cared to go.

"As for going," it ran, "I will do the best I can for you, but as that may be small just now, I send you this ring, which you can wear or turn into money, as you choose. It is one your father gave me. I would send for you to talk over your frocks, but my neuralgia is terrific today."

She rang for Adams to deliver the note and waited for her to come back with a curious anxiety. It looked well to be generous, but she hated giving away her rubies. It seemed half a year before the maid returned with—yes—with a note!

Lady Annesley tore it open, and her strained lips grew triumphant. She had been generous at no cost whatever.

"Thank you very much!"—Ravenel had written with furious haste, having no mind for any more of her ladyship's gifts—"but I don't want to keep your ring. I send it back in this. You had better wear it yourself."

That was absolutely all. Lady Annesley slipped her recovered ring on her finger.

"You can go, Adams," she said carelessly. But when she was alone she laughed a laugh that showed her gums.

"I'll have my house in town," she gasped. "You're a clever man, Levalloin, but you'll never know who is helping me to get you married. I'll take care that you go on thinking me a fool. But to make Hester Murray help to get you—It's too good!" She wiped her eyes where she sat helpless with laughter.

"Hester!" she murmured, "of all people."

CHAPTER VIII.

"A BIT OF THE TRUTH."

The Duchess of Avonmore was worried. She had carried her point and walked off Tom Annesley's children to her big town house in Park Lane. She had given Ravenel such dresses as her own pieces would have sold their souls for, had done her best to make each day more pleasant than the last, and the only result was that one fine morning she sat alone with Ravenel, absolutely at a loss.

Sir Thomas was perfectly happy, new clothes and a horse to ride having made his countenance shine as the sun. But Ravenel! the poor duchess sighed.

The girl was pathetically grateful for the benefits showered on her, and showed a clinging affection for the duchess that came near to bringing the tears to that good woman's eyes; but there was no happiness in her face. She went everywhere; she was gay as if by an effort that sapped her strength, for each day she grew paler, her lovely lips more hard set. There was neither elation nor triumph in her eyes when women envied her or men admired her.

"Most girls would be off their heads with pleasure," reflected the duchess. "That woman must have broken her spirit somehow. I wish I could find out what ails her."

Tommy could have enlightened her, but he had been sworn to keep his mouth shut. And in the dark the poor duchess did the very worst thing possible.

"Ravenel," she said cheerfully, "here's an invitation for you, Mrs. Murray wants you to lunch with her today. She is a great friend of mine—poor little woman! She will cheer you up."

"I don't need it," with a grateful glance. She would rather have stayed with Tommy, but the duchess did not like her plans gained.

Ravenel, getting out of the carriage at the door of Mrs. Murray's small house in Eaton Place, stood on the doorstep just long enough for her pale-pink gown to catch the eye of a man lounging at a window in the opposite house.

"Humph!" said Lord Levalloin curiously. "what's the meaning of this? Nothing, I suppose, but that Grace Avonmore's an idiot!"

He watched the girl in and rang for his servant.

"I'll lunch up here, Lacy," he said curtly, "and I'm not at home to visitors."

At that moment Ravenel stood in a small room so full of flowers and pale silk cushions that she wondered why the duchess had said Mrs. Murray was poor. Even Ravenel Annesley saw the money that had been lavished in that luxurious drawing-room.

Mrs. Murray rose to greet her. She had every reason to oblige Lady Annesley by being civil to her stepdaughter. Sylvia was a poor friend and a good enemy, and Mrs. Murray's footing in smart society was precarious enough. Little did the duchess imagine how much her countenance did for "Bob Murray's poor wife." Without it people might have said for "poor Bob Murray's wife."

"My dear Miss Annesley," she said, and was nearly overwhelmed at the dazzling beauty of the girl—"this is too good of you. I have been longing to see you, but I have been so unlucky."

"It is very kind of you to have me. The duchess is busy today," and no one would have known the voice and manner for Ravenel's.

Something in the air of the room seemed choking her, something cried loudly in her ear that the very pains of death lay waiting for her at the hands of this small, dainty woman with the clear blue eyes and pink cheeks.

"She is so energetic," Mrs. Murray laughed wonderingly. "I don't know how she does it. I hope you won't be bored lunching alone with me. The duchess said we might go to the Hurlingham afterward," where Mrs. Murray in the Avonmore carriage would sail serenely over her detractors.

"Whatever you like," Ravenel looked at the slight figure of her hostess in an innocent fawn-colored gown, and wondered why she did not like her. Lord Levalloin could have told her, but so far he had not shown himself on the Avonmore



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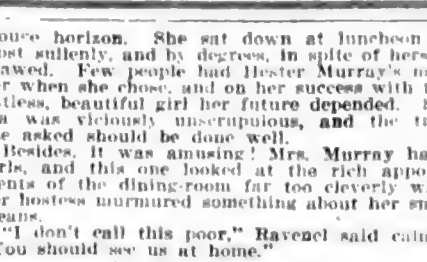
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House horizon. She sat down at luncheon almost silently, and by degrees, in spite of herself, thawed. Few people had Hester Murray's manner when she chose, and on her success with this listless, beautiful girl her future depended. Sylvia was viciously unscrupulous, and the title she asked should be done well.

Besides, it was amusing! Mrs. Murray hated girls, and this one looked at the rich appointments of the dining-room far too cleverly when her hostess murmured something about her small means.

"I don't call this poor," Ravenel said calmly. "You should see us at home."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)



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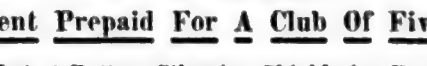
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How to Trap Skunk, Civet, Raccoon and Opossum

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THE skunk and civet cat are easy to take. They seem to have no fear of springing a bright, new trap that is not concealed. While, therefore, it is not necessary to conceal sets for this animal, I would advise doing so, as one can thus often take a wandering mink or raccoon.

To conceal land sets, one should scoop out a hole large enough so that the jaws are just below the surface. If fine material is employed, such as dirt and rotten wood it is best to place a wad of cotton or wool under the pen so nothing can get under it and interfere with the action when sprung. Always use a covering natural to the place, that is dead leaves when sets are made in dead leaves; green grass when sets are made on green grass, etc. In cold weather, line the excavation with dry material such as leaves, etc., before arranging the set to prevent the trap from freezing to the ground. Traps so placed must be examined from time to time and the bed of dry material changed.

There are usually several skunks or civet cats in each den. While sets may be arranged at the mouths of burrows, I prefer to use baited traps placed in the immediate vicinity of the burrows. One may thus take several skunks and civets in a single night from a single burrow.

Build small V-shaped pens in the vicinity of the burrows. Use bloody meat for a decoy, covered with a small quantity of grass so that it is hidden from crows and hawks. Guard the lure with one or more traps.

I have found that good results may be obtained when small excavations are dug and a Kangaroo or Jump trap is concealed on top of a piece of meat. The animals in digging for the decoy will be caught.

Warm, moonlight nights are best for taking the two fur bearers mentioned. They are more active at this time and den up, generally speaking, when the weather gets real cold.

Some who are starting to trap for the first time will have trouble in locating occupied dens; you can learn to tell them by the general appearance—if the entrance seems used, if there are tracks about and droppings,—but a surer method is to reach into the den as far as possible and take up a handful or two of dirt. In this dirt, if the den is used by the skunk or civet, will generally be found long black, black and white, or white hair.

When employing meat for bait, remember it will attract dogs and cats also. Baited sets, therefore, ought not to be made too close to human habitation.

The beginner, no doubt, will hesitate to trap both the skunk and civet because of the odor. With care, however, they may be taken with little inconvenience. When an animal is taken in a trap and is alive, do not excite it more than is necessary. A small caliber rifle or pistol is best to employ for killing. Shoot the animals just back of the head so that the bullets cut the spine and paralyze it.

When shooting fur bearers, remember that holes in the pelt—back or belly—affect the values of the skins. If possible, shoot so the bullets range from the back of the head downward, out the neck.

Should a skin be "stunk up" or some of the odor get on the clothes, it may be removed by thoroughly washing, one or more times, in gasoline. Do this outdoors and be sure to let the vapor evaporate thoroughly before taking it indoors, otherwise there is danger from fire.

The raccoon and opossum are much harder to take than either the skunk or civet cat, as their animal instinct is better developed. Unless the novice makes his sets in water, he is liable to have some difficulty in taking many pelts.

The raccoon is very strong, considering its size. I should recommend nothing smaller than a Number 1½ trap. Further, fasten all traps in deep water when able to do it and avoid the use of small takes also. The 'coon frequently when caught will gnaw its way loose. My method of fastening traps for this fur bearer is to wire them to rocks, etc., weighing from twenty to twenty-five pounds each, which cannot be dragged off. For the opossum, however, it is optional whether one employs the Number 1 or 1½.

When tracks of the 'coon are found—even the beginner cannot mistake them for they resemble very closely the imprint of a baby's foot—build a small three-sided pen of rocks or sticks in shallow water not too far from shore. In the back part of this place a bait, guarding it with one or more concealed traps. When making sets of this kind it is best to leave as few signs as possible.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

The Girl He Loved

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

"Oh, I try not to look poor!" sweetly. "I really manage my poor Bob's income very well. I am quite proud of my housekeeping."

She had excellent reason, for drunken Bob Murray's uncertain income paid the bills. Every one—but the duchess—knew it did not, but no one was clever enough to know just what did. If Sylvia were displeased all London would know—and more besides. Mrs. Murray rose gracefully from the luncheon-table.

"It is a crime for you to be poor," she said with pretty flattery, "for a middle-aged person like me it doesn't so much matter; though I don't know," sighing. "Physical comfort makes up for a good many sorrows."

"I don't think so," Ravenel, with every wish gratified and a raging pain at her heart, could not keep back the cry.

"You will some day," musingly. "But, my dear girl, don't let us moralize! I will go and put on my hat. Perhaps you can amuse yourself till I come back."

There was a glass over the mantelpiece, and under it a long row of framed photographs. Mechanically, as soon as she was alone, Ravenel looked to see if her big black hat were straight. Even misery does not allow a girl to go about with a crooked hat.

But after the first glance at the crowded mantelpiece, where gold and silver and ivory frames jostled each other, she took no more thought to her apparel.

In front of her, staring her in the face, was a likeness of Adrian Gordon. She had no photograph of him and this strange woman had. The girl's throat thickened—filled.

He had played with her, thrown her over, made her a laughing-stock to herself; yet his pictured face sickened her with longing. She could have followed him through the world, just to see him sometimes, never even asking to speak to him. In a passion of despair she seized the photograph and kissed it as she had never kissed Adrian Gordon in life.

"Adrian," she whispered, "there must have been something I didn't know to make you leave

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

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The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

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BUY FROM NEARBY DEALERS.—If you live in Maine don't send to California for your stock, or if in Michigan don't buy from a Georgia dealer. In other words your trees should have been produced under climatic and soil conditions similar to your own; hence they should seldom be brought from far-off states. On the whole you will succeed better if you buy from reliable dealers located in your own or a neighboring state.

DON'T BUY SCRUB STOCK.—In nursery stock the cheapest trees are usually the dearest. They are "scrub" stock and are sold cheap because they are "scrubs." No reliable dealer will sell you scrub stock at a cheap price without telling you that it is scrub stock. Unscrupulous dealers often make such sales on the ground of price alone. By all means buy good trees neither too young nor too old; two or three years being the best.

BUY THE RIGHT VARIETIES.—Be sure you get varieties that will do well, or have already succeeded in your locality. Because the tree is high priced and comes from a reliable dealer is no sign that it may not be a very poor tree for you to purchase. Right here is where reliable information is needed; hence the one who intends purchasing fruit trees this winter should not buy on the "spur of the moment" but study up on the question and be ready with this information when the tree agent calls at the door.

DON'T MAKE COSTLY EXPERIMENTS.—If we never tried new varieties we would never make any progress; hence it is always a good plan to try something new. But don't depend on it. Depend on old reliable varieties for the main part of the order and try new stock only on a limited scale. Often we can learn much about these new varieties from books, bulletins, catalogs and from our neighbors who have tried them. Much of the money spent for the new stuff is wasted; hence in making out our fruit tree orders we should "go slow" on the new and the wholly unknown but should not necessarily avoid them altogether. Just "go slow," that's all.

Paper Sausage Cases

Sausage cases are now made from paper. These cases are as tough and strong as those obtained from the intestines of animals and are much nicer to use for home-made sausage. When put up in these cases and smoked the same as is often done with bologna or summer sausage, the contents will keep well for several weeks.

The Questions and Answers constitutes one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our readers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming.

Questions and Answers

EFFECT OF CARBON BISULPHIDE.—In August COMFORT you advise the use of carbon bisulphide to destroy weevils in beans. Will beans treated in this way be rendered unfit for food? Or will they be suitable for cooking after the carbon bisulphide treatment? I have a lot of dry beans and am truly glad for an effective remedy to keep the weevils out. We have taken COMFORT for years and could hardly do without it.

A.—The beans will be all right for food. Carbon bisulphide is a liquid somewhat resembling gasoline in that it evaporates very rapidly, leaves no residue behind and its fumes are very explosive when they come in contact with fire. It is the powerful fumes of this substance that kill the weevils. But the fumes soon pass off after the beans are open to a free circulation of air and leave no trace of the carbon bisulphide. It has a strong, disagreeable odor, and when the odor is gone the beans are all right for any use. Of course one would not care to eat such of the beans as contained weevils even though dead, but these can be sorted out before cooking; the remainder will be fit for cooking purposes after a thorough airing.

The Girl He Loved

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

me like that! You didn't really—Adrian!" The incoherent, senseless words left her shaking. She had no time to put down the photograph as Mrs. Murray came in, but stood with blazing cheeks and the living light of passion in her eyes, that had been so indifferent.

"Do you know him?" she said, caring for nothing but to hear whatever she could of him, even from a stranger.

Mrs. Murray laughed.

"Adrian—Captain Gordon—do you mean? He is very good-looking, isn't he? Of course, I know him, do you?"

Ravenel turned and, very carefully, replaced

Read The Whole Story Now!

"THE Girl He Loved" will hold you entranced to the very end. It is a wonderful story by a wonderful writer. Regular installments will appear in COMFORT each month but you needn't wait in order to get the whole story as we will give you free the complete story in book form splendidly printed in a handsome colored paper bound edition. Send us only one year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents and we will send you a copy of the book free by mail postpaid. Don't wait for the installments. Read the whole story now by accepting this offer at once.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

the picture. Her back was toward her hostess, but her face was plain in the mirror. Her mouth felt so stiff she could scarcely speak.

"I know him—a little; he has gone to India, I think."

"Yes, poor man, I fancy he had to! Mrs. Gordon," airily, "is not a cheap luxury."

"Mrs. Gordon?" the room swam. "Do you mean he was married?"

"It was a boyish madness, if he was; but Mrs. Gordon exists, I'm afraid. Don't, for Heaven's sake, say I told you; it would ruin him with Lord Levalion. She is very unhappy, and has been a frightful drain on Captain Gordon. But I must say it hasn't prevented his enjoying himself. Poor Adrian is one of the most hopeless flirts I know. You won't," pleadingly, "say anything to Levalion?"

Ravenel looked at her. It was queer how cold she felt, and how passionless—now she knew why Adrian had not come.

"The 'gay Gordons' are a proverb, aren't they?" she said, and found she could smile quite easily.

"Captain Gordon is only an acquaintance of mine; you may be sure I shall not mention him to Lord Levalion, whom I barely know." For a moment her manner staggered even Hester Murray, till she saw the girl's face had grown haggard.

"One can't tell all one knows," she said lightly. "Shall we go out now?"

She was elated as she followed her guest to the carriage, for she had obliged Sylvia and not told one lie. Adrian had certainly given Mrs. Gordon money he could ill spare. And she knew Ravenel

How to Trap Skunk, Civet, Raccoon and Opossum

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

The raccoon is the only one of the smaller fur bearers which will eat both flesh and vegetables, seemingly with little preference. Like its larger brother the bear, it always appears hungry, so a good bait is almost a necessity. Among those which I have employed successfully are: corn, fresh fish, clams, honey and canned salmon. I might also add that a patent lure will often prove of value.

If a large hollow log is found partly submerged along a stream, place traps at each entranceway. If the water is too deep, scoop out an excavation for the sets may be made of rocks, sticks, mud, etc. I aim to have my sets covered with from three to four inches of water and concealed with soaked grass, leaves or moss. I employ no lure of any kind with the set I have just given, for the first coon passing either up or down the stream will attempt to enter the log and, if the traps are placed properly, get caught. The log set is employed quite extensively for taking the mink also. Only those logs having large hollows can be expected to furnish ideal places for taking the raccoon.

Often natural places may be discovered along the edge of a stream or lake where there are signs of the fur bearers. When you find such a place, simply conceal traps there. Sets in run ways are effective also, provided, of course the hunter is skillful enough to place his traps properly. They must be concealed thoroughly; there should be little human scent which means clean traps, and last but not least, after the sets have been made the ground should look the same as before the traps were arranged.

I have found that comb honey smeared on rocks which protrude above the water not too far from shore, is very effective in attracting the raccoon.

The opossum in the past has been known to the trade as a "cheap fur." During the last two years however, pelts have been in excellent demand and they are almost sure to be this coming winter and spring.

Both the opossum and raccoon are considered a delicacy by many and often a market may be found for the carcasses. When this is true, trapping these fur bearers is profitable indeed.

Practically every method mentioned for taking the raccoon may be employed in catching the opossum.

would never mention the subject to Levalion. It had been a good day's work. But if Hester Murray had only known just what she had done at Sylvia's bidding she would have cut off her right hand sooner than have meddled. If she had even known why Lord Levalion was looking at her from the opposite window, as she got into the carriage, would have given all she owned to undo her work.

"It's time that child was looked after," he reflected as the open carriage drove off. He had a dislike to seeing anything ill-treated that was odd in so hard a man; and Sylvia—"I think it's time I took a hand in the game," he said aloud. "And I do not consider Mrs. Murray a proper friend for the future Lady Levalion."

And it might have been better for all concerned if Hester Murray could have heard him.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

PALESTINE, ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I enjoy the sisters' letters so much but those pertaining to children and their care are doubly interesting to me as I have a dear little daughter just twenty-two days old.

I did not have courage to write until I read Lonely One's letter. Dear sister, what makes you think the waiting would be so dreadful? I have been married almost two years and true spent waiting and preparing for my baby was the happiest time of my life. The thought of the great blessing coming to me, and the making of all the little garments left no time for worry. If you are physically able to become a mother I am sure you will find it a thousand times better than adopting a child. With all the up-to-date maternity clothes to be purchased now, the months of waiting do not, or need not, mean months of being shut indoors but rather a time to enjoy one's self and be so happy. I could write much more about this but fear my letter would be too long.

Dear Mattie Mae Clark, of course you will be as good as new when you get your artificial limb. I know, for just one week and a day from the day we were married, my husband, while at work, fell and broke his left leg. After six weeks of patient suffering he had it amputated and now has an artificial limb, which, although it is not as good as his truly own leg, is a great help for his work and makes a comfortable living for our little family.

I like to read the descriptions of the sisters so will tell you something about myself. I am four feet, nine inches tall, have blue eyes and light hair and weigh about one hundred pounds. My husband is twenty-four years old.

Little Mary Katherine is waking so I will close with love and best wishes for Mrs. Wilkinson and all the COMFORT sisters, Mrs. ALICE BEIM BERRY.

WEST TREMONT, MAINE.

DEAR SISTERS:

I am twenty-three years old and have been married six years and have two little boys and a baby girl. We live in the country and are as well and happy as can be. We are poor and have to work hard, but that doesn't keep us from being happy.

Lonely One, I think I understand how you feel but you must put your trust in God. I wonder if you know what a help He is in a time like that. Remember being a mother is the grandest job on earth. Billy Sunday says, "The only thing that retains its fragrance from earth to Heaven is a mother's love."

Mrs. Felmet, I cannot agree with you about making children go to church. We can't drive our children to love God, but we can lead them. I say if your child does not wish to go to church let him stay at home a few Sundays. Read to him from your Bible and book of Bible stories and teach him the beautiful truths in a simple way so he can understand them. It is the mother, not the church, that must teach the children to love and fear God. Am I not right, mothers?

A Happy Mother.

SILVER PARK, SASK., CAN.

Mrs. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

As I am a new subscriber to COMFORT I would not think of bothering you were it not for the sake of my brave soldier boy.

My husband and son both enlisted in His Majesty's Service in February, 1916 and sailed overseas in September of the same year. My husband was invalided home the next March and oh, how my heart aches for my poor boy, only seventeen, left there alone, so far from home and mother. Won't some of the sisters write to him and perhaps some of them would be kind enough to send him handkerchiefs, socks, etc.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

Abraham Fur Co.

FURS & FURS TRAPPERS

If you are looking for the fur house that will give you the most cash money for your fur, write for our tags today and use them on your next shipment of furs. We have no prizes or other fly-by-night promises to offer you—just a plain business proposition to actually pay you more money. Let us prove it to you—see for yourself.

Square Grading—Highest Prices

We have been in the Fur Business 43 years—have almost unlimited capital and will give you Square Grading—Highest Prices and Quick Returns, the three big things that a trapper needs. Get started right.

Furs will be higher this season and you can make Big Money on the trap line. We want Mink, Skunk, Coon, Muskrat, Opossum and all other furs in unlimited quantities and you can only experience that Satisfied Feeling by shipping your furs to

ABRAHAM FUR CO.

15 Abraham Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Trappers Attention!

New Policy Benefits YOU!

Hereafter we will buy fur direct from trappers instead of through commission merchants which will enable us to pay the price you now get plus the middleman's profit.

Our International Connections are unsurpassed—a further guarantee of TOP NOTCH PRICES for your

RAW FURS

We are located in our own 16 story building in the heart of the world's greatest fur manufacturing district where the demand is greatest and where the prices are highest.

Ship to the Fur House that "sets the pace" and be absolutely certain of highest prices. Write for Price List E.

Albert Herakovits & Son,

44-46-48-50 W 28th St., New York.

We pay transportation charges and do not deduct commission. Immediate returns.

We hold furs separate when requested (our 16 floor 11,000 square feet) protects them against deterioration.

RAW FURS

Send for our price list today. Let us prove to you that we pay HIGHEST PRICES. We pay a day what we quote and know you will be pleased with our LIBERAL GRADING.

WULFSOHN

A house you can depend upon.

We make no deduction of any kind, give every shipment individual consideration regardless of how small or large. On account of our unusual offer for furs, we can actually pay you more money. Write for prospectus.

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WULFSOHN LURIT

It Will Attract All Animals to Your Traps

Send 25¢ in stamps for a large trial bottle. Guaranteed to increase your catcher money refunded.

We will also send you

FREE a large Skunk hunting picture in 6 colors.

The Unwelcome Surprise! and our latest price lists. You get full value for furs when you ship us.

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UNITED STATES FUR COMPANY,

Dept. J., 209 N. First St., St. Louis, Mo.

OUR TRAPPER'S FRIEND

AND GUIDE FREE

Well Pays More Cash for FURS AND HIDES. Remits quicker than any other house. FREE FREE-OUR TRAPPER'S GUIDE is as different from other Guides as Aeroplanes are different from Stage Coaches. Write for PRICE LIST. Big money for Best Hides. No. 1 cured Hides, 25-34¢ a pound. Large Horn Hides, 27¢ each; cured, No. 1 California, 30¢ a pound. Mail a Century in Business. Ask your Banker about US WEIL BROS. & CO., the Old Square Deal House, Box 120, FT. WAYNE, IND., U. S. A.

Pay for an AUTOMOBILE on the INSTALLMENT PLAN of \$10.00 DOWN and \$10.00 PER MONTH. We bring full explanation with bulletin.

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Quick Action Brings Best Results! Write for Price List & ship to George I. Fox, 167 W. 25th St. NY. (FORMERLY 7th Ave.)

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Established 1723
Largest Fur Manufacturers in the World
HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR RAW FURS
Ship your Furs to us. We pay all express and mail charges.
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GIRLS Get a Beautiful Heart-Locket and Chain, Bracelet, Hawaiian Ring with beautiful mounted stone in colors. Also Plain Band Ring, Chip-Diamond Ring, 2 Ear-Pendants, Beauty Pins, Flag Pin, Locket and Chain and Seed Pearl Necklace. All 10 given FREE for disposing of only 8 of our Famous Art Pictures, on our Special Easy Offer at 25 cents each. Send for the Pictures—a Postal will do.

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SIX LACE FREE
Beautiful Nottingham lace curtains 23-4 yds. long—30 in. wide. Distinctive pattern. Wonderfully well made. Suitable for parlor or sitting room. Sell 12 boxes Menzies Nora (Wonder Nealer) at 25 cents a box, remit \$3 and all 6 curtains are yours. Order quickly—today.
U.S. SUPPLY COMPANY
Dept. 407, Greenville, Pa.

You May Win This Gift

Each of these squares represents a letter—but we have used figures instead of letters. There are 26 letters in the alphabet. Letter A is 1, B is 2, C is 3, etc. The SIX letters represented by figures form two words which should interest you mightily. Send the words on a slip of paper with a 2¢ stamp to cover postage and I will send you as a free GIFT a handsome set of Xmas novelties and tell how you may win \$380 IN GOLD or AUTO Piano, etc.
PUZZLE MAN, 505 New Ideas Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.



5 Rings FREE
We will send you these 5 handsome Solid Gold filled Rings, guar. 5 yrs. If you will order and mail 50 hand-drawn colored Art Pictures at 10¢ each. We trust you THE KIDLER COMPANY Dept. A2, Indianapolis, Ind.

Folding DOUBLE X-RAY.
With this X-Ray you can apparently see thru cloth or wood. See bones in the body, makes the flesh look transparent. Lots of fun. 10¢ by mail. The ARDEE Co., Box 26 Stamford Conn.

LOOK YOUR BEST. Make smooth white arms, face and neck in spite of sallowness, blotches, freckles, blackheads etc. If you want to be charming and attractive—Don't pay 50¢ but send 10¢ at once for sealed Package, which will transform your appearance instantly. Warranted. TOILET COMPOUND CO., Box 1927A, Boston, Mass.

Fine Shaggy Teddy Bear

The Best Playmate A Boy or Girl Ever Had



FOR A CLUB OF FOUR!

EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" looks exactly as you see him in the picture above. He is a shaggy fellow, 10 inches tall, made of brown plush, paws lined with felt, carefully stitched and finished and his head, arms and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit up, stand on his head, go on all four feet, in fact, you can make him assume all kinds of positions that are so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. "Teddy" is so well made that no matter how roughly he is handled he cannot become broken and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you "Teddy" free if you will accept the following special Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this Teddy Bear free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7514.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Children's Happy Hour

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Tootsy and the Fairy Dog

I KNOW you will like dear Miss Tootsy as soon as you look at her, but when I tell you what a wonderful adventure she had and how hard it was for her to get her then, you will love her, just heaps and heaps. Tootsy is a real little girl and not a make-believe. She had a china doll almost as big as herself and, strange to say, the doll had a lovely, lacy dress that Tootsy wanted to put on herself. Her mother scolded her just a little for being so vain and told her that this could not be for the pretty dress was sewed to the doll in such a way that it would have to be ripped to pieces in order to be taken off. Tootsy sighed and sobbed and took the doll out on the sunny porch and sat her down where she could stare at the dress admiringly. Still she wished to see it on herself and was strongly tempted to try to put it on. But, like a good little girl, she made up her mind to try to think of something else, and was just about to put the doll away when a strange little dog came up. "How do you do, doggie," said Tootsy, and the queer little animal answered her back, "Howdy do." The child was frightened at hearing a puppy talk just like a person and was about to call her mamma when he said: "Fear not, I come to give you a new dress exactly like the one you crave for." Tootsy caught her breath, and tried in vain to speak. "Shut your eyes," said the fairy dog, and she did so. In an instant he was gone and upon Tootsy was the sweetest dress, just like her doll's. She was so surprised she didn't know what to think, but suddenly the porch floor seemed to sink away from her and she was floating in the air like a feather; and oh, how high she did go; just think of it,

over the houses and trees and up where the sky has all the beautiful colors on it. Not a soul could see her but the fairy dog and there he was running along a cloud like as if it were solid ground. Not only that, but he had the impertinence to stop and jump into Tootsy's arms. "I don't like you one bit," she said, "and I'm going to take this dress off for it has gotten me into so much trouble." "If you do, you will drop to earth and be killed," warned Fairy dog, but he was too late. Tootsy had thrown the dress off and was falling like a rock. "Oh, Lord, please save me," she prayed, and right away her prayer was answered, for she fell into an apple tree that was white with big, soft, fragrant blossoms. "Those are beautiful," she murmured and although she was slipping down, down, down, through them all the time, she managed to grab a small branch. You can see in the picture how she looked when she finally settled to the ground safe and unharmed. Her first thought was of home. The fairy dog was at her feet, bruised and hurt for he had fallen on hard ground. He could not walk or fly or even crawl but he told Tootsy that her mamma's place was many miles away and the only way she could get home was to get a fairy gown and dance through the air. He advised her to wave the apple blossoms three times, and as she did so they turned into a streamer or long scarf and away she flitted like a butterfly. Back to the porch she went and there was the doll with the lace dress on.

Her mamma came out the door and said: "Dearie, I believe I will give you that pretty dress."

"Never mind mamma," she gasped, rubbing her eyes open; and then she snuggled to her mother and kissed her and told her everything. And mamma commented: "That was a pretty dream."



Cut-Out Doll Directions

Paste the picture on smooth cardboard, using boiled flour paste. Rub all the wrinkles and bubbles out, beginning at the center and working towards the edges. A spoon or a silver knife handle is good to use for this purpose. Put the pasted picture in a big book and allow a few hours for drying. Then cut out the dresses and

hats and tint them with colored pencils. The extending flaps at the shoulders and feet are bent back to hold the dresses to the central doll figure. The hats are slit on the dotted line and pressed down on the head until they look natural. The doll will stand if the long strip under it is bent back at the dotted lines.

ONE-QUARTER LESS TUBERCULOSIS.—There are now about 1,000,000 cases of tuberculosis in the United States, but this is 25 per cent less than the number 10 years ago, according to a report of Dr. C. J. Hatfield, secretary of the National Association for Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. Open air schools, sanitariums, visiting nurses and campaigns of prevention are to be credited for the reduction, he says.

LUCRATIVE CABBAGE FARM.—Last spring, C. H. Smith of Ruffsdale, Pa., gave his four daughters the use of two acres of land. After studying the markets the girls decided that cabbages would be the most profitable crop. Last fall their returns exceeded even their wildest hopes. Owing to the care which they gave to the plants and to the present scarcity of the vegetable, about \$2,400 will be realized.

Boys! Girls! Look—See Who Is Here!



The "Comfort Twins"
American Made Unbreakable Dolls With Life-like Indestructible Composition Heads!
DON'T they look as if they were out for a good time? And wouldn't you like to have them to play with? The little boy's name is **Johnnie**, his sister's name is **Josie** and they make the most charming pair of twin dolls you ever saw. They are entirely different from the ordinary doll having a life-like head made of an indestructible composition, a new style cloth body and the latest improved jointed arms and legs which never get out of order. Neither doll can be broken because both head and body are indestructible. They are over a foot tall with rosy cheeks and blue eyes and dressed just as you see them in the picture. **Josie** has on a cute red-and-white checked dress with a handsome blue sash and trimmed with lace around the neck. **Johnnie** is dressed in pretty blue-and-white checked rompers with lace trimming and blue belt. You can dress and undress these dolls as often as you please, make them stand up or sit down or bend over and by moving their arms and legs around in different positions you can get them to look exactly as if they were walking, running, stretching out their arms, waving their hands, in fact they will cut up most any antics that might be expected of a real live healthy two-year-old baby boy or girl. They look so life-like in their baby clothes with their happy smiling faces you would almost think they were alive and ready to talk to you in that baby language so dear to the heart of every little doll mother. We are sure no little boy or girl ever had a doll that could furnish quite so much real satisfaction and enjoyment as either one of these two handsome twins. You may have either doll—your choice of either **Josie** or **Johnnie**—or both of them free as a COMFORT premium as we have bought a quantity of them to be distributed in this manner. Remember these are **real American made unbreakable dolls**—not paper "cut-outs" or "rag" dolls—with a strong durable cloth body, jointed arms and legs and an **indestructible composition head** that will not break. They will last a long time.

ALL FREE

Any bright girl can have these four handsome pieces of jewelry! All but watch are gold-plated. Watch is imitation time piece with gilt band around dial and adjustable leather strap. Locket and necklace, beautifully embossed band ring, two stone ring and imitation wristlet—all fine sealed package—handkerchiefs; sell them at 10¢ each; return our money and we will send free of charge your four articles exactly as described above. The Fay-Mortice Co., East Boston, Mass. Dept. 139.

DOLL HOUSE And 2 Dolls FREE



with 10 complete suits and hats. Beautiful bright colors. Given for selling only 12 sets of Colored Cards and Xmas Novelties at 10¢ a set. **BLUINE MFG. CO.**, 305 Mill St., Concord, Mass.

BABY OUTFIT GIVEN

To every mother or prospective mother who sends 10¢ for EVERY MOTHER'S BABY BOOK, containing 28 pages of most valuable information. I will send in plain wrapper, my Complete Baby Outfit—6 patterns—Cap, Coat, Dress, Night-Gown, Kimono, Petticoat, Sacque—with full directions for making. **MRS. ROSENA HILL**, 70 38th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

4-POUND SILK BUNDLES
WONDERFUL SILK AND VELVET BARGAINS For Quilts, Fancy Work, Portieres, Etc. Send 10 Cents for big package of large beautiful silk remnants including free quilt designs and agent's catalogue describing our 4-pound silk velvet, etc. bundles, and other \$1. remnant bargain bundles; also instructions how to earn money by selling them. **UNION S. WORKS**, 207 FACTORY ST., BOONVILLE, N. Y.

FREE
Send 10¢ and get watch, guarantee 5 years, for selling 25 art and religious pictures or place post cards at 10¢ each. Order your choice. **GATES MFG. CO.**, Dept. 429 Chicago

SHEPHERD PONIES. \$10.00 Down and \$1.00 Per Week. 250 Ponies to be sold on installment plan. Send 15¢ in stamps for illustrated list. **SIMPSON FARMS, ELMHURST, ILL.**

30 Postals, Christmas, Birthday, Comic, Love, Views 10¢. Silk Flag Free. **Magnus A. Ross Co.**, 837 Ashland St., Chicago.

Dance Halls of Bird Land

There are several species of bower birds, chief among them the Satin and the Newton. The Satin bower bird is the best known. When the bowers were first discovered it was supposed that they were playhouses built by the native children; but, as a matter of fact, they are the dance halls of bird land.

The nests are built in the trees and have no connection with the playhouses. The male birds build these latter and gather every bright and shining object they can find to adorn the entrance to the bower. When it is completed, according to one who has watched them, little "at homes" are given daily, at which the males meet and pay their court to their lady loves, now bowing and scraping, now playing hide and seek through the bower, and now doing an absurdly dignified dance for their edification.

Newton's bower bird decorates its bower with fresh flowers every day, and if a visiting male bird wants a fight all he has to do is to disturb one of these flowers. The master of the bower proceeds with the painful duty of teaching him how to behave in company, while the remainder of the party raise a great racket, but never interfere.

A naturalist studying them disarranged one of their flowers, but each time he did it the bower master rearranged it with great care.—*National Geographic Magazine.*



Crying Infant Doll

Premium No. 7284

For A Club Of Four



THIS is the latest in crying dolls. It cries "Mama" so plainly that it actually startles everyone who hears it. No strings to pull. You simply press it gently in the back and the wonderful voice responds instantly. The vocal mechanism by which this doll imitates a baby's cry completely fills its chubby body. The marvelous contrivance is thoroughly made and its articulation of "Mama" is surprising, not to say bewildering to those who hear it. Including dress and all this little infant measures 14 inches in length. The pretty white infant's dress and hood is trimmed with lace and handsome blue silk ribbon bows. She has blue eyes and a cute baby curl peeps out from beneath the hood in a truly life-like manner. This doll is unbreakable, the head being made of a special indestructible composition of a natural fleshlike color. No matter how many dolls the children now have, they will surely be delighted with this one and every mother who reads this offer should take advantage of it at once. We will send you this new infant doll exactly as described upon the terms of the following Club Offer: For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25¢ each we will send you this crying infant doll free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 7284.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

No means of support. Send her some cheer. Edward L. Potts, Owassa, Ala. Crippled for many years. Give him a boost. Mrs. Laura Davis, Pineville, Miss. Invalid. Send her some cheer. Beattie Durham, Draper, N. C. Seventeen years of age. Helpless from childhood. Right hand and right leg atrophied. Would appreciate second-hand clothing, and any assistance you care to send her. Mrs. Laura Davis, Pineville, Miss. Invalid. Send her some cheer. Mrs. Lizzie Martin, Dodson, Va. Widow with one child. Needy and worthy. Send her some cheer. Well recommended. Miss Helen Rudder, Solo, Ark. Invalid. Send her some cheer. Mrs. Anna B. Bearn, Chebanee, Box 38, Ill. Invalid. Would appreciate cheery letters. Ella Raby, 926 Maryville Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Shut-in. Would appreciate cheery letters.

Won't you pass on just a little bit of Thanksgiving cheer to the poor, afflicted souls listed above? God has been kind to a great many of you during the past year. Here is a chance for you to show your appreciation of His great love and goodness. Open your hearts and pocketbooks and be worthy of your creator for once.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only but those of more mature years clamored for admission so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do, to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

Or if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's new year subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for one year. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal. The League number ever forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a one-year subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

The Best Christmas Present for Young or Old is Uncle Charlie's Poems!

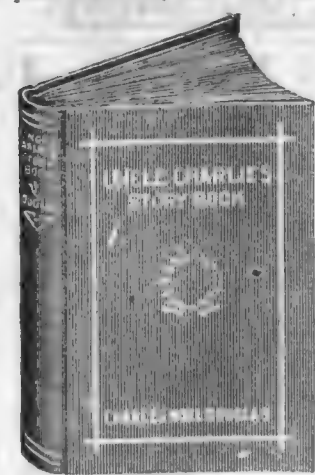
Christmas will be here before you know it. Santa Claus is already preparing for his annual trip. Don't waste money on expensive presents. Uncle Charlie's gorgeous book of poems fills every need. It is a exquisitely beautiful, 160-page volume of screamingly funny verse, bound in lilac silk cloth. It contains the funniest recitations ever written. Read "When

UNCLE CHARLIE'S LIFE IN PICTURES

Uncle Charlie's Picture Book

Good as a Visit to His Home

Visit Uncle Charlie in his famous chicken coop and see how he lives and works. Big, beautiful, full page, half-toned cuts equal to photographs, that show Uncle Charlie and his charming assistants Maria and the Goat in every phase of their busy lives. See Uncle Charlie sitting in his chair for the first time in nineteen years, and get a peep at his big, mother, school and church, and see him as an actor playing many parts. Read how Maria and Billy the Goat met Uncle Charlie; read "Lily, Or Help Wanted," the funniest story ever written. 160 pages of mirth and merriment, pathos and tears, illustrated and beautifully bound in silk cloth, with covers, gold stamped. Free for four cents at 25c, each—one dollar in all.



Uncle Charlie's Story Book

Full of the most delightful stories ever written. You will laugh one minute and cry the next as you read these entrancing stories of Uncle Charlie's life. Read how Maria and Billy the Goat met Uncle Charlie; read "Lily, Or Help Wanted," the funniest story ever written. 160 pages of mirth and merriment, pathos and tears, illustrated and beautifully bound in silk cloth, with covers, gold stamped. Free for four cents at 25c, each—one dollar in all.

Also bound in heavy fancy blue paper covers for only two cents at 25c, each—fifty cents in all. Ideal birthday presents. COMFORT'S greatest premium bargains. Work for them today! Secure one or both of these superb souvenirs of this remarkable man who devotes his time and talents to the service of humanity. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Note. Full particulars of how to secure Uncle Charlie's splendid poems and story book will be found at the end of the League of Cousins' Department.

Father Carved the Turk." "How Pop Played Santa Claus," "Just Behind The Battle Mother," and you will have the time of your life. Make yourself and the children happy. This elegant book also contains splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie and his family and a touching account of his life. Four one year's subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c each secure this wonderful book, a gift fit for a king. Yours free for an hour's easy work. Start your subbing now and avoid the rush. Begin today.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book Makes A Dandy Christmas Gift!

You must have music in the house at Christmas time. Uncle Charlie's song book contains twenty-eight of the dandiest songs ever written; songs for all occasions; among them the prettiest Christmas carol (this is just the thing for church or parlor) ever written. This is not a mere pamphlet but a beautiful song folio with superb cover on which appears splendid half tone pictures of Uncle Charlie. Cheap at five dollars. Has complete music for voice and piano; a superb present for a musical or non-musical friend. This wonderful book free for a club of only two one year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c each. Both books free for a club of six. Greatest premium bargains ever offered. Work for them today.

The Masked Bridal

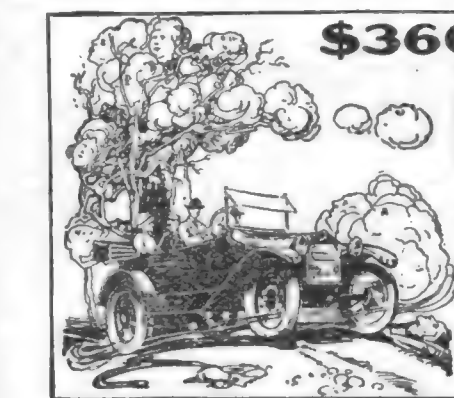
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

Let us slip over the six months following, to find this little family pleasantly settled in an elegant villa a few miles up the Hudson.

It is replete with every luxury that money can purchase.

The choicest in art of every description decorates its walls, and pleasant, sunny rooms, while in a spacious studio, opening out upon a wide lawn, may be seen numerous unfinished pieces of statuary, upon which the crippled but ambitious master of the house has already begun to work, although his strength will permit him to do but little at a time.

Giulia or "Madame Correlli," as she is now known, is the presiding genius of this ideal spot, and she fills her place with both dignity and grace; while her watchful care and never-failing patience and cheerfulness are beginning to assert their charm upon the man to whom she is devoting herself, as is noticeable in his many efforts to make life pleasant to her, in his fre-



\$360 FORD AUTO

FIRST GRAND PRIZE

In the picture are hidden a number of faces. How many can you find? Some are looking right at you, others show only the side of the face—you'll find them upside down and every way. Mark each face you find with a pencil, clip out picture, send to us with name and address NOV. We will give away a \$360.00, 1917 Model, Ford Touring Car, as First Grand Prize, and Thousands of Dollars in Cash Rewards, Prizes and Special Premiums. Each worker gets a prize. Solve the puzzle. If you can find as many as FIVE FACES we will send you immediately toward the \$360.00 Ford Automobile and other Grand Prizes.

We will also give away several 1918 model Coaster Brake \$40.00 Bicycles. These will be given free and extra, regardless of who gets the Ford Auto. Someone will get automobile. WHY NOT YOU! FARM LIFE, Dept. 152, SPENCER, IND.



ALL THESE FREE

Gold plated Lavalieres and Neckchains, pair of Pierced Ear Bobs; Gold plated Expansion Bracelet with Im. Watch, guaranteed quality and 3 Gold plated Rings. All given FREE for selling only 15 Jewelry Novelties at 10c. each. Write today.

COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO.

DEPT. 73

EAST BOSTON, MASS.



quent appeals to her judgment and approval of his work, and the courtesy which he invariably accords her.

Ino has grown, although he is still a beautiful child—very bright and forward for his age, and a source of great enjoyment to his father, who, even now, has begun to direct his tiny hands in the use of the mallet and chisel.

It was more than a year after her marriage that Edith and her mother heard of the death of Gerald Goddard.

Not many weeks later the New York Star contained the following announcement:

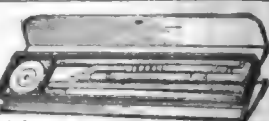
"MARRIED.—On Wednesday, the 18th, the Honorable Willard Livermore to Mrs. Isabel Stewart, both of New York."

THE END.

SCHOOL BOX

FREE

with Fountain Pen, Pencil, Knife, Pencilholder, Eraser for selling 15 sets of Colored Cards and Xmas Novelties at 10 cents a set. Write BLUINE MFG. CO., 302 MILL ST., CONCORD JCT., MASS.

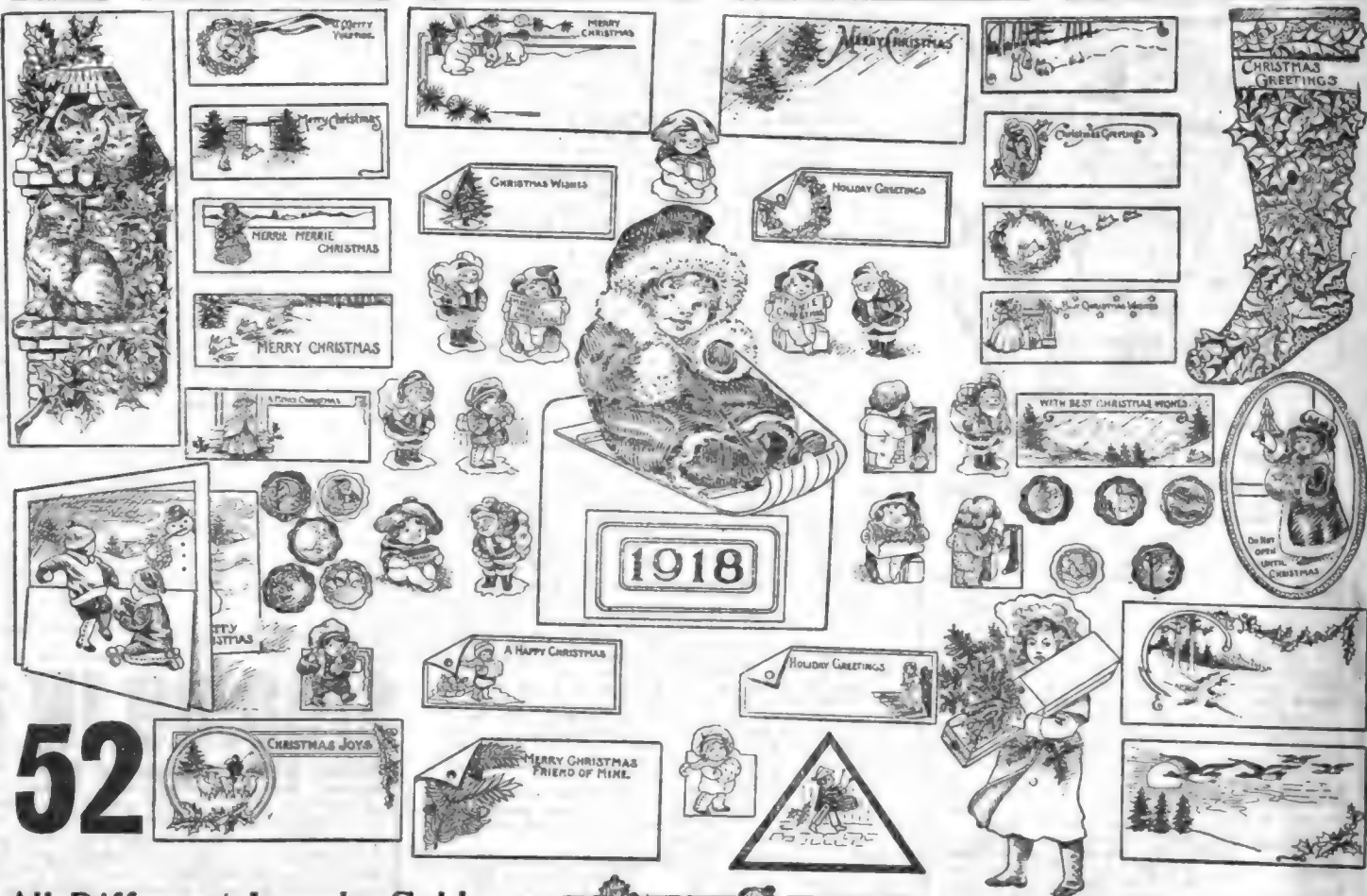


DO YOUR EYES BOTHER YOU? Agents wanted to sell glasses. Send for catalog. COULTER OPTICAL CO., Dept. 15, CHICAGO, ILL.

FREE Stem wind and set watch, guaranteed 5 years, for selling 20 art and religious pictures or 40 pins, post cards at 10c each. Order your choice. GEO. GATES CO., Dept. 225 Chicago



Big Package Beautiful Christmas Novelties!



52

All Different Lovely Gold And Color Embossed Christmas Enclosure Cards, Folders, Cut-Outs, Seals, Stickers, Tags Etc.,

Premium No. 7931

All Sent Postpaid To You For Only One Subscription

Also An Exquisite Christmas Calendar For 1918!

All the latest new style Christmas novelties, beautifully printed and embossed on superlative paper in gold, purple, crimson, holly-green and all the colors of the rainbow. The use of these dainty, appropriate emblems of holiday cheer is now almost universal—everyone realizes how much these refined little cards, tags, seals, stickers, etc. add to the value of the Christmas gift. Even though it may be only a little remembrance these bright colored tokens of joy and happiness show that loving thought has gone into it and care and pains have been taken with it and this knowledge changes the plainest, most inexpensive present into a gift well-nigh priceless.

The ordinary small town stores do not carry these strictly high-grade Christmas novelty packages—they are to be secured only in the large cities and at a high price. So for the benefit of COMFORT readers we had this special assortment made up expressly for us by one of the largest and best known Christmas novelty manufacturers in America. And in order to give the greatest value possible we had them add to the assortment a most beautiful 1918 Christmas Calendar 4 1/2 inches wide by 6 1/2 inches long, lithographed in no less than five colors on heavy white coated specially prepared paper. This Calendar alone is worth all that we ask you to send us for the whole collection—and you will say so too when you see it.

Now let us tell you what this big assortment contains:

One Extra Large Colored and Holly Embossed "Christmas Stocking" Enclosure Card.

Five Large Elegantly Embossed and Colored Christmas Enclosure Cards.

Ten Medium Embossed and Colored Christmas Enclosure Cards.

Two Large Handsomely Colored and Decorated Christmas Tags.

Four Medium Colored and Decorated Christmas Tags.

One Extra Large Colored and Holly Embossed Christmas Book Mark.

One Beautiful Extra Large Colored and Embossed Christmas Novelty Cut-out Card.

Two Dainty Colored and Embossed Novelty Cut-out Christmas Folders.

Beautifully Colored and Embossed Santa Claus, Evergreen, Poinsettia, and Christmas Bells Gilded Seals.

One Special Large Oval Illustrated Gold Embossed and Colored Christmas Gilded Seal with the words "Do Not Open Until Christmas."

Five Novelty Santa Claus Cut-out Christmas Gilded Seals, Embossed in colors.

Ten Cute Novelty Children Cut-out Christmas Gummed Seals. One Artistic, Beautifully Embossed and Finished Christmas Calendar for 1918.

All the Enclosure Cards, Tags, and Folders carry a cheery Christmas Greeting such as "Merry Christmas," "With Best Christmas Wishes," "Christmas Greetings," "Merry Yuletide," "Christmas Joy," and others equally as pleasing and appropriate. These are to be tied to or enclosed inside your Christmas packages to bear a loving message with the gift. And all the gaily colored gummed Stamps and Seals you will use to seal and decorate the outside of your Christmas letters and packages as well. You will be surprised and delighted to see how much they add to the attractiveness of your gifts to any nothing of the fun in "doing them up."

And don't forget that in addition to all of these lovely cards, seals, tags, stickers, etc., we are also going to send an exquisitely embossed and multi-colored Christmas Calendar for 1918, a large handsome holly decorated Book Mark and two large Christmas Novelty Cut-out Folders which are as unique as they are pleasing. When you first look at one of them it is in all appearances a handsome Christmas Post Card and the other a very attractive four-page Booklet, when presto—a flip of the finger, and the startling transformation takes place, causing the figures and designs to stand out in bold relief, and in a life-like manner that is truly wonderful. These cute novelties are something entirely new this season and they make very attractive center-table or mantelpiece ornaments as they are large and stand without support.

This splendid collection will furnish your whole family with all the Holiday Gift Decorations needed for this Christmas and they will surely add to the pleasure of your giving and the gifts themselves will be all the more appreciated by the recipients. We purchased a large quantity of these Novelty Packages but even at that we fear we have not enough to go around so take no chances of being disappointed but send in your order at once. Also Christmas will be here almost before you are aware of it, and you want to make sure of receiving your package in time so that you can get your Christmas packages already before Christmas Day.

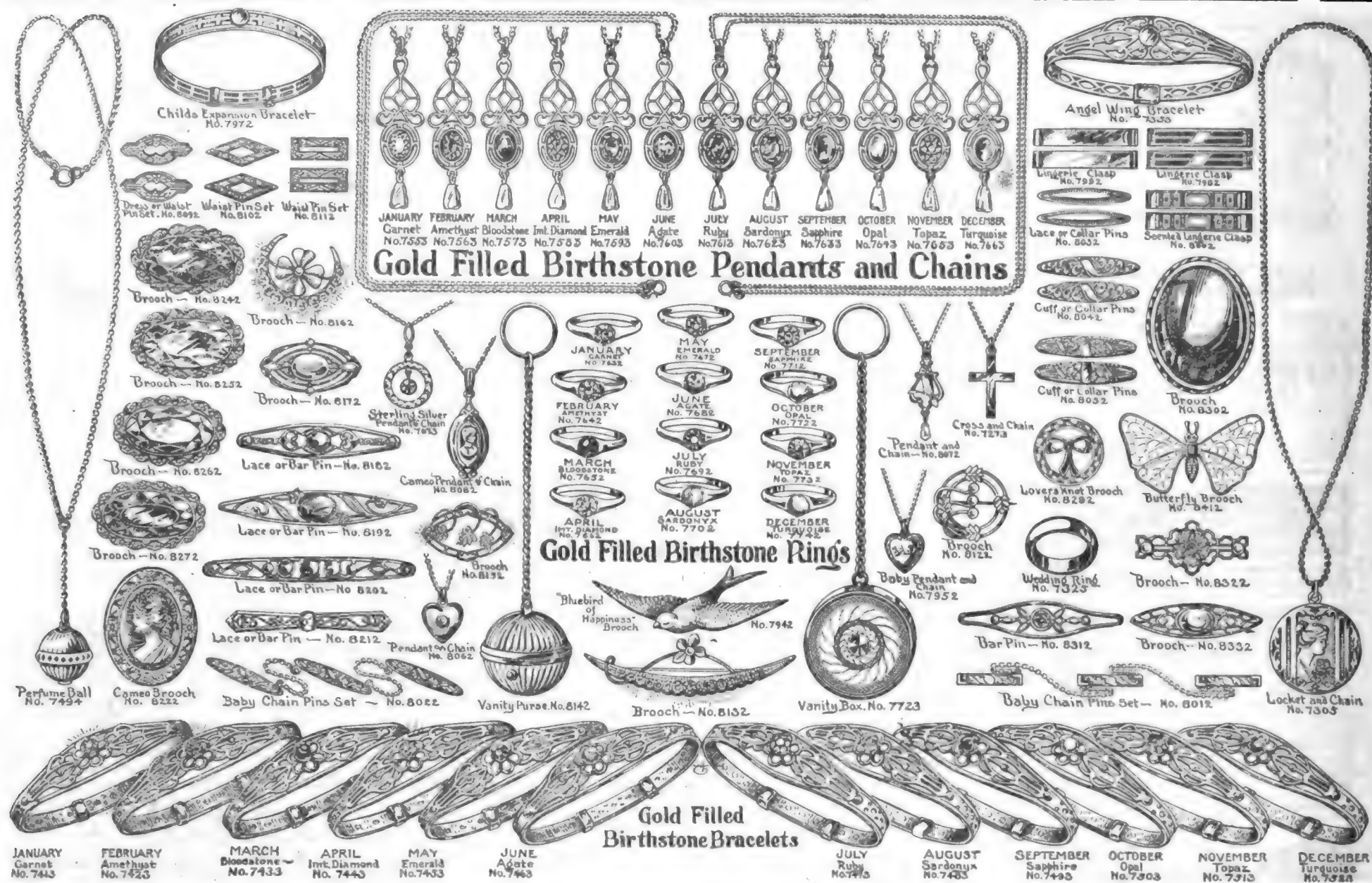
We will send you this package of beautiful Christmas Novelties including the large handsome Christmas Calendar for 1918 upon the terms of the following very liberal

FREE OFFER For one one-year's subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you this big package of beautiful Christmas Novelties free by mail postpaid. Premium No. 7931.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Club Offer. For a club of ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Daisy Table Set Free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 73010.

Now You Can Own Lovely Jewelry Without Buying It!



Beautiful Gifts In Gold And Sterling Silver! We Will Send You Your Choice Free And Prepaid In Return For A Few Subscriptions To COMFORT!

Perfume Ball, Premium No. 7494. Girls—this is the greatest jewelry novelty of the season. To be seen wearing one of these new perfume balls suggests sweetness and refinement. Chain is sterling silver, the ball has a sterling silver band and comes in blue, pink, green and lavender. To scent the ball you simply let a few drops of your favorite perfume fall on the absorbent cotton within. The delicate fragrance then escapes through the tiny openings.

CLUB OFFER: We will send you one of these handsome Perfume Balls free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each. Be sure to mention color wanted.

Child's Expansion Bracelet, Premium No. 7972. This is a handsome and popular style bracelet for the little folks. It is gold-filled, set with a genuine chip diamond, and is adjustable so that it will fit the tiny wrist perfectly. We guarantee it for five years.

CLUB OFFER: We will send you this beautiful child's bracelet free and prepaid for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each.

Dress or Waist Pin Sets, Premiums No. 8092, 8102, 8112. Ladies—here are three new handsome designs in these extremely useful pin sets. They are genuine gold-filled, bright finish, beautifully engraved and come two pins to the set. Will wear for years and we guarantee them. Take your choice free on the terms of the following special.

CLUB OFFER: We will send you your choice of any one of these genuine gold-filled pin sets free and prepaid for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each. Please order by number.

Brooches, Premium Nos. 8242, 8252, 8262, 8272. The handsomest brooches worn this season, 1 1/2 inches long, set with large magnificent colored stones beautifully set off with a twisted gold border inlaid with tiny lustrous French pearls. No. 8242 is a garnet, No. 8252 a sapphire, No. 8262 an amethyst, No. 8272 a topaz. You can have your choice of colors.

CLUB OFFER: We will send you any one of these handsome and stylish brooches free and prepaid for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each. Please order by number.

Cameo Brooch, Premium No. 8222. The ever popular cameo head, beautifully cut, of a handsome shade of pink changing to a lighter shade on the head. This handsome brooch is in a genuine gold-filled setting with an extra strong safety clasp on back. It is just the right size—one inch wide and one and one-half inches long.

CLUB OFFER: We will send you this beautiful cameo head brooch free and prepaid for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each.

Brooches, Premium Nos. 8172, 8152 and 8162. Three of the season's latest styles and shapes, genuine gold-filled, not too large, very refined and dainty, suitable for all ages. No. 8172 is set with a large handsome imitation emerald, and two small French pearls. No. 8152 is a very artistic design set with two flashing solitaires. No. 8162 is in the shape of a crescent set with thirteen flashing white solitaires and one French pearl. You could not find three prettier designs anywhere. You can have your choice of any one of them.

CLUB OFFER: We will send you any one of these three stylish brooch pins free and prepaid for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each. Please order by number.

Lace, Veil or Bar Pins, Premium Nos. 8182, 8192, 8202, 8212. Every woman and girl has use for

these handsome lace or bar pins—three or four of them are not too many to have at one time. Here are four of the prettiest designs you ever saw. No. 8182 is two inches long set with one large and two small pink jade stones. No. 8192 is two and a quarter inches long set with a large green jade stone and two brilliant solitaires. No. 8202 is two and one-half inches long set with three green jade stones and four French pearls. No. 8212 is two inches long, set with a handsome cameo head, and two French pearls. All are gold-filled and warranted for five years.

CLUB OFFER: We will send you your choice of any one of these handsome bar pins free and prepaid for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each. Please order by number.

Pendant and Chain, Premium No. 8062. Gold-filled, cable link chain and small heart-shaped pendant set with a small French pearl—very handsome and always a popular style for young girls and children. This makes a beautiful present for "mother's girl" and one that she will always cherish.

CLUB OFFER: We will send you this fine gold-filled pendant and chain free and prepaid for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each.

Baby Chain Pin Sets, Premium Nos. 8022, 8012. Three dainty pins attached by a gold-filled unbreakable chain. The fronts of these pins are gold-filled and handsomely engraved. Each set is guaranteed for two years.

CLUB OFFER: We will send you either one of these baby chain pin sets free and prepaid for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each. Please order by number.

Vanity Purse, Premium No. 8142. One of the latest novelties, and very popular in the cities. Our illustration shows the purse closed. It opens in the middle, the two halves being joined with a hinge, and inside is a space for nickels and pennies. It is carried in the palm of the hand with the little finger slipped through the ring at the end of the chain which is four inches long. Very light and dainty and right in style. Comes in four different colors—pink, yellow, pink and blue.

CLUB OFFER: We will send you one of these new popular coin purses free and prepaid for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each. Please order by number.

Birthstone Pendant and Chain. The most stylish and beautiful of all neck ornaments. 15-inch gold-filled chain with a gold-filled pendant set with your own birthstone and attached to the pendant is a handsome imitation baroque pearl. The stones are a solitaire and are the most perfect and beautiful imitation real gems we have ever seen. Following is a list of the twelve different stones and the month represented by each: No. 7553, January, Garnet. No. 7563, February, Amethyst. No. 7573, March, Aquamarine. No. 7583, April, Diamond. No. 7593, May, Emerald. No. 7603, June, Pearl. No. 7613, July, Ruby. No. 7623, August, Peridot. No. 7633, September, Sapphire. No. 7643, October, Opal. No. 7653, November, Topaz. No. 7663, December, Turquoise.

CLUB OFFER: We will send you a birthstone pendant and chain free and prepaid for three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each. Please be sure to order by number and mention birthstone wanted.

Birthstone Rings. The most popular of all ladies' and girls' rings and it is considered extremely lucky to wear one. Each ring is guaranteed 12-Karat gold-filled and is warranted for five years. The setting is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister, nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of

these rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. The stones in these rings are the same as those in the Birthstone Pendant described above.

CLUB OFFER: We will send you one of these beautiful Birthstone Rings for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each. Be sure to give number and size of ring wanted.

Birthstone Bracelet. Where is the girl who does not want one of these handsome and stylish bracelets? Set with a perfectly colored imitation gem denoting the month of your birth, with two tiny flashing white solitaires nestling in the dainty filigree design of gold—all of your friends will exclaim, "My, what a beautiful bracelet!" the minute they see it. This bracelet is self adjusting so that it fits any size wrist, is light as a feather, gold-filled throughout and warranted to wear for years. The twelve different stones are the same as those mentioned in our description of Birthstone Pendants and Rings.

CLUB OFFER: We will send you one of these Birthstone Bracelets free and prepaid for three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each. Please be sure to give number and birthstone of bracelet wanted.

Bluebird Brooch, Premium No. 7942. Also called the "Bluebird of Happiness," because they are supposed to bring joy and gladness to everybody who wears one. It is made of sterling silver, enameled in beautiful shades of green and blue, and has a strong safety joint and catch on back. There is no more popular brooch being worn today than this handsome bluebird design.

CLUB OFFER: We will send you a Bluebird Brooch free and prepaid for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each.

Cameo Pendant and Chain, Premium No. 8082. There is nothing more popular than this handsome pendant set with a perfectly cut pink cameo head, attached to a fifteen-inch gold-filled chain. It is appropriate for both ladies and young girls and always in style.

CLUB OFFER: We will send you this beautiful Cameo Pendant and Chain free and prepaid for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each.

Lingerie Clasp, Premium Nos. 7982, 7992, 8002. These dainty lingerie clasps are another indispensable feature of every lady's dress. No. 7982 is a handsomely engraved design, No. 7992 is perfectly plain, No. 8002 is engraved and delicately scented by means of a tiny concealed bar of perfume, the fragrance escaping through small perforations in the top. Each clasp is made of genuine rolled gold.

CLUB OFFER: We will send you your choice of any one of these handsome lingerie clasps free and prepaid for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each. Please be sure to give number of clasp wanted.

Angel Wing Bracelet, Premium No. 7353. The very latest idea in a signet bracelet—a handsome filigree design, gold-filled and warranted for five years. It fastens with a secret spring fastener and is of the proper size to fit any wrist. We do not engrave this bracelet but you can have it done by your jeweler at small expense or if preferred you can wear it plain without your monogram. Either way is correct.

CLUB OFFER: We will send you this new style signet or "Angel Wing" Bracelet (plain, not engraved) free and prepaid for three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each.

Locket and Chain, Premium, No. 7305. Deeply engraved with a beautiful woman's head and bar and scroll design—the handsomest pattern of the season. It is made of warranted rolled-gold plate with the popular "old Roman" (dull) finish on both sides. Inside is space for one picture. The chain is 15 inches long, cable link, gold-filled. For mother, wife, sister, or sweetheart, this locket and chain makes the finest of all gifts.

CLUB OFFER: We will send you this elegant locket and chain free and prepaid for five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each.

Lace Collar and Cuff Pin, Premium No. 8032, 8042, 8052. A woman never has too many dress pins so

we feel sure that this offer will appeal to thousands of our women readers. Here are three popular styles for you to choose from—the plain with beaded edge, and the engraved. They are the right size—one inch in length, and made of genuine rolled-gold and absolutely guaranteed for two years. As a matter of fact they will wear much longer. Better order at least three sets now, while you have the chance to get them free.

CLUB OFFER: We will send you your choice of any one set free and prepaid for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each. Please be sure to give number of each set wanted.

Cross and Chain, Premium No. 7273. Always a great favorite and always in style. Both cross and chain are genuine 10 Karat gold-filled. The chain is 15 inches long with soldered links, the cross has the "Roman" or dull finish on one side and the "English" or bright finish on the other.

CLUB OFFER: We will send you this beautiful gold cross and chain for three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each.

Baby Pendant and Chain, Premium No. 7953. 12-Karat gold-filled, the heart-shaped pendant is handsomely engraved and has the word "baby" in raised letters as shown in illustration. Here is a chance for every fond mother to get a handsome pendant and chain for her little one absolutely free.

CLUB OFFER: We will send you this sterling silver Pendant and Chain free and prepaid for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each.

Sterling Silver Pendant and Chain, Premium No. 7673. A new and popular style. The chain is genuine sterling silver, while the pendant is in the form of circle set with twin French pearls, and a handsome imitation sapphire in the center. This makes a very beautiful neck ornament.

CLUB OFFER: We will send you this sterling silver Pendant and Chain free and prepaid for three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each.

Brooches, Premium Nos. 8132, 8122, 8302, 8292, 8312, 8412, 8322, 8332. Eight handsome new designs and you will make no mistake in choosing any one of them. No. 8132 is set with fifteen flashing white brilliants and one handsome French pearl. No. 8122 with three French pearls. No. 8292 is a large magnificent imitation turquoise. No. 8292 is the popular "Lovers' Knot" in gold and colored enamel. No. 8312 is set with a handsome imitation amethyst and two pearls. No. 8312 is the new "Butterfly" design beautifully finished in gold and green enamel. No. 8322 is a very dainty pattern set with three French pearls. No. 8332 is the ever popular jade. All of these brooches are warranted to be genuine gold-filled and the latest style.

CLUB OFFER: We will send you your choice of any one of these handsome brooches free and prepaid for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each. Please order by number.

Vanity Box, Premium No. 7723. Every girl and woman should have one of these new "Dorines" or Vanity Boxes. You carry it, suspended from the little finger which is slipped through the ring at the end of the four-inch chain. Press a tiny hidden spring and the cover flies open displaying a fine little mirror and powder puff. It is small, light, dainty, handsomely silver finished and enameled in colors, measures only an inch and a half in diameter and five-eighths of an inch in width.

CLUB OFFER: We will send you a "Dorine" or Vanity Box free and prepaid for three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each.

Pendant and Chain, Premium No. 8072. A very odd and artistic design of a tiny bird finished in gold and colored enamel and a fine baroque pearl. Both chain and pendant are gold-filled, the chain has soldered links and fastens with a gold-filled safety catch. This beautiful design is appropriate for children as well as women.

CLUB OFFER: We will send you this Pendant and Chain free and prepaid for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each.

Wedding Ring, Premium No. 7325. Made of solid 12-Karat gold in the popular narrow band which is now the correct style. In finish and appearance this ring is equal to the highest priced ring ever purchased and we absolutely guarantee it for ten years. This is a man's ring as well as a woman's. It comes in sizes from 4 to 10 inclusive.

CLUB OFFER: We will send you this handsome narrow band 12-Karat wedding ring free and prepaid for five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each. Please be sure to give size wanted.

Address All Orders, COMFORT, Jewelry Dept., Augusta, Maine



Send Us No Money

JUST YOUR NAME
You don't need money to get an automobile. Let me give you one of my brand new, never used, latest model, five-passenger Ford Touring Cars. I have given away dozens of them. You might as well have one, too. If you have no auto and want one, and see your name right away, and say: "I want to get one of your Ford cars." A post-card will do.

RHOADS AUTO CLUB
316 Capital Bldg., Topeka, Kansas



FREE

Gold Finish Bracelet, Neck Chain and Lockets, Fountain Pen, Pair 14k Diamond Ear Rings, Brooch Pin, Bead Necklace, and two Rings. All Eight Premiums given free for selling only Eight Gold Decorated Boxes Beautifying Skin and Complexion Cream at 25 Cents a box. Girls, write us at once for the Cream; we trust you with our goods and send postpaid.

CHEMICAL WORKS
Prem. Dept. 63 Bridgewater, Conn.

FREE

TRIAL

Let us send this fine Razor for 30 days free trial. When satisfied after using, send \$1.50 or return razor. Order Today. JONES MFG. CO., 135 W. Lake St., Dept. 114 CHICAGO

THIS AIR RIFLE FREE

For selling 15 sets of Colored Cards and Xmas Novelties at 10 cents a set. Rifles first class in every way. When sold return \$1.50 and we send rifle. Blaine Mfg. Co., 301 Mill St., Concord, N.H., Mass.

Wanted An Idea! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas. They may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and list of "Patent Buyers." RANDOLPH & CO., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 112, WASHINGTON, D. C.



6 ELEGANT LACE CURTAINS FREE TO LADIES

Send no money—simply name and address. Merely give away FREE 12 beautiful Art Pictures with 12 boxes of our famous WhiteCloverine which you sell at 25 cents each. Send us the \$3.00 collected and we will send you immediately six (three pair) Nottingham Lace Curtains nearly three yards long. Millions are using Cloverine for cuts, bumps, etc. You may also select a

BEAUTIFUL DINNER SET
and other premiums from our catalogue given for little work. Our plan is the easiest and absolutely square. Write quick—Pictures and Cloverine sent promptly postpaid. Be first in your town. Big cash commission. The Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 755 Tyrone, Pa.

Silk Remnants



Premium No. 5561

All Sizes, Shapes and Colors—A Large Package Sent You For One Subscription

REMNANTS of real silk, in all shapes, sizes and colors. They are carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up beautiful quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "cray patchwork." We will send you a package containing more than one dozen of these beautiful silk pieces and 5 skeins embroidery cotton in different bright colors. If you order at once we will also send you, in addition to everything else an **Instruction Book** with eight full-page illustrations showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used. It tells you how to put pieces of patchwork together to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join the edges, etc. This book illustrates over one hundred and fifty of these besides containing full and explicit directions for working the **Outline and Kensington Stitch**, **Arrasene and Chenille Embroidery**, ribbon work, plush or tufted stuffs, also directions for **Kensington painting**. Remember you get one nice lot of these Silk Remnants (over 100 pieces), 5 skeins Embroidery Cotton and an **Instruction Book**, as above described, all sent to you **free by Parcel Post** prepaid if you will accept the following

Free Offer For one-year subscription (25 cents, we will send you one package of these Silk Remnants, free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 5561.** Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from **COMFORT** subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address **The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of **COMFORT** are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

J. M., Seven Mile, Ohio.—You undoubtedly have some adhesions following your operations, and this would account for the trouble in the left side. Besides you will undoubtedly have an early change of life, and this will clear up, if not cure you of many of your nervous and painful sensations. Would not advise further operative interference.

C. B. S., Guin, Ala.—There is no cure for loss of the sense of smell. If you have a diseased middle turbinate bone, have it removed, and have any other operative procedure that will remove the original cause of your loss of smell. In a few cases, with a prolonged treatment combined with the removal of any offending tissue, there has been a partial recovery of the sense of smell, but these cases are very rare.

Mrs. M. L., Carl, West Virginia.—The swelling of the knees is probably due to an inflammation of the knee joint known as synovitis, and is more or less dangerous as to function, if not properly treated and cared for. The knees should be bandaged during the daytime with an elastic bandage or scolloped rubber kneecap. At night an ointment of twenty per cent ichthyol applied would be beneficial. Fly blisters under the direction of the doctor only, are very useful, and will cure the condition in many cases.

J. J., Hutton Valley, Mo.—You undoubtedly have neuritis, that may be of malarial origin. Try large doses of quinine sulphate, ten grains, three or four times a day for four or five days. You should have all of your teeth that have cavities cared for, and the wisdom tooth extracted at once. This may be the exciting cause and the malaria the actual cause of your pains wherever located, especially in the regions indicated.

"Anxious," Stuart, Okla.—Varicose veins are dilated veins, due to dilatation from obstruction to the return circulation. Pregnancy is one of the causes and will as an obstruction of the portal circulation cause diseased or congested liver. When the support of the veins is so poor as the swollen condition of the veins from lack of support, they break through, and the result is varicose ulcer, and a generally inflamed and swollen leg. The cure is either an operation or the usual support of an elastic stocking or bandage. The bandage or stocking should be applied in the morning and removed at night on retiring, as the recumbent position removes the pressure and the support is unnecessary. There is no book that we can recommend on this subject. Consult your family physician, for further advice.

Puzzled, Michigan.—Your trouble is probably muscular rheumatism. You have undoubtedly been working and afterwards have sat in a draft while warm and sweating. If you would iron your back with a hot flatiron, having previously placed a hot wet flannel under the iron thick enough to prevent burning, you feel sure you would be benefited, if not cured. Your brother's bleeding from the nose is due to some nasal trouble, and he should consult a specialist about it. Probably a small operation would result in a permanent cure. May be the simple cauterizing of a small vein would be all that would be required. This is true in the majority of cases of this kind.

M. M., Manon, Ind.—You may have some local trouble causing the cerebellum due to child bearing which needs local remedies and maybe a small operation. You are in no danger of paralysis, but you should be examined by a specialist in women's diseases and get at the true condition. Also consult an oculist and have any eye condition corrected.

J. F., Rib Sak, Wis.—The roughness of the skin after shaving, can be relieved by the use of a good cold cream, which is sold at any druggist's. Or a sulphur lotion, known as lotio alba, used once or twice a week might be useful. You should be careful to use some good shaving soap or cream, numbers of which are on the market.

"Lassie," Madrid, Nebr.—Don't worry over being called "skinny" if you feel well, eat well, sleep well and as a rule are in a good state of health. Lead the "simple life." Keep away from candy, pastry and live on a sensible and in time you will be as well as you wish. There is no "flesh-builder" worth the name.

Subscriber.—Riggs' disease can only be treated successfully after a careful examination in a given case. Many cases are incurable, because the bony process—so-called alveolar process has been absorbed, and the gums retracted. Recent cases and those of not too long standing can be cured by any competent dentist, but the treatment is a prolonged one and the individual must aid the dentist by persistent care of the teeth. There is no remedy that will cure this disease in every case. **COMFORT** does not recommend or give names of dentists. Write any dental college of standing and you will have a good dentist recommended, who is practicing near your present address.

R. W., Andalusia, Ala.—Your pimples are undoubtedly due to some form of indigestion. Your bowels should be regulated and you should use some form of an antacid such as milk of magnesia or bicarbonate of soda, a half teaspoonful of the latter dissolved in hot water. You should of course refrain from eating sweets or pastry of any kind. If you are constipated some form of mineral oil in tablespoonful doses is indicated, or you can use bran mixed with your cereal, there are many kinds of bran to be had at any grocers, with directions for use, as well as bran cookies. A good local remedy is Lassar's paste, but this must be used only on the advice of a physician. The creaking of your neck is undoubtedly muscular. Cold douching of the spine and the application of vaseline with massage will help you.

Mrs. T. J., Iowa.—From your symptoms, you may have an ulcer of the stomach which should have immediate medical and perhaps surgical attention. Constant vomiting with more or less pain, and loss of weight, must mean something radically wrong. Sometimes this condition is due to eye strain. In either case you should consult a competent physician at once. Would advise looking in to the eye condition first. Consult a good oculist, not an optician, and ascertain whether or not you have eye strain due to the need of glasses.

I. C., Streeter, Alta.—The itching of your scalp must be due to some form of dandruff. One of the best remedies for this condition is a one per cent solution of resorcin, dissolved in grain alcohol. Apply this thoroughly to the scalp two or three times a week.

C. M., Ponca, Colo.—Comedo or blackheads, as they are commonly known, are due to poor blood—anaemia—menstrual disorders or some form of dyspepsia. It follows that these conditions should be looked into and if possible corrected. In your case your trouble seems to be menstrual. As a remedy for the local condition, bathe the face in hot soap and water, and rub the face with a Turkish towel. If this does not remove the blackheads use an instrument known as a "comedo-extractor" and apply some weak sulphur ointment, after carefully removing the blackheads with this instrument.

P. H. B., Guadalajara, Mexico.—You have undoubtedly internal piles. You should consult a rectal specialist and have an exact diagnosis made. Your condition is such that surgery may be required to effect a cure. In any case you should have some high up rectal irrigations and the tensesms referred to may be relieved in this way. Your rectum probably has never been thoroughly emptied and irritating masses may on this account be retained in the folds of the mucous membrane.

Miss E. G., Clark, Miss.—Your moles may be due to some kidney trouble, or they may be due to some



I am the Reward Man

I am Going to Give Away Two Automobiles

on December 15, 1917. Last year I gave away twelve cars. This year I'm going to give away two more. Send me the coupon down in the corner and I'll tell you all about it.



This Overland

\$1500 in Rewards

(Delivered through your local dealer.)
1st—Overland Automobile
2d—Ford Touring Car
3d—Indian Motorcycle or Piano
4th—\$75 Diamond Ring
5th—17-jewel Elgin Gold Watch
6th—15-jewel Elgin Gold Watch
7th—41-piece Chest of Silver
8th—\$15 Victor Talking Machine
9th—7-jewel Elgin Gold Watch
10th—42-piece Dinner Set
11th—42-piece Dinner Set
12th—Eastman Folding Kodak
13th—Eastman Folding Kodak
14th—31-piece Dinner Set
15th—31-piece Dinner Set
Rewards duplicated in case of ties.

know all about my plan unless I tell you. I can't tell you unless you send the coupon.

The Reward Man

The Farm Journal, Philada., Pa.

disease of the liver. From what you write, they cannot be true moles. Have your general condition looked into and consult us further.

Mrs. F. D., Wilmet, Wis.—Your husband's trouble is undoubtedly due to some error in diet. Would suggest that he drink plenty of water, confine his diet to milk and rice for two or more weeks and bathe daily in hot water to which has been added some bicarbonate of soda. If there is constipation, have him take a good saline cathartic, such as Rochelle Salts.

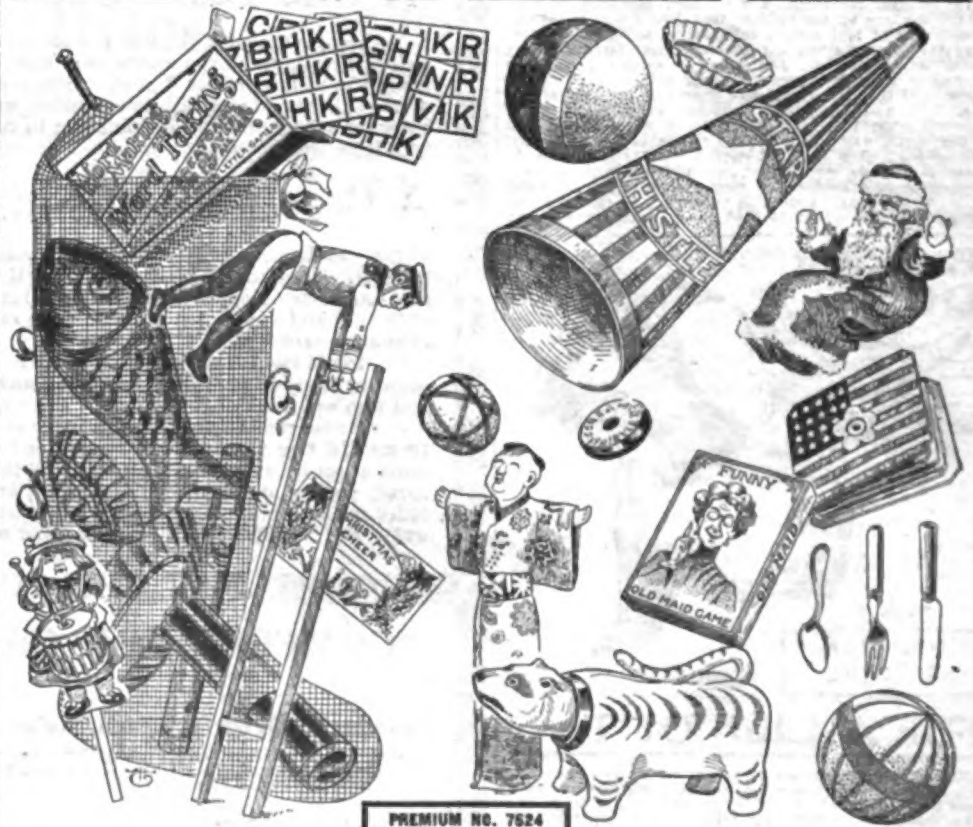
"Uncle William," Sherwood, La.—Your condition is commonly known as "hives." It is usually due to some indigestion in diet. Certain substances such as fish, crabs, lobsters, cheese, sausage, buckwheat, pork, etc., in susceptible individuals bring on an attack. Also certain liver conditions. Use a plain diet, free from such foods as indicated, drink plenty of water and no doubt your trouble will be cured.

P. G., Jackboro, Texas.—From your symptoms, you seem to have some valvular heart trouble. Possibly a change of climate would be beneficial. Too much of soda is injurious, and would advise you to give it up for the present. You should find out what diet is suitable for your stomach, and adhere to this, also consult a good heart doctor and have a careful examination. May be in this connection, the taking of your blood pressure would help in the getting at the true condition of your circulatory apparatus.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.

Stocking Full Of Christmas Presents!



PREMIUM NO. 7524

Sent Prepaid For A Club Of Four!

BIG Christmas Stockings brimful of presents for the little folks and older children as well. **COMFORT** is going to play Santa Claus this year and distribute hundreds of these Christmas stockings among its readers who have little ones for whom Christmas Trees and Santa Claus Gifts must be provided at all cost. The contents of the stockings vary a little but the general assortment remains practically the same and you may be sure of receiving as many presents as are herewith illustrated. Each stocking contains just the gifts that delight the hearts of boys and girls—horns, dolls, whistles, musical fifes, toy dishes, jumping jacks, balls, animals, games, and other pleasing holiday novelties. The stockings are large size, being over a foot and a quarter long, and all the presents are regular size, much larger than they appear to be in the accompanying illustration. Attached to each stock-

ing there is also a handsome embossed Christmas Card upon which is printed "Merry Christmas from Santa Claus" or some similar inscription. If you have no children of your own to make happy this Christmas you probably know of somebody's little boy or girl who would be delighted with one or more of these Big Christmas Stockings. But you should accept this offer immediately as Christmas is almost here and besides our supply of stockings is limited and they may be all gone before your order reaches us unless you send it at once.

Our Christmas Offer: For four one-year subscriptions to **COMFORT** at 25 cents each, we will send you one of these Big Christmas Stockings full of Santa Claus Gifts free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7524.**

Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Comfort's Home Lawyer

In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upholding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents in silver or stamps, for a one-year subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one full year.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

W. D., Jeddo, Ala.—We think that in the absence of anything in writing to indicate your right to the real estate left by your grandfather, it would be very difficult for you to legally establish such a claim. We think that if your mother dies without a will, you would be entitled to a child's share by inheritance from her estate. We think, however, she has a legal right to disinherit you by will if she so elects.

A. P., Paris, Ky.—Under the laws of your state, we think that the parents are entitled to the custody of their minor children and we do not think that you would have any legal right to leave home and go to another state if they forbid your doing so.

E. M. P., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that where divorces are declared, the court exercises very general jurisdiction over the property and children, but cannot compel divestiture of title to real estate. We do not think that either the husband or wife's interest in mortgaged community property attaches to more than the equity in such property.

A. L., Indiana.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that the transfer of property, for the purpose of avoiding the payment of a just debt, could be set aside in the proper action brought for that purpose, provided the evidence fully substantiated the fact that the transfer was made for the purpose of avoiding the payment of the debt.

E. G., Alabama.—We do not think you have any legal right to use an assumed name.

W. S. S., Tennessee.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child or descendant the widow would receive all the personal property absolutely, after the payment of debts and expenses, and in addition to her homestead rights in his real estate, would receive dower of a one third interest for life, the balance going to his parents, brothers and sisters and their descendants, depending upon who is left, and the manner in which the property was acquired, but if the intestate leaves no heirs at law capable of inheriting the real estate, it all goes to the widow in fee-simple.

V. S. B., Idaho.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a female can marry without the consent of the parents at eighteen years of age.

X. Y. Z., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a married man can be compelled to support his wife unless she abandons him without good reason, and that he can also be compelled to support his children of tender years who are unable to support themselves.

L. V. S., Maine.—We think it is a wise precaution to have official documents signed by a witness. (2) We think you should keep your tax and other receipts.

Mrs. L. J. K., Temple, Okla.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the courts would have power to decree or enter a judgment or order of legal adoption upon the consent of the grandparents of the child or children in case no nearer relative of said children is living or can be located.

Miss H. M., Harrisburg, Ark.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that in the absence of a will, a stepchild has no interest in the estate of the stepfather, except, of course, such as may reach him through his mother's interest in the stepfather's estate. In case the mother survives the stepfather, she, of course, being entitled to her share in her husband's estate, and her child, of course, would be entitled to an interest in her estate in case he is not barred by her will.

D. Q. T., Haymond, Tex.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that five years' peaceable possession of real estate, cultivating, using, and enjoying the same, paying tax thereon, and claiming under deed duly registered, and which is neither forged nor executed under a forged power of attorney, gives full title, and that ten years' like peaceable possession, cultivation, and enjoyment, without evidence of title, gives to the possessor full title to one hundred and sixty acres, and to all beyond which he has in actual possession. We think, however, that you should be careful not to write anything which might be construed as an admission on your part that you have not enjoyed ten years' peaceable possession of the land you mention if you desire to hold same under a possessory

Barking DOG



PREMIUM
NO 7892

For A Club Of Two!

YOU simply press down on top of "doggy's" head and he opens his mouth and barks right out loud. And not only does he bark like a real dog but he looks like one. With his alert sparkling eyes, long drooping ears, and upturned inquisitive nose he is a perfect likeness of a cute little pup. In color he is pure white with brown spots. His body, head and legs are made of practically indestructible material covered with soft felt; the marvelous mechanism in the throat that produces the bark is so constructed that it will not easily get out of order.

These wonderful barking dogs come from Japan where they make some of the finest mechanical toys in the world. In spite of the war we managed to import a limited quantity of them and while they last we are going to send them free to COMFORT homes where there are little boys and girls. Doggy looks so lifelike and his sharp yelping bark sounds so natural we know he will surely delight the children more than anything else you could possibly get for them. We will send you this fine barking dog exactly as illustrated and described free upon the terms of the following special:

Club Offer: For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or one three-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents we will send you this cute novelty, Barking Dog free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 7892.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

title. We think that the real estate man you mention as stating that you would have to make an affidavit to this effect must refer to the fact that in case your title is attacked in the courts, it would be necessary for you to defend such action by a verified answer or reply and by the proper evidence. We think it might be more economical if you could procure a quit-claim deed at small cost from the proper persons to this property than it would be to defend a hard fought action in court to defend your title in case, of course, any action is brought against you to evict or eject you from the property.

S. A. S., North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that children may be disinherited by will. (2) That the woman, who received the real property under the will of her aunt, could sell or dispose of the same without the consent of her children, provided the will was drawn so that she received the property absolutely.

A. F., Illinois.—Under the laws of Michigan, we are of the opinion, that, if the deed of the property you mention, was made to your father and mother, as tenants by the entirety, as your letter indicates, the whole property, upon the death of your father, became the sole property of your mother, and she could dispose of same without your consent.

G. C., Illinois.—In order to make the judgment recovered against your debtor in Illinois, a lien upon land owned by him in Mississippi we think you should bring suit on the judgment in that state and have your judgment against him recorded as a judgment of the courts of that state.

Mrs. R. C., Virginia.—If the executor of the estate, in which you have an interest, fails to account and pay you your share, after the period allowed by law for the administration of the estate, we think you should proceed against him in the proper court, and compel him to pay you the amount of your interest in the estate.

NEW BLOOD FOR GAS VICTIMS.—Cook County Hospital authorities, Chicago, resorted to blood transfusion to save the life of a man overcome by gas. The operation is the first of its kind in America and followed the ideas of Dr. William H. Burnmaster, Coroner's physician, who recently outlined a method of blood transfusion for the resuscitation of victims of gas. Without the operation, the man would have died within an hour.

A LAMP WITHOUT A WICK.

A new safety gasoline lamp, which experts agree gives the most powerful home light in the world—better than gas or electricity—and a blessing to every home on farm or in small town, is the latest achievement of the Sunshine Safety Lamp Co., 514 Factory Bldg., Kansas City, Mo. This remarkable lamp gives 300 candlepower at one cent a night. It has no wick and no chimney, and is absolutely safe. A child can carry it. It gives such universal satisfaction that they are sending it on Free Trial. They want one person in each locality to whom they can refer new customers. Take advantage of their free offer. Agents wanted. Write them today.—Adv.

What Shall I Give Them For Christmas?

HOW MANY TIMES do you ask yourself that question as the holidays draw near and you are making up your list of those whom you wish to remember with some appropriate yet inexpensive Xmas gift?

Oftentimes you find it almost impossible to decide—it even becomes a source of downright worry—because all of us like to feel that the presents we give are something that will be actually needed and appreciated by the recipients.

Why not let us help you solve at least one of your Christmas problems this year? We believe we know of one present that will bring more pleasant and more frequent reminders to your friends than almost anything else you could buy—and that is

A One-Year's Subscription To Comfort

Here is the one gift that pleases everybody—a gift that will become a cheery, welcome reminder of you month after month for an entire year—and at so little expense you will not notice it at all. Simply send us 25 cents and the name and address of the friend you wish to remember written on the coupon below and we will enter the subscription for one full year to commence with our Christmas number and with it we will also mail

A Beautiful Christmas Presentation Card

so that both paper and card will reach your friend at about the same time. The card is beautifully colored and embossed with a dainty appropriate Christmas design and verse on one side and on the other side is a specially printed announcement of the gift and a space left for your name as the giver which we will fill in ourselves before the card is mailed.

Isn't this a splendid idea? Surely among all your friends there is someone who will appreciate and enjoy such an interesting magazine as COMFORT and who will think of you gratefully every time the carrier leaves it at the door.

Better send us your friend's name and the money now—it's none too early to avoid the Christmas rush—and you will have at least one present less to think about because we will attend to all the details. After you mail the coupon and money you can dismiss the matter from your mind as we will take good care of your order and mail both the paper and the handsome Christmas Presentation Card properly filled out with your name as the giver at precisely the right time.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

"COMFORT FOR CHRISTMAS" COUPON

Date 1917.

Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Dear Sir: As a Christmas present from me please send COMFORT for one year to the following address, also the Christmas Presentation Card properly filled out with my name. I enclose 25 cents to pay for same.

My Friend's Name

Street & No.

R. F. D. No.

Box No.

Post Office

State

(Be Sure To Write Your Own Name And Address Below)

My Name is

Street & No.

R. F. D. No.

Box No.

Post Office

State

If you wish to make a present of COMFORT to more than one friend write the full names and addresses on a separate sheet of paper and pin this coupon to it. BE SURE TO ENCLOSE 25 CENTS FOR EACH NAME SENT.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

Requests

Cure for bunions and calloused places. Recipe for making soap in thirty minutes. How to remove old coffee stains from blankets. A good polish for mahogany furniture and one for walnut furniture.

Lennie McAllister, Swaty, Ark., would like December, 1916, issue of COMFORT.

I would like to hear from COMFORT sisters living in Alberta, Canada. Mrs. F. O. VAUGHN, Cortez, Colo.

Mrs. Ida Davis, Asheville, R. R. 1, N. C., would like literature and letters relating to the Holy Land.

Miss B. Gilliam, Comanche, Okla., would like September 1915, 3rd and 11th issues of "All-Story Weekly," also any other reading matter. Will pass same along to others.

Helen Shultz, Buffalo, 48 Rother Ave., N. Y., would like to hear from someone who knows about the Verde Grand Copper Co., of Arizona; also the Ruby Mountain Gold and Silver Mining Co.

To hear from anyone troubled with indigestion with gas settling under arm down left side, and what they did to obtain relief. Will return all stamps.

Mrs. R. S. DUMMOND, Philadelphia, 8416 German-town, Ave., Pa.

Poem containing the lines:

"When heavenly angels are guarding the good,
As God has ordained them to do,
In answer to prayers I have offered,
I know there is one watching o'er you."

J. E. PENLAND, Asheville, R. R. 2, N. C.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two one-year 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Miss Janie P. Davis, Kingsport, Tenn. Miss Bertha G. Forree, 219 1/2 E. Washington St., New Castle, Pa. Care Penn Real Estate Co.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending you notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three one-year 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two one-year 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines. If longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent one-year subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

News of Charlie Ballard, age 28, red hair, and thick set. Left Amarilla, Texas, last April for Colorado. Please write to his sister, Willis Coley, Bowling Green, R. R. 5, Ky.

OVERLAND GIVEN

If you live in the country or town under \$10.00 you can get this new 1918 OVERLAND LAND without cost, as a reward for a few weeks' spare time work in your own community. Don't buy an auto—EARN ONE. Many machines have already been given away. Write today for my plan. H. D. BRATTER, Mgr. Dept. 26, Omaha, Nebraska.



FREE MOVING PICTURE MACHINE

American Machine Company with film. Just cost 25 cents. Colored Post Cards at 10c, or 25 Art and Religious Pictures at 10c. State which you prefer. Return \$2.50 and Complete Machine is yours. 3 extra films FREE for promptness. Order today.

Keystone Co., Box 209, Greenville, Pa.

Four Wheel Chairs in October

436 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

I am sorry to see the October chairs number one less than the September list. It is getting into the fall and it should have bettered September's record. Let us all boost next month so to make our November award a cause of thanksgiving to a larger number of shut-ins.

The four October wheel chairs go to the following shut-ins. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends in their behalf.

May Belle McGraw, Sparta, La., 186; Jane Terry, Timpson, Texas, 169; Mrs. W. T. McBride, R. 2, Kite, Ga., 130; Selbern Gardner, R. 3, Kemp, Texas, 130.

Little May McGraw, though 16 years of age, is no larger than a seven-year-old child. She is very emaciated and weak; has been crippled from birth and suffers from severe curvature of the spine. Her good neighbor and friend, Polly Spinks, who helped largely in getting the subscriptions for May, writes a pitiful description of the poor girl's condition and need of a wheel chair.

Miss Jane Terry, age 78, is crippled by rheumatism and suffers also from liver trouble.

Mrs. W. T. McBride, age 55, crippled sixteen years by paralysis of entire left side which renders her left arm and leg entirely helpless. She describes her condition as very deplorable.

Jim Gardner, age 13, received an injury to his leg on a plow two years ago and tuberculosis settled there. His thigh bone is affected and he has a swollen stiff knee joint. He is a great sufferer and much in need of a wheel chair.

You will be interested in the letters of thanks and the Roll of Honor printed below.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 25 cents each, sent in either singly or in club, by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB, we select of choice the premiums to which they would be entitled. I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours. Any shut-in who has friends to help him get subscriptions can obtain a wheel chair free. Write me for information.

The Best Pleased Boy You Ever Saw

GREER, MO.

DEAR MR. GANNETT: Willie's chair came July 3rd and he is the best pleased boy you ever saw—says he wouldn't take a hundred dollars for it. It will also be a great help to me in taking care of him. God bless you and all that have helped me to get it. May long life and happiness be your reward for the good work you are doing through COMFORT. I will send some more subscriptions soon to help provide wheel chairs to other shut-ins. Truly yours, Mrs. J. W. SIFFORD.

COMFORT Wheel Chair Much Nicer Than They Expected

BELLCROSS, N. C.

DEAR MR. GANNETT: The wheel chair for my brother, Paul Forbes, arrived in excellent condition and freight charges all prepaid. We are very grateful to you for it. It is much nicer than we had expected. My brother was more than pleased with it. He sits in it all the time when not sleeping, and rolls himself around where he wants to go. He is to have his picture taken soon and will send you one. Wishing you and COMFORT the success which your good work deserves. I remain, Gratefully yours, Mrs. L. A. WILLIAMS.

His Life Brightened by His COMFORT Wheel Chair

DIKERSBURG, TENN.

DEAR MR. GANNETT: I received my wheel chair in good condition, for which I thank you very much, and most especially I wish to thank Mrs. J. L. Parrish for her kindness because I feel that without her interest and efforts in my behalf I never should have had the pleasure (which is beyond words) of possessing this wheel chair, as my parents are poor and have to work so hard they could not spare the time to secure the necessary subscriptions for the chair. I am so much happier and my life is so much brighter for the comfort and convenience of this chair. Again thanking you for your kindness, I remain, Respectfully, WALTER CAMPBELL.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Polly Spinks, La., for May Belle McGraw, 75; Miss Martha Harrington, Okla., for Romie Joseph Harrington, 49; Mrs. J. A. Walton, Texas, for Mrs. Jane Terry, 44; Mrs. Minnie Reynolds, Ind., for own little girl, 44; Roy Smith, Okla., for O. L. Smith, 43; Mrs. A. D. Perrett, La., for Maybelle McGraw, 41; Mrs. John Kravik, Wash., for Alvin Corbit, 34; Miss Frances Morris, Va., for Maude Sparks, 32; Mrs. Alma Gibson, Mich., for Lyle B. Gibson, 28; Mrs. W. T. McBride, Ga., for Mrs. W. T. McBride, 27; Mary E. Proffitt, Ky., for Roscoe Proffitt, 24; Mrs. Rhodie Harper, La., for May Belle McGraw, 22; Mrs. Neva Deese, Ala., for Neva Deese, 21; Jim Sebern Gardner, Texas, for own wheel chair, 20; Mrs. S. E. Gothard, Texas, for C. M. Gothard's boy, 20; Mrs. Fannie Scott, Mich., for Lyle B. Gibson, 20; Mrs. H. M. Coffman, Ky., for Dixie Marie Wallace, 20; H. M. Coffman, Ky., for Dixie Marie Wallace, 20; Leo Majola, Ky., for Dixie Marie Wallace, 20; W. H. Braler, Mich., for own wheel chair, 20; Mrs. Joseph Peterson, W. Va., for Callie Williams, 15; J. J. Terry, Texas, for Mrs. Jane Terry, 15; Mrs. Joseph Peterson, W. Va., for Bertha Luella Stewart, 15; G. A. Slough, N. C., for Hazel Hummcutt, 12; Mrs. Al Strieber, Minn., for Lawrence Olsen, 11; Mrs. Joseph Peterson, W. Va., for Jim Gardner, 10; Ruby Kniffin, Kans., for Dollie Lanier and Willie Clinton, 10; Mrs. J. C. Kirby, Tenn., for Annie Jack, 8; Mrs. E. E. Taylor, Ala., for Lovie Belle Taylor, 7; Miss Barbara Spinks, La., for May Belle McGraw, 7; Mrs. Walter Glover, N. C., for Mrs. Emily Daugherty, 6; Mrs. Alice Ray, Okla., for Callie Williams, 6; Addie Lumsford, Ala., for Mrs. Mary Green, 6; Mrs. I. C. Irbly, Okla., for Connie Pace, 6; Mrs. S. J. Montgomery, Texas, for general fund, 5; Mrs. J. W. Payne, Ala., for Joseph Cowley, 5.

The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Make Big Money. The best line of food flavors, perfumes, soaps and toilet preparations, etc., ever offered over 100 light weight, popular priced, quick selling necessities. In big demand—well advertised—easy sellers—big repeaters. Over 100% profit. Complete outfit furnished free to workers. Just a postal note. American Products Co., 6715 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

\$5.00 A Day And Up easily earned taking orders for our high-grade Soaps and Toilet Preparations. Our goods well known—nationally advertised. Ladies and men make enormous profit. No experience necessary. Write for sample case offer. Crofts & Reed Co., Dept. C-111, Chicago, Ill.

Men and Women Make \$35 or more weekly selling Sanitary Brushes for every household use. Big profits, easy work. All or part time. Puritan Co., Dept. E, 1908 E. 9th St., N.Y.

Do You Want To Travel At Our Expense? We want good men and women for traveling general agents. Must have fair education and good references. Will make contract for three months, six months or year at salary \$22.50 per week and necessary expenses. Can assign most any territory desired. For full particulars address George O. Clows Company, Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 4-F.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 31 So. Main, St. Louis.

Remnant Store, 1510 G-Vine, Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted for New, Profitable Business.

Agents: \$1.00 Commission Every Call. Greatest household money saver ever invented. Samples free. Over Mfg. Co., 113 Over Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

Agents \$40 a Week selling guaranteed beefsteak. For men, women and children. Must wear 15 months or replaced free. Agents having wonderful success. Thomas Mfg. Co., 2319 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, \$30 to \$500 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories". Hook free. William Ragdale, East Orange, N.J.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mondetta, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 432-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

Agents' Profits—Our plan beats anything ever before offered. Goods practically sell themselves. "Horoco", 131 Locust, St. Louis, Mo.

Pants \$1.00, Suits \$3.75, Made To Measure. For even a better offer than this write and ask for free samples and styles. Knickerbocker Tailoring Co., Dept. 200, Chicago.

Agents—Steady Income large manufacturer of Handkerchiefs and Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Address Freeport Mfg. Co., 50 Main St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

"Washwhite" makes repeat orders and big profits. Catchy sales plan. Free Samples. Nacma, 31-C, 20 W. Lake, Chicago.

Agents—Here's the Best Line of food flavors, perfumes, soaps, toilet preparations, etc., ever offered. No capital needed. Complete outfit furnished free to workers. Write today for full particulars. E. M. Feldman, Mgr., 4615 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. G, 730 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Reliable People Wanted to place Engine in stores and apartment houses. Takes the place of eggs in baking and cooking at less than 50¢. Package and particulars free postpaid. Morrissey Co., 424 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Agents Sell rich looking Moss imported Bagn, \$1 each; Carter, Ten sold 15 in 4 days, profit \$57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid 50¢. K. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Agents! Quick Sales! Big Profits! Outfit Free! Cash or credit. Sales in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Hosiery, Underwear etc. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. EB, 425 Broadway, New York.

Agents Wanted—To advertise our goods by distributing free sample to consumer 10 cents an hour. Write for full particulars. Thomas Mfg. Co., 519 North St., Dayton, O.

Agents: We need men and women at once to take orders for Fast-Selling Good year Guaranteed Raincoats. Easy to sell, no delivering, profit in advance. Morgan making \$350 monthly. Carr made \$49 in three days. 4 average orders makes you \$100.00 daily. Full outfit and sample cost given. Write for wonderful offer. Good-year Manufacturing Co., Dept. 130, Kansas City Mo.

Agents: \$40 Weekly introducing wonderful Winter automobile fuel. Reduces operating expense one third. Outfit free. L. Ballyway, Dept. 112, Louisville, Ky.

Free Samples To Agents—\$30 to \$50 weekly introducing Pure Food Products that cut the high cost of living. Write quick. B. Beabout, Carlton Bldg., Chicago.

1917's Greatest Sensation! 11-piece toilet goods combination selling like blazes at \$1.50 with \$1.00 Carving Set Free. Everybody buys. Single set first week \$61.50. Great new proposition. Pierce Co., 305 Pierce Bldg., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

Hosiery and Underwear Manufacturer offers permanent position supplying regular customers at mill prices in home town. \$60.00 to \$100.00 monthly. All or spare time. Credit. G. Parker Mills, 1733 No. 15th St., Phila., Pa.

New patriotic war atlas free with my "Business Guide," sells everywhere; beginners clear \$7 daily; outfit free. Prof. Nichols, Box C, Naperville, Ill.

Large Manufacturer wants agents to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 543 Broadway, New York City.

Agents: Water-proof Kitchen Apron. Every housewife buys dainty, durable, economical, acid-proof, grease proof. Sample free. Thomas Co., 3119 North St., Dayton, O.

A Rubless Wash-Day—"White" will do 12 big family washings for 30¢ without a minutes rubbing or injury to clothes. Millions of women want it. Big profits on repeat orders. S.F. Daily, 519 W. McCarty St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Every Home On Farm, In Small Town or Suburb needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin kerosene (coal-oil) Mantle Lamp. Five times as bright as electric. Tested and recommended by Government and 14 leading Universities. Awarded Gold Medal. One Farm or cleared over \$500 in six weeks. Hundreds with rigs or autos earning \$100 to \$200 per month. No Capital Required: We Furnish Goods On Time. Write quick for distributor's proposition and lamp for free trial. Mantle Lamp Co., 500 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Write for liberal free sample. Get posted on biggest money-making combinations and specialties. Guaranteed tremendous sales. Samples furnished free to distribute. Special large profit offers made now. E. D. Newberry, 304 Peoria, Chicago.

Agents: Big Hit: Our 6-Piece Aluminum Set is all the rage. Cheaper than enamel ware. Sells like wildfire. Guaranteed 50 Years. Retail value \$5.00. You sell housewives for only \$1.50. Biggest seller of the age. 1 sure sale out of every 10 shown. Others cleaning up \$10.00 to \$20.00 a day. Answer this quick to secure your territory. Div. E. X. & American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Lamont, Ill.

Agents show our made to order guaranteed \$15.00 suits real \$25.00 value. No experience necessary. Wonderful selling plan. You furnish prospects. We make sale. Chicago Woolen Mills, Dept. 18, Chicago.

Postal Brings positive proof of remarkable repeat order proposition; an opportunity to own your own business; tremendous profits; experience unnecessary. Equitable Corporation, 517 Ohio, Chicago.

Agents: We need men and women right now to take orders for World's Greatest Raincoat values. Dandy coat \$1.50. Sixty-five fabrics. Dozens of styles. Made to measure and delivered direct from our factory to your customer. No delivering. Profit in advance. Easy to sell. Cooper making \$300 monthly. Deliver \$41.50 first four days. Neatly 33 orders in 4 days. Four average orders a day gives you \$2,500 a year profit. Full outfit and sample coat given. Write for wonderful offer. Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. J-15, Dayton, Ohio.

Men & Women: Do you want a big money making agency? Then write for full particulars. Address: Ramey, 300 West Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Underwoods, Royals, Oliver, Remingtons, \$15 to \$25, guar. 5 years. Free Trial. Typewriter Co., C. 113 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Free—3 months to get acquainted; devoted to mining news and opportunity. The Western Miner, 2629 W. 37th Ave., Denver, Colo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Five bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. \$25 to \$50 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 31, Omaha, Neb.

We Have Customers who will buy from you tea aprons and dust caps in dozen lots. They also want fancy work of all kinds. Embroidery, Crocheting and Tatting. Send 50¢ for patterns and prices. Returned if dissatisfied. Kenwood Sales Shops, 5230 S. Park Ave., Chicago.

Start Dressmaking business in your home. \$25 week. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. H, 500 Rochester, N.Y.

Soldiers and Sailors need socks. Good money made at home knitting hosiery. Machines furnished on time. We pay you fixed rates for making the goods the year round. Wheeler, Inc. G. 320 Madison, Chicago.

HELP WANTED

Hundreds of Clerks wanted by Government. 500 month. Easy work. List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. H, 500 Rochester, N.Y.

Be A Detective—Earn Big Pay: nice work; we show you; free particulars; write Wagner, 124 East 7th St., New York, Dept. 124.

The Way To Get A Government Job is through the Washington Civil Service School. We prepare you and you get a position or we guarantee to refund your money. Write to Earl Hopkins, President, Washington, D.C. for book FK 1400 telling about 22,324 government positions with lifetime employment, short hours, sure pay, regular vacations.

HELP—MALE AND FEMALE

Earn \$25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 611 St. Louis, Mo.

MALE HELP WANTED

Government wants Railway Mail Clerks. \$75 to \$150 month. List jobs open free. Franklin Institute, Dept. H, 500 Rochester, N.Y.

Government Pays \$200 to \$1000 yearly. Prepare for coming "exams" under former Civil Service Examiner. New Book Free. Write Patterson Civil Service School, Box J-15, Rochester, N.Y.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggage men, 8 hours, \$100. Colored Porters wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 628 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

POULTRY

Pedigree cockerels from our 200 egg White Leghorns. See records of our pens in Storrs College contest. Send for booklet. Windswamp Farm, Box 33, Redding Ridge, Conn.

Comfort's Comicalities "Jest for Fun"

A Lovable Woman

The young doctor and his friend, the drug clerk, were sitting at the club window when a richly dressed woman passed, the Indianapolis Star relates. "There goes the only woman I ever loved," the young M. D. sighed. "So?" the other asked. "Then why don't you marry her?" "Can't afford it," the doctor replied; "she's my best patient."

His Duty

A nervous traveling man was riding between Buffalo and Albany, N.Y. The train was behind time. He called the conductor over and said: "Can't you go faster than this?" "Sure," came the reply, "but I have to stay with the train."

Sounded Dangerous

In a certain village in Ireland there is a house the door of which must be raised a little to be opened, and for this purpose the hatchet is generally used. One night a knock was heard at the door and a boy was sent to know who was there. "Who's there?" asked the youngster. "It's me," answered the person outside. The youngster, knowing the voice, shouted back in such a tone that the person outside could hear him. "Oh, mother, it's Mrs. Murphy; get the hatchet."

A Good Player

"Thump-rattily-bang!" went the piano. "What are you trying to play, Jane?" called out her father from the next room. "It's an exercise from my new instruction book, 'First Steps in Music,'" she answered. "Well, I knew you were playing with your feet," he said, grimly, "but don't step so heavily on the keys—it disturbs my thoughts."

A Good Tip

A Chicago physician relates that his active nine-year-old boy was kept in school and the teacher had a serious

talk with him. Finally she said: "I certainly think I shall have to ask your father to come and see me." "Don't you do it," said the boy. The teacher thought she had made an impression. "Yes," she repeated, "I must send for your father." "You better not," said the boy. "Why not?" inquired the teacher. "Cause he charges \$4 a visit."

The Cause of It All

It was hard lines on old MacTammart, the laird of Tillifdley. He was keen to be out and about his business, and here he was laid up with a bad attack of gout. The local doctor came, and, of course, began to examine the old man's foot. And the old man used bad language and wound up with an angry:



"Why don't ye strike at the root of the matter and get me better?" Without a word the doctor picked up his walking stick and shattered a decenter of port wine, which stood on the table.

With a yelp of wrath and a grant of pain, MacTammart sprang to his feet. "Whit did ye dae that fur?" he demanded fiercely. "Och," replied the doctor, a blunt old chap, "I wis jist striking at the root."—London Answer.

Speaking of Appetites

A huge eating competition had been held by some brawny sons of toil in a country town in Yorkshire, and one of the competitors had succeeded in disposing of a large mutton, and a plentiful supply of vegetables, and a plum-pudding, the whole washed down with copious draughts of ale. He was unanimously declared the winner and was being triumphantly escorted home when he turned to his admirers and said:

SALESMEN WANTED

Traveling Salesmen Wanted—Experi-ence unnecessary. Earn while you learn. Hundreds of good positions open. Write today for large list of openings and testimonials from hundreds of members we have placed in positions paying \$1000 to \$5000 a month. Address nearest office. Dept. 155-8 National Salesmen's Training Ass'n., Chicago, San Francisco, New York.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Com-panies. \$25-\$500 paid. Experience unnecessary. Details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

\$100 to \$500 Profit Weekly. Complete Moving Picture Outfit, furnished on easy payment plan. No experience needed. Free book explains everything. Monarch Film Service, Dept. 2-A 128 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents. Write for List of Patent Bureaus and Inventors Wanted. \$1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Send sketch for free opinion as to patentability. Our four books sent free. Patents advertised free. We assist inventors to sell inventions. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D.C.

Patents Promptly Procured. Send sketch or model for actual search and report 1917 Edition 50 Page Patent Book Free. George F. Kimmel, 37-K Barrister Bldg., Washington, D.C.

Invent Something. Your ideas may bring wealth. Free book tells what to invent and how to obtain a patent through our credit system. Talbot & Parker, 624 Talbot Bldg., Washington, D.C.

Patent Your Ideas. Manufacturers are quickly buying patents obtained through us. Write for free book of 307 needed inventions. D. Swift & Co., 321 7th St., Washington, D.C.

Ideas Wanted—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. Four books with hundreds of inventions wanted sent free. I help you market your invention. Advice Free. H. B. Owen, 15 Owen Bldg., Wash. D.C.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

School Set Free. Pencils, eraser, etc. Leatherette case. Sell 15¢ pkg. Sachet. Write now. Springfield Perfume Co., Springfield, Mass.

COINS AND STAMPS BOUGHT

California Gold Tokens, \$4 size, 70; \$4 size, 55; \$1 size, \$1.10. Large cent, 100 yrs. old and price list 10¢. N. Shultz, King City, Mo.

\$2 to \$5000 Each paid for hundreds of Old Coins dated before 1800. Keep All old money and send 10¢ for New Illinois' 40 Coin Value Book, size 4x7. It may mean your fortune. Get Posted. Clarke Coin Co., Box 30, LeRoy, N.Y.

Will Pay \$2.00 for 1904 Dollar, proof; 10¢ for 1912 nickels 8 Mint; \$100.00 for Dime 1894 S. Mint. We want thousands coins and stamps. We offer up to \$1000.00 for certain dates. Send us now for our large Illustrated Coin Circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 8, Fort Worth, Texas.

"Jest for Fun"

"Ah, say lady, don't thee say nowt o this to my ole woman, or she won't gie me no dinner!"—Tid-Bits.

Doubly Criminal

Mr. Grimes (with great indignation)—"I've finished with that fellow Skinner, absolutely finished with him. He's a bad one. He has a lying tongue in his head." Mrs. Grimes (sympathetically)—"Dear me! And only yesterday his wife told me that he had false teeth."—Louisville Herald.

Master of the Situation

Servant—"I can't get this 'ere tailight to burn, sir." Country Doctor—"Oh, never mind! We're only going home, and I've got the constable safe in bed with lumbago."—Punch.

Fine Subject

Madge—"When you took the long walk with Dolly how did you find so much to talk about?" Marjorie—"We happened to pass a girl we both knew."—Judge.

Didn't Take the Hint

Cleo—"Yes, I told him that he had a terrible reputation for kissing girls against their will." Amy—"And what did he do?" Cleo—"He sat there like a booby and denied it!"

Must Be Why

Dolly (age 8)—"Why does the clock start all over again when it gets to 12, Bobby?" Bobby—"Because 12 is an unlucky number, I suppose."

Rest Needed

The pretty restaurant cashier had applied for a holiday. "I must recuperate," she said. "My beauty is beginning to fade." "That so?" said the proprietor. "What makes you think so?" "The men are beginning to count their change." She got her holiday.—N. Y. Times.



Too Long

Edith—"Haven't you and Jack been engaged long enough to get married?" Mabel—"Too long! He hasn't got a cent left."—Boston Transcript.

FARM LANDS

Productive Lands. Crop Payment for easy terms along the Northern Pacific R.R. in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what state interests you. L. J. Bricker, 15 Northern Pacific Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

FARMS FOR SALE

Do You Want A Farm where largest profits are made? The South's great variety of crops and wonderfully productive climate make it the most profitable farm section of America. It is the place for the lowest cost meat production and dairy farming. It grows the largest variety of forage crops. Good lands in good locations as low as \$15 to \$25 an acre. Let us show you locations that will give the highest profits. M. A. Richards, Commissioner, Room 19, Southern Railway System, Washington, D.C.

Money-Making Farms, 15 states, \$10 an acre up; stock, tools and crops often included to settle quickly. Write for Big Illustrated Catalogue, Stout Farm Agency, Dept. 1987, New York.

MISSOURI FARM LAND

Small Missouri Farms, \$10 cash and \$5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; write for photographs and full information. Mungar, D 184, N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

Virginia And North Carolina Farms \$10 Per Acre and up. Easy payments. Fruit, Dairy, Stock, Cattle, Poultry, etc. Roads, Markets & Neighbors of the best. Get our Farm Lists, magazine and other interesting literature, all free. Address F.H. LaBume, Agt. Agt. N. & W. Ry., 200 N. & W. Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

Land For You. 10, 20, 40 acre tracts in Michigan for general farm, poultry, fruit, near towns, schools. \$15 to \$25 an acre; 15 to \$50 down, \$4 to \$10 per mo. Write for free booklet. Swigart Land Co., 1136 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

ARIZONA LAND

Get A Farm Irrigated By Uncle Sam in Salt River Valley, southern Arizona, under Roosevelt Dam. Raise alfalfa for feeding cattle and sheep. Raise vegetables and fruits for early Eastern market. Buy land now before it costs more! Rich soil, secured water, reasonable prices. One winter climate. Write for our Salt River Valley folder free. C. L. Seagraves, Industrial Commissioner, Santa Fe Ry., 1946 Ry. Exchange, Chicago.

PHOTO FINISHING

High Grade Enlargement for your film mailed postpaid. You examine, if satisfactory, send me 50¢. David M. Kack, Akeny, Iowa.

Films developed free. High class work, perfect prints at 5 to 7c. We do the best work in the Photo City. Remit with your order and get returns same day. Bryans Drug House, Rochester, N.Y.

50¢ Enlargement for only 25¢: Send us any good clear negative (film or plate not picture) and 25¢, and we will make a beautiful 50¢. Negs Enlargement 6x7 in. mounted on brown photo board 7x10, ready to frame. Films developed 10¢; prints 2c up. Shea & Williams, 2008 E. Third St., Dayton, Ohio.

FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 2122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES, ETC.

We Will Accept your Ideas and Scripts in Any form—correct free, and sell on Commission. Big rewards! Make Money. Write us Now! Writer's Service, Box 31 Auburn, N.Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

Wanted—Beautiful Hair And A Clean scalp. You will have both if you use Ellen's Antiseptic Shampoo, a shampoo of merit; guaranteed not to injure the hair or scalp—a shampoo that will remove all dirt, dandruff and excess oil—a shampoo that is used by hundreds of satisfied customers. A 25¢ Box will give eight delightful shampoos. Send 10c in silver for a trial package. Address Mrs. Ellen W. Burt, 64 W. 6th St., Oswego, N.Y.

Hair Switches. Ladies send me your combings. I make 3 atom hair switches for only \$1.00. Work guaranteed. Mrs. Luther Green, Whedder, Ala.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Make Money Writing Short Stories. Or Articles. Big Pay. Send for free information. United Press Syndicate, Dept. CT, Los Angeles.

Wanted Stories, poems, etc. We pay on acceptance. Handwritten MSS. acceptable. Woman's Nat'l Magazine, Desk 17, Wash. D.C.

Authors: Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit MSS. Literary Bureau, 64 Hannibal, Mo.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Plays, Speakers, dialogues and entertain-ments. Address: Dept. A. Catalogues free. Ames Publishing Co., Clyde, Ohio.

MUSIC FOR SALE

Latest War Songs. "Over There" "Good Bye Broadway, Hello France" words & music 15c both 25¢. Latest Music Co., 203 W. 54th St., New York.

MOTORCYCLES

Motorcycle or bicycle at your price: motorcycles 25.00 up, bicycles 5.00 up; Guaranteed Parts carried in stock for all motorcycles and bicycles, repairing, send for big Bargain Bulletin. American Motorcycle Co., Chicago.

ROOTS, HERBS, ETC.

Roots, Herbs, Evergreens, Ferns, etc. how to gather. Address of buyers and our book sent postpaid only 25¢. Glenside Co., West Milan, N. E.



Getting Married



Buying Your Home

The Four Greatest Events of Your Life



Your First Baby



-and-Buying Your Overland

Overland
TRADE MARK REG.

Model Eighty-Five Four

Like the other great events of life, buying the family car is very much the concern of the wife and mother.

Happy that woman—and her name is legion—who by helpful suggestion persuades her provider against too small a car or by loving restraint checks an over-generous husband who would otherwise make the mistake of too large a car.

It is the woman of the family that suffers most the fatigue and inconvenience of too small a car—her's the self denial if too great

an expense is shouldered in operating too large a car.

The thirty-five horsepower Overland Model Eighty-five Four is roomy enough to be perfectly comfortable—to ward off fatigue on those long trips which should be of such healthful benefit to the whole family.

It has big, comfortable seats and cantilever rear springs that make it easy riding.

Yet it is not too large to be economical of operation.

And in the building of this

beautiful Overland there is no hint of experiment, no construction extravagance.

For years it has outsold all other cars of such comfortable size, and produced in larger quantities, it is more inexpensively produced and sold at a lower price than would otherwise buy such comfort, style, reliability and quality.

Its purchase is dictated by common sense and the practice of true economy—it will be a great event in your life. See the Willys-Overland dealer about it now.

Catalog on request. Address Dept. 1164

Willys-Overland Inc., Toledo, Ohio

Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Cars